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BETSEY JANE WARD,

[BETTER-HALF TO ARTEMUS]

HUR

BOOK OF GOAKS

WITH A HULL AKKOWNT

OF

THE COARTSHIP AND MARIDGE

TO

A. SAID ARTEMUS,

AND

MISTER WARD'S CUTTING-UP

WITH

THE MORMON FARE SECKS

---

with Pikturs drawed By Mrs B. Jane Ward

NEW YORK:
JAMES O'KANE, PUBLISHER,
NO. 126 NASSAU ST.

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CONTENTS.

Introduction,	5
Book of Goaks,	9
Courtship and Marriage,	12
A Genius for Silver Spoons,	21
A New-Years' Gift,	28
Forrest in Othello,	31
The Sorrows and Trials of Marriage,	33
The Trial,	38
Extraordinary Trial,	40
The Nigger Meeting,	45
Pharmacy Extraordinary,	52
The Duel,	58
Visit to New-York City,	65
The Candidate,	71
Spiritual Siance,	75
A Family Squabble,	81
The Sailing Party,	83
The Bad Bill,	87
The Volunteer,	91
Authorship,	95
The Higher Law,	99
The Beggar,	103
The Martyr,	105
Mrs. Ward as a Poet,	111
A New Movement,	114
The Funeral,	117
The Hungarian Patriot,	121
Retribution,	123
Astronomy,	125
A City Girl,	128
An Enthusiastic Friend,	131
The Actress,	137
The Doctor,	140
The Apparition,	146
The Village Belle,	149

Digitized by Google

ARISTOCRACY,	155
CAUSE FOR JEALOUSY,	164
HOSPITALITY,	168
FREE SUFFRAGE.	174
THE TRAVELLING SHOW,	176
THE ITINERANT LECTURER,	184
THE INCOME TAX,	190
VISIT TO BOSTON,	192
THE WIT OF BETSEY JANE,	199
CONFIRMATION STRONG,	200
MATERNAL COUNSEL,	209
THE THUNDER STORM,	215
THE ALBUM,	217
THE AFFECTIONATE COUPLE,	219
VIEWS OF TRAVEL,	223
SHOCKING ACCIDENT,	225
A WANDERING MINSTREL,	230
THE PHRENOLOGIST,	236
THE ACTOR,	240
A REMARKABLE INCIDENT,	244
A DOUBLE LOSS,	249
ACCOUNT OF STOCK,	254
THE MYSTERIOUS COUPLE,	257
A LETTER,	258
A TRAVELLING MERCHANT,	265
THE PERPETUAL MOTION,	275
MARVELOUS DEVELOPEMENT,	276
CONSPIRACY DETECTED,	279
AN ASTOUNDING EVENT,	289
CONJUGAL ANXIETY,	294
ULYSSEAN ARTIFICE,	296
UNCLE OBED,	299
HIRING A HOUSE,	309

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE's a smart chance of people in the world that's of very little account, who can't speak to a human without a introduction, & I write this peece in the biggining of my book to tell 'em what I intend to do, though I think a introduction is of no more use than horns on a horse's head.

Everybody has heard of my Arteemass, & sum has heard a gray deal too much of him, & espeshully of the way he speaks of his own wife, his better haff which he is bound to cherish & purtect her more 'n all other fair secks be they black or be they white. At first I was advised to git out a conjunction agin his book & hev the publication contradicted by the law which ought 2 be done or what's the use of the mariage vow, because why? She is his better haff as he says hisself, "the partner of his goys & the sharer of his sorrers." Yes, indeed, there's no miss take abeout the sorrers; he's allwise let me share them, & a perticklar big share 2.

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Finally, I thought I'd git out a histerry myself, & that would be better than goin' inter the law which is kunsidurd pocarious. Having done Somethin at lektring & having been a membur of the Women's rites for 9 yeers past, and having got my edecation at the same collidge as Arteemass, I bleeved I could write in jest as good style as him, though he were allways noted for being a smart skollar.

If there's any truth in the wife being the better 1-2, my book ought 2 be jest 1-2 as good agin as his'n.

There's a Sosiety in our villidge which I am a membur that have jest been put in opperation 2 make another ammendment in the constitution, that is very much needed, particularly in our parts, & it is 2 the effect that all books got out, hereafter, by the male speshiz shall bee inspectted by hiz wife B4 the printer shall hev a rite to put a single tipe 2 the paper; & there's half a duzzen more amendments consarning married life & the duty of husbands that our Sosiety intends to petition congress for.

It's not jinerally known that I am a orphan, which gives me a greater claim on the Patronage of the public than arteemas whose parients are most all of them alive; only 1 of them is dead, & the diseased left him a good Patrimoney consistin' of a dress kote, 2 pair of britches, & a unfinished perpetual motion masheen; arteemas has only 2 finish it, & he could make his fortune by it.

Insted of that, he is running a round with his wacks figgurs whitch is a sort of heathen idollarty, making of grave imidges & settin them up B4 the people. He had better finish off the perpetual motion masheen which

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only wants 3 more wheels 2 be kompleet, though some thinks there must be a great many ammendments made in it B4 it's all rite & will go a loan. Other some says that the more ammendments is made in it the wuss it will be; but it's a very valuable piece of property wether it goes or not.

Arteemass is perptual motion enuff hisself, & had better stay at home & kumfort up his better 1-2, or, it runs into my head that he will git sitch a blessin in this book that he'll be glad to cry P. K. V.

MRS. BETSEY JANE WARD.

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BETSEY JANE WARD

HUR BOOK OF GOAKS.

[One of Betsey Jane's Family Letters.]

To Miss Jerusha Wing of Injunnapylus;

CUZZIN JERUSHA:

I tak up the pen to let you know that we are pritty well in helth at present, & hope these fu lines will find yu injoyin' the same blessin'.

You C I've took the hint that you give me the last time we scene each other for that I shood rite a histerry & give a serious of ritings 2 the edditorial corpse in the poplar stile, which I concluded that 2 giv out a volyume in the fashionabul stile wood be more precocious than for to deliver a skatterin' fire thro' the noospapers; & it wood knot be so likely 2 hit the mark, which yu no who I mean that has proved onfaithful accordin' 2 hiz own confession & has promullgated it 2 the wurld, & me hiz own lawful wife & nus sin a pare of twin babes this blessed minnit!

The way I've been a true & faithful wife too him

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into season & outer season, standin' at the door of the tent & takin the munny as fast as it cum in, & always in immejit contact with him, distribittin' handbills & gittin' up a tremenjus excitement with my leckturs on wimmins Rites & the cold water kure, all over the country whichever he went, that sum of the sisters said I was a parfeck marvle, & other sum said I was a parfeck fool too make myself a packhoss for the likes of arteemass.

But I had that feelin for him, seeing that I was hiz lawful wife, which made me turn a deaf ear two all those advice; & when our Society for the promotion of Equallity voted a rezzulution that we shood ware the bloomer & ride a-stradle of hosses, arteemass took it in hi dudgeon & forbid me evver 2 stradle a hoss, which he said were goin it too steep and stretching the thing too fur.

This were what I called retrenchin on 1's principles, & I lookt at arteemass rite in the eye with a piercin' gaze like a eagle survayin' the sun.

That he shood speak thus two the wife of his boozum was accounted purnishus by me, his better half. I lookt rite at arteemass, jest as I mite be lookin at you this minnit, & rite in the eye as a4said, that he mite no I were addressin my discourse to him individooally. Said I:

"Arteemass!"

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"What?" ansured my lawful spouse.

"Do you see that kangaroo?" said I.

"What does it signerfy?" said he.

"There be 1 pint, arteemass," sed I; "that I never promised when I stood up with you be4 the Rev. Mr Twangtext in our natyve Baldinsville. You may obsarve conclusively that yander kangaroo knows nothin' about principles bein' a onletterd child of the forrest, & you may make him obey you permiscussly, & larrip him when he are unobejiunt; but, the wife of your buzzum are not a dum beast, & have hur oan principles, & them air hur own property & not yuren."

"Leastwise," said arteemass; "there are no principle in makin a stradle-bug of yourself."

"What's sauce for the goose are sauce for the gandur," said I; "how do you ride a hoss?"

That hit him, & he hitched up his trowsis as he allus doos when he is nonplushed. He seen the pint of the argument direckly, and he skooted.

Yours with respeks

BETSEY JANE WARD.

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COURTSHIP & MARRIAGE.

Arteemass have rit somethin' about coartship & mariage, which it is what mite be exspected from 1 of the male kind when he goze for to expound a subjec' of sech importance.

He says into his book that our parients' farms jined onto 1 anuther & that the cows squencht their thirst at the same spring, & John Golden could tell a different story, for he driv our cows to a spring down by Allfierce Brown's stun house where our cows drunk from time imemorable.

But Arteemas have an objeck in this, to purtend that he wouldn't have took no trubble to go any distunse arter me, & ef I'd been only a mild off he'd never hav footed it to git a women like me, & I his own 1 lawful wife who forsook father, mother, an' aunt Keziah.

But, he knows plane as preechin' that he took a pesky site more pains two git me than ever I'd have took to git him, with all his monkeys & leppurds & tigers, & wax figgures, with the kangaroo to boot.

As to arteemass, when I fust knowed the crittur he were a good-for-nothin boy with a short round boddy &

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long legs & looks as neer as you can giss like a big bloo spider straddling along throo the mud two the little red bildin where we went two the same skool.

As he nevver noo his lessing, & was allus at the tale of his class; I kinder pitted the poor dunse, for the teecher had a sorter spite agin him, & yuse two set him on our form betwixt 2 gals, for punishment.

Arteemass purtended that he mist his lessing a proppus that he mite git sot among the gals, but I nevver bleeved a word of it. It's ver onlikely that sech a spindel shankt little cuss keered so mutch about the fare seck at his aje. I nevver found him noon two afekshunate at no time, tho I bleeve he has a sortten liking for his cangaroo.

He's the most ornery husband that any femail was evver plagged with; but its knot my fawlt that I'm marrid two him, tho he tries two maik it out that he had northin to doo but open his mouth & I drapped in it like a ripe sweeting! that's the most awdashas thing he evver rit.

I giss he fuggits how he cum over my susceptibull hart by puttin his handkercher to his ize & belluring like a grete kaff; he fuggits how he went down onto his neze & swore that I was lik the pinks in june, as fare as the sno on the top of punnasters, & and as the wawters of hellycorn.

Praps he doant reemembur that kold day when the

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sno was blowin awl throo the air & he cum two our house with a sla & begged the onur of riding me two church, & I refoosed rite up & down beekaws I sposed he wanted to take me thare two be marred, & I diddend kornsent two go till he tolled me he wasn't half reddy two be marred yit.

Everyboddy in Baldinsville can tell how out he was about me & how he use 2 hang around the tavoun & tawk two everybody about me, & tell how he'd laws, forty pound in wait on akkownt of my crewelty in knot lissening two his soot.

The fust time that arteemass maid inny impresshun onto my tender buzzum was in killin hog time. It wuz orful kold wether & he cum two the house, along with the rest, two help. I gut up yarly & went out two see 'em stick.

They wuz a allfired squeelin when I gut on the ground. 1 big barrar hog wuz down, & arteemass stoed over him brandishing his long nife & axing to go in jest lik some grate millentary hero that we rode on. It put me in mind of Sur Willyum Walrus & Thadyeous of Wawsaw, & when the hog wuz kilt & skawlt, arteemass skraped off a passul of good long brussels & did 'em up in a bunch & brawt 'em to me. I sold them brussuls arteward for ate punse to Richard Whitsun the shoonmaker.

It were these dellicut attenshuns onto the part of

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arteemass that won my hart mourn awl his snufflin & cryin & kattywawlin down onto his neze, which it mite soot some sitty ladies well enuff, but my vurjin hart allus purfurd sumthing more sollidur than those galluntry purformans, when he kolled me a angel, I node he were praisin me a little two steep & I larfed rite in hiz fase, but when he tuk me in2 the tavoun & gin me a hunk of cold pork & a big peas of punkin p·. I felt my bowils yarn for him mourn evver.

Finully, muther kolled me into the West rheum) sabbaoth arfturnoon & sot me down in the arm cheert which I reemembur it as well as yisturday, & sez she:

"My dawter Betsey, the picktur of yure oan beloved muther."

Sez I: "Go in, muther—what air the matter? what is up?"

Sez she: "It's the dooty of parients two purvide for their awfspring & two purteckt their morruls from harm."

"That's your part of the bargain, muther," sez I; "it's know kornsarn of mine. Now, what is it yu hev tur say to me, for I no yu haint put on that long fase for northing."

"My dawter Betsey the very picktur of yure beloved muther——"

"Yu've sed that be4. Go in, mother, what's up? Sling out the grit of the subjeck at onct!"

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"There's been goings on around hear, my dawter that's gove rize to my obsarvashuns. They say that yu've gut a affinerty."

"Lord sakes, what's that, muther?" screemed I, jumpin up; "I hoap it's northing lik the kollary."

"No, my dawter Betsey, but it air somethin that may take yu orf as quick as the kollary. It's that big he crittur that they kawl arteemass Ward."

I coulddend say nothing to that. I were stumped as much as ef she'd put a hot purtater in2 my mouth, & I sot strate uprite lik a clock run down, & weighted two hear what she would turn out next.

She continued hur discoarse; "My dawter Betsey, maridge are a series matter for the young mind to contemplate; the care of a fammuly & the variyus dootiz that are into the maridge relashun is arduous in the extreme, & as Hamlick says in the commidy of Perlonius, it grows by what it fed onto. Listen, my dawter, it are very important for you to bear into mind the wurds of instruction as they flow from the lips of maturnil affection.

I lookt round the room with a peekant expressien of countenance, for a rose-bud, which it would be proper for me to be pickin to pieces whilst listening to the leckture on love & maridge, but it were winter time & no roses around, leastwise some artifishul flowers, on

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my bonnet, which it being up stairs were out my reach, in the nick of time when they were wanted.

She continued as follows.

"That sneakin', pussylanermus arteemass of yuren are forbid the house by me & your father on account of his good-for-nothing conduct, & his want of the necessary tin. Yu are forbid to love him or to ever two think of him agin the longest day you have to live."

Then I busted in 2 tears & wrung my hands, which it is the only way that a young person of the fare secks are expected to do on sech occasions.

Then my affectionate maturnil parient said: "Now, my dawter, I expect you to promise never to see that destroyer of your peace agin."

"He will come—I know he will, for his love are so strong that he can't keep away," said I, with 1 sob betwixt every two words, & a heavy sigh at the end.

"Listen to the langwidge of maturnil affection my dawter," continued she; "if that infarnale booby darkens those door again, he'll be hosswhipt within a inch of his life."

"He will come," said I.

"Then I'll be bound he'll git a lacing!" cried the maturnil parient.

So saying, she riz up & walked out of the room like 1 who has fulfilled hur duty to the rising generashun, hur dawter Betsy a4sed.

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I sot still in Pensive Mood & began to think what it were best to do, as peeple always does when they know they can't do nothing.

Whilst I were thinkin over the wurds of maturnil wisdom which I had jest been listening un2, I perceived a shadder at the winder, & when I looked up, I seen the the head of my affinity inside the room whilst the rest of his body were onto the outside.

I riz up & flew to his side, & said: "Run for your life, arteemass, for if you are found here, you'll be hosswhipt within a inch of your natteral life!"

Instead of takin' my advice, he jumpt in2 the winder.

"Go—run—escape, arteemass," cried I versifurusly; "or you'll be larrupt——"

"Hoo'll larrup me?" cried he, "no, no, Betsey, I shall not be larrupt; bet your life onto it."

"But, arteemass, you wouldn't hurt my parient—the parient of your Betsey?"

"Hurrah!" hollurd arteemass as he cotch me round the waist; "*my* Betsey, are you? I hevn't hearn that word be4. Ef you're *my* Betsey, I'll defy the hull universal creation. Hurrah!"

Then he huggd & kissed me with such a parsimonus fury that I could only ketch my breath by spells, & so it were unpossible for me to leckture him on the monstracious wickidness of his behavior.

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I perceived that in my anxiety I had let the feline animal escape from the bag, & I was purpostrusly motified to think that, in those word *my*, I had gove arteemass the conceit that I would agree to tie the nuptual knot.

"When will you go in, my cove?" asked the young man. "Dalays are danjerus, & the soonner we can begin too increase & multiply, which are as good scriptur as you'll find in all Baldinsville."

I knowed he telled the truth, for I had read those pious langwidge in the Bible myself, & I said to the young man:

"Now, arteemass, you are something, on the speak, I know; but will you deklair onto your sollem word & honor that in takin' me for your lovin' & obedient wife, you are only doing it from a pious motive & from a cents of duty?"

"Yes, I'll swear it sollem," says he; "the scriptur tells us to increase & multiply, & I bleave its my duty to obey the scriptur, else I'd never think of bein' married at all."

"Then if those is your pious motifs," says I, "there can't be no further objecktion, & I'll go in. hurry up, arteemass, for I are pesky afeard of that hosswhip."

"So am I," said arteemass; and he hurried me off dredful, as if he was onakkountably skeered at what I had telled him about the hosswhip.

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When we got to Squire Gooding's house we found he were gone away, to see his son who was sick of the ploorissy.

Arteemass swore like seven footed nigger, but I asked Mrs. Gooding where his son lived, & ef she had a hoss and shay to let.

She said her son lived 5 miles off, & her husband had got the hoss.

"Never mind, arteemass," says I; "We can foot it, if you deklair that you are actuated by the pious motif you telled about."

"Sartingly," said arteemass, & we footed it down to the place where the squire's son lived & got married.

Father and mother was as mad as a hot skillet when they heered of our cuttings-up, but they couldn't do nothin' & they concluded not to make a kupple of fools of themselves. So they let us intirely alone, only father looked as sour as swill whenever arteemass cum near him; & muther hid the 1-4d quince behind the sugar bowl whenever he sot down to tea with us.

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A GENIUS FOR SILVER SPOONS.

1 day when arteemass & me had arrove in a villidge called Worstur, & I were engaged in ficksing up the wax figgurs, & trying to make jineral Washington stand alone without leaning agin Georje the Third, who should make his appearance but my pesky man arteemass, in company with a critter about 1-2 a foot-taller than himself, with a awfull long chin, a big roman nose, & a long-tail coat that came enermost down to his heels.

He had on 1 boot that come above his knee, & on the tuther foot was nothing but a injur rubber overshoe. He were the queerest lookin' critter that ever come down, & I says to arteemass:

"What upon yarth are you goin' to do with that critter, artemass? Is he to be put into the show?"

"Whist—pish—hish!" said my man, lookin' back at the fellow as if he were afeard he would hear what I said about him; "hold your tongue my love, or you'll spile all."

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Then I knowed something were up, as arteemass never called me his love only when he were goin' to do some foolish thing that I did not like.

I said no more, but used my eyes in loo of my tung.

The tall splice come poking along toward the door of the Tent & peeked in. I was jest goin' to hold out my hand for the 15 scents which it is our unvaryble charge, children accepted who are half prise, when arteemass took hold of his hand & led him rite in2 the show.

As he went in, the fellow make a bough of sich a aimbiggus description that it are unpossible to tell whether the bough was made to me or to keep his head from strikin' agin the upper sill of the door.

P'raps it were intended to answer both purposes, so that if arteemass were jellus he could say he bent down his head to keep clear of smashin' it at the same time he'd git credit from me for his politeness.

I concluded that he were some kin to the Yank that scent warming-pans to the West Injiz to be used for mollasses bailers.

As I stood in the door, I heered the fellow prazing everything; the Kangeroo were the most elegunt critur in the hull world, the wax figgurs was twist as nateral as life, & the figgur of jineral Washington must have been maid in Urope or Chyner it were such a fine rezemblance.

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When he come out, I asked him if he'd ever seen jineral Washington. He said no, that grate & loyal patriot died be4 he were bornd.

"Then how upon yarth do you know it looks like him so exactly!"

"Oh, I seed a old kullud lady in New York which she described his looks to me exactly," answered the the fellow.

"Who was she?" I asked him.

"Hur name were Joyce Heath, & she were nuss of that grate military hero, & knowed all about his looks."

"How do you know she were his nuss?" I asked.

"How do I know, indeed; why Mister Barnum tolled me so with his own lips," says he.

"Ah! well, that's enuff, of course; very," says I; "for Barnum's a very spektable man & a tempprunsleckturer. Anything he says are as true as gospile, of course."

I was glad to larn that a man who pronounsed our wax figur such a fine likeness, had got a correct descripshun of Washington's looks from the nuss at whose buzzum he drew lackteel stream which it made him what he was.

"I'll say that for jinural Washington," says the fellow; "he were a very fine man & a smart man, & I don't keer who hears me, I'll maintain what I say!"

I seed he were a man of grate independense for he

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said he diddend care who heard him say it. It was like Martin Luther when he dieted on worms.

The fellow cotch arteemas by the button & asked him for eighteen pence to git some dinner, whilst he were gone to his feed, arteemass says to me:

"We must cherish that gentleman as the apples into our eyes."

I thought it it were a conundrum, & says I: "I give it up."

Arteemas continued: "That man I fell in with in a strornerry, providenshell manner, & I think he'll be the makin' of my fortin. He's a genus."

"A what?" says I, with proper revurrence, for I knowd it was something dreadful grand.

"A genus, Betsey. You've heard of a genus, Shakspear were a genius, Columbus that discovered Ameriker was a genus, & Harry Clay was a genus."

"Mitey!" suz I; "is those stranger I of that sort?"

"Skurcely the same," answered arteemass; "he's a genus more like Raffle that drew all the picktures in Rome. He'll be of great use here in giving his opinyun upon stattooz & painters & sitch."

I'm free to confess there seemed to be some misterious about this, & I felt kinder squirmish about this stranger arter all that arteemas divulged. I never knowed no good of having fellows around the show as had opinyuns about it. The less opinyuns they had, the

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better they was pleased, & so I concluded that a genus must be some ornery cuss that went about the country 'spressing his opinyuns & making trubble & exputes, & borrowing eighteen pense of everybody to pay for his grub.

But arteemass said he would grapple this fellow to him with hooks of steal, & so he did as the seequill shoze.

His name was Marsellus Stainbrook, & he purtended to be ascended from some lord, & stayed around the show a long time, prayzing the kangaroo & the wax figgurs, & whenever arteemass did anything, he would say it were the most ingenus thing that were ever done, & then he would look at the pot where we biled our vittles. He'd eat more nor ten laboring men, & praise the vittles all the time & tell arteemass that his wife were the best cook out, that she have been in France; he'd never tasted such a good soop sense he dined with Prinse Nappolyun.

Onct when he knowd I were standing close by him behind the canvass, he telled 1 of the men that cum to see the show that Mr. Ward's wife were 1 of the most noble-lookin' wimmin in the hull country. That day we had appel dumplings for dinner, & he ett 12 of 'em all hisself.

I think he must know that I formed 1 of his audiance when he were praising me so steep, but if he thought

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I were lifted up on account of it, he made a great mistalk; for I allus conceited that he had a sinister expreshun of countenance, & it is rarely seldom I'm deceived with any I's looks.

Arter the end of a month, Mr. Marsellus Stainbrook makes out a bill & hands it in to the amount of 45 dolars for his services.

Arteemass couldn't keep skinning his eyes, hisself, in spite of them hooks of steal, & he kinder hinted to his honorable friend that man diddend grow on razbry bushes, & that it had never rained sixpences within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

To all that, arteemass said that Marsellus were a very useful man, & he'd tolled him the Dutch names for every annimul in the show & had talked of sending a first rate notice of the wax figgur to the Bugle Horn of Liberty.

Finnully, arteemus paid Mr. Marsellus Stainbrook his 45 dollars, but, the next day, he gove him a job of righting to do. That night he vamoosed, & we seen nomore of Marsellus; and there were something also that we seed no more of, & that were a duzzen of silver tabel spoons left me by my mother. They went with Marsellus. I told arteemass that I sposed his friend had grappled them with hooks of steal.

So it seemed that as soon as the genus were asked to do something to pay for his vittles & his wages he

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launched hisself onct more on the cold onfeelin world & our spoons with him to remember arteemass by. Praps he seed a strikin' resemblance.

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A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THEM as are in the show biznis, like arteemass & me have a chance to pick up a grate deal of infurmashuns that other folks know nothin about, espeshully in the line of dumb creturs, which are given us for our use, sech as porter-house stakes, pot pie, pigs foot gelly, & shoulder of muttin.

But some is give us for a higher purpose, such as lions, tigers, bears, snaiks, & kanggerroos. But a elefunt is highest of all in the show line & the biggest curiosity a-going.

There were a man of our acquanetuns named Sylus joy who had a elefant that he bought of a showman, & he made him a present unto a young gurl whose parients were diseased, & had left hur alone in the warld, to kombat the terurs of poverty, like the last rose of summer left a bluming on the grate desert of araby.

The weigh of it were that a pesky landlord in human shape threatened to turn hur in2 the street because hur rent were due & she haddend the means to defray the

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same. Sylus heard of it & his bowils was moved with komparshun for the poor young critter.

The girl cum from a hi-strung family & Sylus knowd that ef he offared hur money, hur feelins would bee hurted in the most plaguedleyesh manner. So he scent her a present.

First, she received a litter from him sayin that he hed scent hur a new-yeer present & wishing hur, hapy new-yeer. Then cum a colored bruther, driving a great monstrasious elefant in2 hur door-yard.

She were 2 astonished 2 say a ward at first. Then she axt the colored pusson what she should do with the cretur. She coulddend git vittles enuff for hurself, let alone feedin a elefant.

Whilst she were talking with the contraband, a fellow in a green jacket & long boots cum up & begun to examin the elefant. At last he says:

"I had some noshun of settin' up a minajjirye, & in thet kase I shall want a elefant; what'll yu take for the cretur?"

She knowd nothing about the price of elefants, never having been in that line be4. So, he tolled hur he'd giv hur to thousand dolars for him, & she agreed right off. He pulled out the greenbacks & paid hur on the spot.

Arterwad, it cum out thet Sylus had scent the fellow in the long boots right arter the contuband to buy the

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elefant back again, & it were Sylus's own money that paid for the cretur.

In this way Sylus contrived to give the poor gurl two thousand dolars without hurtin' her feelinks.

She never found out the trick to this day. Some fellow hev been blamed very mutch for deceiving poor orphans, but it were thought down our way, that Sylus oughto be eccused ef he would never do so agin.

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FORREST IN OTHELLO.

ARTEEMASS perseveered in sayin thet I orttoo go 2 the theeatyr, & see the great Americane Tradjedean. I hung fire a long time, for I hed been brought up virtutously, & hed never done sech a thing as 2 go to the theeatyr, where I were alway tolled there were a grate deal of sin purpretrated into it.

Wen we gat 2 the theeatyr, arteemass put his hand in a little square hole & pulled out 2 tikets. He gin the tikits 2 a fellow thet sot just inside the door, & then we went in2 the bocks, which it were a great ring full of seats.

There were a hule row of lamps onto the edge of the floor, and under the lamps were the fiddlers and fluters & homers who played those music which it charms the savage beast, like awfus did.

This were not like our show, for there was no beestesses except a fellow kolt kasshy that made a beast of hisself by gettin' intoxucated & trying to fight a man that were named Embargo or some such like.

I diddend like the tradjedean at all, cause into the

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first place he was a niggur, & then he got into a passion like arteemass doos sometimes, so that I thought he was intoxucated as well as the tuther fellow, & then he choked a young lady with a pillures, & for that he ortter been scent to the dry Taught-you-gas, as well as the one that they called Embargo.

There was 1 ornery cuss named Rhodariggor who had plenty of money, but diddend know how 2 take care of it, & he were in love with the young girl that was choked with the pillure.

I diddend see mucth use in2 this play, & wisht that our show was in town as that the people could chose betwixt that & the theeatyr, which it is more true to nature, for a wild beast is parfectly true to nature, & always cuts up butiful, ' speshully the Kangeroo.

But the bestest 1 in the play was a femial called Emilyur, who gin the niggur his beans most allfiredly, was a regular wimmins rites.

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THE SORROWS & TRIALS OF MARRIAGE.

After artemass & me had been married about 10 weeks, I commenced 2 find that all the fine things he'd said to me whilst I was a gurl, 2 win my tendur heart was like the mist of the mountin' that is vaporated by the morning sun.

Howsomever, when we get into the sheer and & yaller leaf we remembur that all is vanity & vexashun of speerit, & then when we don't find the comfort in our husband that begyld our youthfull fancy, we jine the meeting-house, on the moral reform, and make ourselves useful in our day & jineration.

Mine were the common lots.

After arteemass had got through with the Billing & cooing of the honey-moon, he begun 2 me tell that he were boss, & it was my sphere to obey him as the head of the famuly.

Then I jined the Femail Morrill Reform & Wimmin's Rites Society, & bekame 1 of the bright shinin' lights of that assoshiashun.

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But arteemass was like the dog in the manger, he woodend jine the society hesself nor let me attend the meetins thereof.

What gave me a great deel of consarn, & he & I had frequent altarkashuns on account of it, in all of which arteemass was to blame, as the old addidge says: "The gray mayor is the better hoss."

We had a serious of disputes, tile I very naturally refused to bile arteemass's meat and taters or 2 put any water in2 the tikkittle less he'd promise to attend the meeting with me.

Arteemass stuck it out as long as he could, but I conquered at last, whitch showed that the finger of Providence was into it.

He got so hungry at last that he was glad to capitterlate, & he said he'd go onct with me 2 this meeting of the Morrill Reform Society.

So I put on the tikkittle, made T, and boiled some meat and taters.

After we was concluded our frugal repast, arteemass tackled up the spekled mayor to the shay & we both got in & sot out.

The place where the meeting was to be held was about 10 miles off, & there was good slaying, there being snow on the ground. But we had no slay, & there4 we went in the shay.

We had got about 2 miles on our way when the

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hoss was fritened at something & like 2 have backed the shay off a precipice that would have dasht us all to peices.

As my narves was allus delicate, I felt pleggidly terrified.

I seed that arteemass wasn't fit 2 drive, & so I ketched holt of the reins myself. The hoss sot out on the run, & arteemas akted like a maniac & tried 2 git the reins aweigh from me, but I knowd that if I couldend stop the hoss nobody else could, & so I held onto unlike death 2 a defunkt countraband.

The pesky hoss got off the road & run right betwixt 2 trees which brought up each side of the shay, & tuk the 2 wheels right off kersmack.

The shay body cum 2 the ground when the 2 wheels was gone, or, p'haps its more propperer to say that it sot on the axselltree, & away we went like the world was coming together.

The hoss run faster than ever, dragging us through the snow & the shay lookt some like a slay as the hoss dragged it along.

I screeched for help, & arteemass said his prayers as loud as he could holler, but when we came 2 the Fore Korners where Obid Choars keeps tavern, I was sarting that the people would run out & stop the hoss, tho' I was pesky near swounding when we got there.

Away went the hoss likitikut right by the tavern, the

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end of the axselltree scraping up the snow & sending it all over us & we hollering for help like all possest but the audacious crowd at the tavern, instead of stoppin' the hoss, gin us three cheers & sung out: "Go it, old fellers! Go in & win, old wax figgurs."

At first, I thought them fellers had no feelinks for a fellow-cretur, but as we turned the corner I heard 1 of um say: "That's 1 of them patent slays I'll be bound, which they have all kinds & all shapes down to York, this old wax figgurs thinks to cut us all out with his grate display that he's a-makin' on.

But the hoss kept on as if she diddent keer what people said about us, till the shay was full of snow, & me & arteemas was so kivverd up by it, which it was like bein' wrapt intoo our winding sheet.

At last, however, we hit kullumpus agin a trunk of a tree that knokt me right into arteemass's lap, & broke the shafts of like a pipe stem, & the hoss cut as if he was after a shoddy contract & left us squarting right in the snow.

Then arteemass showed the evil nater of man & give way to loud lafture instead of consoling the wife of his buzzum & thankin the lord for hur murackulus preservation.

I asked him if he was not ashamed of himself, & then he larfed louder than ever.

I tolled him that ef it haddend been for me seizing

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the reins we should never have escape with our valyuable lives, & then he gave way to such awbstropolus lafture that I believed he was an infirmed lunatick.

The hoss was ketched & brought back by Duteronomy Stayple, who lived in a little cabin hard by, & arteemass give him a teenpence for his trouble as soon as he arrove with the onruly beast.

Arteemass said he could borry a saddle & we could go to the meetin arter all, both ridin on the hoss. But that did not soot my ideas of what is bekuming in married life. My frock was in a sad plite, & my buzzum was full of snow. The poetizers may talk as much as they please about a snowy buzzum, but it is more ornery in fakt than in poetry.

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THE TRIAL.

I hadend skurcely sot our black hen on the eggs, be4 I missed hur from the nest.

It run into my head, right off, that some sneaking vagabone had had the profanity to steal that hen, for I'd never known hur to be obstinate about sitting B4.

I'd no sooner gat the consate of it, then I suspishund 1 Simony Brown, which it was him that sassed me onct up by the old brick meeting-house.

He hed a hooked nose & little small black eyes & I knowed by them marks that he was a thief. He had long slim legs which they was jest the thing for running away from a policeman, & that showed that natur hed cut him out for a pickerrune.

I run to Squire Oyes & hed Simony tuk up, & gat a lawyer to convict him, and we had the greatest trial ever known in Baldinsville, & it was reported in the Bugle with the speeches of the lawyers. My lawyer talked butiful, all about *fiery faces & fem koovit cum multis Elias, & deuce take um.*

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But the lawyer that pledded the cause of the pesky thief got his speech in the Bugle, whilst my lawyer's speech was only haff printed, & so the pesky villain got cleer after all, for they gin him a verdict of not guilty.

Then my dandur was riz, & I tolled the court that they knowed nothing about law, nor gospil nyther, & that wimmin ought to set onto the jury, for that any feemail jury in the country would have convicted the fellow on suspishon, on account of his crooked nose & little spitefull eyes.

My lawyer spoke up & tolled em the defendant was cleared on *expert* testimony, & that he was willing to sware the hen had ben in the hands of the defendant.

The follering is the Report as it was printed in the Baldinsville Bugle:

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EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO! HAS JUSTICE FLED TO BRUTISH BEASTS? One of the most remarkable trials ever known in this country has just been concluded at the Court House in Baldinsville. It is the painful duty of the Bugle to differ entirely in opinion from the jury, who failed to convict the defendant. As the highly respected prosecutor observed at the time, his face was sufficient proof of guilt & ought to have convicted him. But, contrary to all precedent, & to universal custom in this village, which is to convict & acquit alternately, here have been two consecutive acquittals! The preceding trial was that of Jenkings on a charge of interrupting divine service by pinching a cat's tail at a Camp Meeting, thus causing her to squall aloud at the important juncture when the Rev. Mr. Claptrap was entering upon his Fifteenthly.

Now follows this other acquittal right on the heel of the first. Our feelings overpowers us when we call to

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mind the disconsolate visage of the prosecutor on hear- the verdict.

The parties are highly respectable. We mean of course the prosecuting parties. M · Artemus Ward is a gentleman well known to the co: ımunity, as a highly accomplished exhibitor of Wax ıgures, lions, kangaroos,and monkeys. The immense. ervice that he has been to science, in these patriotic end avors to improve his countrymen in the knowledge o ' natural history, cannot be over estimated. The parti er of his labors and of his renown, Mrs. Betsey Ward, 's also a very extraordinary personage. Five feet six nches in height, and inclining to embonpoint, she ranks among the *elite* of the country in which she was brought up and educated. Mr. Ward always travels with the wife of his bosom, Indeed, with a devotion and tenderness unexampled since the days of Dido who perished for love of Æneas, she insists upon relieving him of the task of receiving fees from customers. Placing herself at the door of the pavilion, in all weather and at all hours, she welcomes spectators and demand from each the sum of 15 cents, children half price.

Yet no sooner does this pattern of wives, this paragon of womanly virtue, set her hen on a few humble eggs that she has gathered together in a spirit of meekness and submission to the ways of Providence—which we are informed are past finding out—than this Brown

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(for we believe in his guilt) lurking, like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, round the hallowed precincts of lovely woman, pounces on the hen and bears it off to parts unknown. To give the words of the learned counsel, which would compare favorably with those of Cicero against Verres:

"Was it in the deep silence of the night when this terraqueous globe is baptized in thick darkness, or was it in the broad effulgence of the noonday sun, that this purloiner, stooping like a savage vulture from the skies, pounced upon the maternal hen affectionately sitting upon her brood, and snatched her from her perch, thus depriving her of her natural rest?"

Mr. Logroll, the lawyer on the other side, spoke with an eloquence deserving of a better cause. We give its speech for its eloquence, not for its justice:

"Gentlemen of the Jury:—Seldom has it been my good fortune to address a dozen of my fellow-citizens under happier auspices. All we want is the vindication of Truth; and, therefore, we want a jury of strictly honest and intelligent men.

"Such are the gentlemen now before me, and we must win our case. Our cause is good and those worthy gentlemen who try that cause are good also—good morally, good intellectually.

"Gentlemen, when I look upon your countenances, when I see so much intelligence in your eyes—so much

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moral goodness in the expression of your countenances, such noble brows, such lofty and capacious foreheads, such an air of distinction about every one of you, I must acknowledge that I was never before so forcibly struck with the dignity of human nature. I scarcely know you by name; nor is it necessary, for your countenances would give you a welcome from the king on his throne.

"Gentlemen, I will not so far insult your common sense as to suspect you, for one moment, of leaning to the side of the prosecution; for that would be an act like that found in Jeffries page 80, 000: 'Cum proboscis capere, quintem, quentem, poforiffery junquinquas—parly voo frenchay?'

"A case like that, gentlemen, I am happy to say has never yet existed in this country. It is only in the dark ages, the mid-devil ages of the world that such a deed could be perpetrated by an intelligent jury. In that detestable case the prisoner was convicted on circumstantial evidence and hung afterwards. Seven days after his death, a spirit communication was received by the judge announcing the entire innocence of the martyred victim. Shall this be a case of the kind gentlemen? I ask emphatically, shall this be a case of the kind?

"Therefore gentlemen, we confidentially look for an acquittal. We have not seen the black hen; we never-

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heard of the black hen, and we don't believe that any such a hen ever existed. That black hen is a myth, gentlemen; it smacks of the Apocalypse, when the bottomless pit was opened and men's eyes blinded by the smoke that ascended therefrom. But, gentlemen, *you* will not be blinded and bamboozled in that way. I know it. I know your intelligence. I know your virture and your honesty, and with the utmost confidence I submit the case to the conscript fathers of Baldinsville."

The jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their seats.

We are shocked at the result of this trial. We took tea at the Pavilion on the same eveninig and conversed confidentially with Mr. and Mrs. Ward on the subject.

The amiable lady is disconsolate for the loss of her hen, and great excitement has been the result of the prisoners liberation.

The infamous reporter of the Eagle of Freedom suggested that Mrs. Ward was *sub po testi vivi;* but we don't believe anything of the kind.

If there ever was a true, faithful, virtuous woman, it is Mrs. Betsy Jane Ward, and we believe the Eagle of Liberty could be mulcted in heavy damages for trying to injure the reputation of the highly respectable lady of the highly distinguished exhibitor.

We hope never to be obliged to refer to a case of this kind again, for justice has been outraged beyond redemption in the temple of justice in Baldinsville.

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THE NIGGER MEETING.

ARTEEMASS was never gilty of so mutch lafture as he was the other night; but he took my blesson for it arfter he got home, when, as the poet says, the kurting of home rapt the world in his obliverous vale & the angels looked down upon a pitying world; the stars shedded their silver light, & the twinkling moon air full of the memory of days that are parsed.

There was 2 be a meeting of the kullud brethren & sisters in the red shoolhowse in Baldinsville, & the publick was invyted to attend the same. Arteemass went there knot for the perfecting of the iner man in varchoo, but for the purpose of settin into the seet of the skornur.

A jentlemen of kullur by the name of Cyrus Lilly was going 2 improve on the ockkazhun, & giv out invi tations 2 the respecktable portion of the inhabitunz of Baldinsville. Of coarse our wax figgur establishment reseeved a invite to come.

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I tolled arteemass it was our dooty to be smart on this ockkazhun & dress up in our best, in order 2 show our respeckt for the kaws. Arteemas put on his swallow-taled black cote whitch was willed him by his granther 30 year aggo, & had allus been kept in first rate awdur ever sense. He brushed it up and beet it with a stick 2 get awl the dust out of it.

Then he put on his kordiroy pantyloons & greesed up his boots, & he lookt quite smart, tho I say it that didden awt to say it.

As for me, I wore my black silk, whitch I never put onto me except when I am going 2 meeting. I allso wore my green bunnit with a plenty of artifishul flowers into it, & put on my red shawl whitch it air the one I wore in Old Long Sign where I used 2 go to partiz, & arteemas tolled me in kornfidunse that I looked like a angel. I hit him a slap with my fan, for it seemd audashus like 2 praise me so steep when I was jest about to enter the sankchuary, when awl sitch vanity is outer plaice.

When the fokes that stood around the door seed me & arteemass cumming, they begun to stair & to stand asighed, 2 let us parse, for they seed that we want none of the common sort.

So we walked near to the desk; & when Cyrus Lilly the minister seed us, he come down from the desk & shook hans with us, & arsked us how did we doo.

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When arteemass arsked him 2 come & visit the wax figgurs.

Mr. Lilly asked ef any of the kullud heroze was into the kollecshun, sitch as Nat Turner, Kristophe, & Fredrick Duglass.

Arteemass tolled him he haddent got inny of thim yet, & that none sitch had been made.

"Then I can't come konshienshusly," said Rev. M. Lilly; "it's inkurridging a distinkshun of kullur to visit wax figgurs which it has only 1 kullur into it, & I can't come. I attended a *sorry* in Washington tother night where there was a tremenjus numbur of kullud pussons, & some of the fust men & wimmin of Boston in their compuny."

So arteemass prommist 2 get some niggurs into the establishment, & I'll see that he keeps his word 2, else he'll get my blesson.

The minister said that his feelinks was much hurt 2 see the prejudis against kullur all threw the country; he said he was paned at his hart 2 see sitch biggottry Then I advised him to put on a white bread polltus on his brest & live on a milk diet, which would releave the pane.

So when Mr. Lilly seen that I had a feeling for him, he said: "Thou air not far from the kingdom."

"I'm very much obliged 2 yer, I'm shure," said I, "whether you are in earnest or only in fun, it air a complement anyhow."

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Whilst we were talking, 2 drunking sailures come in & sot down jest by the side of the desk, and I node by the weigh they winked at each other that they was there for no good; so I kep my i onto um.

I've got a look that goes rite threw people when they have got a gilty konshuns; so I fixed my pursing gase rite onto their kountenanses all the time, till 1 of um asked me ef I woodent go out with him & take something.

He'd hev got my blesson ef the minister hadent begun to preech just at that minnit. He preeched butifuller than anybody that ever held 4th in that skoolhouse. His sarmint was took down for the Bugle Horn of Liberty, & was printed in that paper, 2 wit:

LADIES & GEMBL'MEN OB BOFF CULLURS: On dis sollum 'casion I 'dress you breefly, bekuz, arter de 'sembly am 'spersed, I is got to 'tend a *sorry* at de house of de Hon. Massa Bluelight, which are gibben in honor ob de 'lection ob a kullud pusson to de offis ob hog-reeve.

I hope the time come shortly wen nobody hold offis 'cept de poppylation ob kullur. [Amen from several colored individuals.] I tell you gembl'men & lady, dat dis child bleaves in rotoration in offis. De white fokes hab had all de offis dis eighty year, & now de time is come for kullud pussons to hab dar turn. But dar is some who isn't willin dat de people of kullur should have suffrage. Dey not 'low you to vote at all.

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But we see 'bout dat. De debble & Jeff. Davis am overfrone. Dey make war against de Norf & dey coudn't purwail; dey call upon de fadder, de ole Beelzebub for help & he fail to come to time. Dey get licked ebery whar, & now dey's got to gib suffage to de peeple ob kuller whadder dey like it or not.

Wot do you spose we want de suffage for? Dar am reason enough for dat, we wants de suffage dat we may hang Jeff. Davis in de fust place; den we wants de suffage dat we may hang all de rest ob dem dat hav been 'gaged in de rebellion; den we wants de suffage dat we may hang all dem folks at the Norf dat simutize wid de rebals & dat wote agin Marse Linkum.

Den we wants de suffage to make law dat anyboddy dat gibs sass to a pusson ob kuller shall be hung right off widout benefit ob clargy. Den we wants de suffage so dat white fellers shall be de sarvints ob de kullud poppylation, & so dat white gals shall be 'bliged to make manners to kullud ladies whenebber dey meet de same in de 'treet. ["Go it, blacksnake!" from a sailor near the desk.]

Who dat yare? Who sings out blacksnake on dis sollum 'casion? Blacksnake you'seff, you onsarcumsized philistion! Put dat scorpion out ob de house? [Here two lank gentlemen with long hair rose to turn out two rowdy sailors who were near the desk, & one of whom had caused the interruption. The sailors

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squared off & aimed a blow at the gentlemen with hair when the latter fled amain, leaping over benches and nearly upsetting the highly respected lady of Mr. Ward, the distinguished exhibitor of wax figures.] Why you no put dem monster out ob de house?—Dey hab been guilty ob capital 'fence—dey sturb kullud gembl'man. We gwine to hab a law to hang ebery white fokes dat 'sult de poppylation ob kullur.

I 'fuse to 'peak nudder word till dem 'stroplus reperbate is gwine out ob dis sakid edufice.

[Here the two sailors, encouraged by the impunity with which they had already offended, assailed the color ed gentlemen, and caught him by the wool.]

Leggo my hair, I tell you! Wot dis congrergation 'bout to see a holy pusson pressecuted in dis manner? I am a martyr ob kullur!

[Here the ladies began to disperse, and the sailors, perceiving that the meeting was broken up, changed their tune, pretended friendship for the reverend gentlemen, and invited him to the tavern where his wrongs were redressed and his lacerated feelings soothed with frequent potations of corn whiskey. He was heard to remark, as he tossed off the seventh glass: "Ah, bruddring, I always knowd dar was balm in Gilhead—pass de water, landlord."]—*The Bugle Horn of Liberty.*

That's the weigh the sarmint air printed in the Bugle But the edditor havn't put down the konduck of artee-

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mas, hoo larft out loud when the minnister was pulled out of his plaice by the hare of the hed.

Think of the enormus konduct of a man like arteemass, the respeckted profession of lions, tygers, & wax figgurs, & the father of twins.

Whilst they were abusing the kullud bruthur, I riz up in my seat kawled on all the wimmin's rites femail present to come to the resqueue of the holy man, but they seemed 2 be all dumb founded, & cleared out of like a flock of sheep skeart by a wolf.

But arfture I got arteemas home, I gin him setch a leckchure that I'll be bound he'll never be guilty of setch orful kornduck agin.

And they wuz anuthur thing 2. When arteemas wuz going into the house, a yellure dorg call Toby bit him on the kaff of the laig. I telled arteemass that were a gudgment onto him for the misskornduck which he were guilty of in larfing in the skoolhouse, & I tawkt 2 him that were a gudgment on him 2. At larst, when he promist to be a obeedyunt huzband in footur, I let him go to sleep.

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PHARMACY EXTRAORDINARY.

It air about 2 yeer ago which arteemass konsayted he were going 2 hev the kollery. He komplaned of panes in his hart, & his laigs, & compression of sperrits.

I telled him that were not the simtoms of the kollery. but nothing wood sattisfy arteemass; he must be docktured rite off.

So we lookt over a docktur book together, & found that brandy were a grate meddysin for the kollery. Arteemass jumpt rite up & deklared that it was jest the meddysin he'd been longing for. Natur had pinted it 2 his own mind be4 he had red a word about it onto the docktur book.

But I had 2 words to say 2 that bargain. Arteemas kewrd by brandy would be arteemass drunk as a koot, & I couldn't think onto it, no how.

I telled him that we'd send for a docktur & larn of him, fust, whether the brandy was kneaded or knot

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Arteemas hung on a long spell, but I wouldn't heer 2 it, finelly he gove in & agreed 2 hev the docktur.

The raal docktur want at home, & so we had 2 get his man, a yung fellure that were studdying for a docktur in the orfiss.

This yung felure wore a high hat & rufle-shurt, and high-heel boots, & straps to his pantyloons that was so tite that he couldn't stupe down 2 pick up his hat when it bloo orf, & was obleejed 2 pay a boy 2 pick it up for him.

The peple were afeard 2 speak 2 him, he were sich a monstracious grate man, & when he come to our tent, he akted as ef he thort it very small biznis 2 docktur arteemas, & had something onto hiz mind of grater importence than that, & were into a hurry 2 go aweigh again.

"What air yure komplaynt?" sez he.

"The kollery," sez arteemass.

He jumpt rite up & busted 1 of the straps of his trowzez, & ax for some vinnigger 2 smell of whilst he stayed, for fear of ketchin the disees, & loozing his valubel life.

When he sez, "Less see yure tung," arteemass telled him nothing was the matter with his tung; the disees were in his head & kaffs of his laigs.

"Run out yure tung!" sez he in a loud voyce, as ef he was Capting of the Baldinsville millishy.

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So arteemass stuck it out. He lookt at the tung, & shook his head as ef he were trying to shake awl his hare orf.

Then he ketched holt of arteemass's rist & squeezed that a little wile, & held his hed a 1 side as ef he was lissening 2 something.

"How doo you sleep?" sez he.

"Two in a bed," ansured arteemass.

"That's knot what I meen," sez he; "doo you sleep well?"

"Why, yes—kind o' well," sez arteemass; "that air is to say, I sleep well when Betsey Jane don't akt ornery——"

I gove arteemass a purcing look & he shut up.

"Well, docktur," sez I; "what meddysin must he take?"

"Never mind meddysin," sez he; "in the fust place, bathe his extreemities a quartur of an our in hot water."

He cleared rite out & left us both nonplussed. We was appeerently left into a fix, for we dikn't know what he meant by extreemities.

I concluded we'd best to inquire of the ministur.

I sot out for the ministur's house which it is called the parsinedge in these parts, & I met him haff weigh in the street.

I arsked him to tell me what was the extreemities of a human criter.

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"Why," sez he; "in the langguidge of a grate author, 'Man's extreemity air God's opportunity."

So I went back to arteemas & telled him what the parson said. He said there were no cents into it, & that we must arsk the squire what the extreemities of a hooman was; & the squire sed the head & the feet of a man air his 2 extreemities.

So I put the tikkittle full of water onto the fire, & when it biled, we begun for to kalqulate how to bathe arteeemass's 2 extremities a quartur of an our.

Arteemass sed he didn't like 2 put his hed in hot water a quarter of an our, & he had serus dowts whether he could holt his breth so long as that without choking. I diddend see how we could put his hed & feet both into the hot water at onct, without he was doubled up, whitch it is the weigh they carry a pig to market.

At last we pored out the water from the tikkittle into a tub, & arteemass put his hed in, but it were 2 hot and skolt him so thet he pulled it out.

Jest then, the old doktor come in hisself, & arsked us what we were doing on.

I telled him that we was going to bathe the 2 extremities of arteemass in hot water.

He arsked us what put sich a strange noshun into our heds, & I telled him it were his young jentleman.

He telled us it were all wrong, & then he arskd arteemass what were his komplaint.

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"The kollery," sez arteemass.

"The what?" sez the doktor.

"The kollery," sez arteemass, louder'n ever.

"What's yure simtoms?" asked the doktor.

"Head-ake & pains in my kaffs," sez arteemas.

"Yure a kaff yurself," sez he; "that's know kollery; but if you ain't keerful you may have the dipthury, or the brown-keetus, or the kronnect or the billgus, or the the dusppersy, but as for the ashyottuck kollery yu've got know more of it as my hoss."

When arteemass sed he was sure it must be the kollery, & wanted the doktor to describe for it.

"It's no use to descride for a disorder which is not in yure sistem," sez the doktor; "the whole material me duca wouldn't do you know good without you hit onto the rite disees. Less see yur tung."

"They's know use looking at my tung, whitch is nothing the matter into it," sez arteemass; "though ef yu can doo anything in that line, I wish you'd look at Betsey Jane's & describe something for that."

Then the doktor was struck with larftur, & said he would give a sedative, & he supposed the attakts was intromittrent.

At larst he obsarved that as arteemass node a gray deal mourn he did about the heeling art & the pracktus of meddysin, & about the kollery and other diseesas, he diddent see know use in his staying any longer.

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Then arteemass asked him for 15 scents, & the doktor looked up astonicht & wanted to no what he ment.

"Bekaws yu've seen all my beastesses, & wax figgurs here," sez arteemass, "& haint gove me no meddysins to take. Therefore you have had the bennifit of the sho for nothing, & must pay like any other individoval."

"No, I charge for the visit," sez the doktor.

"But you haint done nothing," sez arteemass; "so, pay for what you have seen—15 scents, children 1-2 price."

Then the doktor storked out of the tent without another word, as ef we was nobody, and arteemass the father of twins and me nussin the same this blessed minnit."

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THE DUEL.

NEVER, sence Ameriky were invented by Columbyus, were they a more skandlus thing done than when a big Dutchman come into our parts with his sho, & sot up rite under our knows, & got out his han-bill jest like ourn, & had um printed by the same typester thet printed ourn.

He had a little tent that were not haff as big as ourn, & had nothing in it but five munkees, a woodchuck, a Paul parrut, & some sliterhand tricks, like eating toe, & spurting fire out of his mouth, & torking through his knows, which it was calt ventrilokwissum.

Me and Arteemass held a talk together about it, & kornkluded that it was best 2 make those imposture hand in his reezignation, or pull his tent down by forsing arms, espeshully as lots of peple went to his sho, which they seemed to undervally ourn akkordently.

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Fust of all, we kornkluded to try morrill swaysuhn. We drest up into our best kloze, & I put on my black silk, which it were rarely seldom wore eggsept on the Sabbath & on Forther July.

We started for the Dutchman's tent & kornkluded to foot it, tho arteemass thort it wood be more jenteal 2 go into a wagging or a shaze. But it were only a kwartur of a mile 2 the place, & I was for footing it on shank's mayor.

So we walked up to the Dutchman's tent, & found him setting outside & smoking his doodeen.

Arteemass took off his hat very perlite, & made his manners. The Dutchman stared rite at him, & kept on smoking without sayne a word.

When arteemas seen he behaved so ornery, he put on his hat agin, & sed: "Good morning."

"Guten morgen," sez the Dutchman, but kept on smoking awl the time.

Then arteemass was appeerently a little stuck, & kauft, bekawse he couldn't think of nothing else to say.

Then I stept forrud, & I fixt my purcing gaze onto the Dutchman, & sez I:

"Mister, we've cum to see you about that little effare, which they say you air going two take root in this yere spot, tho for that you're big enuff now without growing iny more."

He smoked away till he seen I was intirely done

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speeking, & then he turned to arteemass, as innursent as the angle Gabberrell, & sez: "Woven spricht sie?"

"What is he a-talking about?" hollurd arteemass, which his dandy was riz at this insult to his better half, & she nussin a pair o' twins this blessed minnit. "I'll let you no what she air talking about, you leather hedded son of a dorg, that's a come squarting onto these permisses & interfearing with the rites o' man in the most ongodly manner."

"Mine tent—she shall stay, already," ansurd the Dutchman, & then korntinyude 2 smoke as ef nothing was the matter.

That riled me & arteemass mourn ef he'd spit in our faces, & arteemass obsarved to the Dutchman that it was only the tost up of a copper with him whether to jump down his throat or kut both his ears orf.

Then the Dutchman jumpt up & thumped onto his breast with his thumb, and began to talk about "Mine honor—mine honor," & that air awl we could comprehend of his tawk.

Then he went inside his tent, & a boy come out, & said the boss would send us a letter.

So, both on us went back to our tent in high dungeon, & pritty soon arteemass gut a letter. He red it & put it in2 his buzzim without sayne a word 2 me about the korntents of the same.

So, I suspicioned they was something rong, which he

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would hev shode it 2 me ef awl was rite in those letter.

I watched on the sly that night, when arteemass was rapped in pieceful slumbers, I gut holt of the letter & red as followers:

"MYNHEER WADDS: Dundar & blixen, it vash mine honor as shall be put in de fire von tausendste times ven you shall told me vat ish say von time te day after yesterday, von tam!

"Vat you call in your tam Englische ven you vash fight mit von gewehr, von, zwey, drey—bang!

"I vash fight mit you, & see vat come ef your wax figgure, ha! In to-morrow's morning drey o'clock at sundowns, pehind mine tent. I shoot you in te head & kill you in te face, py tam!

"Henrich Gotleib Von Vanbenschoten."

As sune as I red that, I node it was a dual, & I spose arteemass eggspekted to get erf & fite that Dutchman without my nolidge; but I node how it would cum out ef he went alone. Arteemass is northing better as an orfin when he is divided from his better half, & so I watched for the dual with the intarmination 2 hev a fingger in the pye.

Tords morning, I faned 2 be a vicktim two the drowsee god, & snored as ef awl-creation had got the croop. I kept 1 i half open, & seen arteemass put on his close in a hurry, & take an epistle out of his trunk, & lode it up two the mussle with powder & bawl.

Then he come along & looked at me & the twins & they a nussin awl the time.

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Then he lift up his eyes tords the plastering, & sez he:

"I'm going, like Roller, to meet Piazza on the field of battle, & 2 leave this onpurtected widder & orfins to a cold, onfeeling world, which it air a sollum moment to leave them & my wild beastesses & wax figgers, which they air to be seen for 15 scents—children half price."

Then he went on & bid a very affective farewell to the kangeroo; & arfture that I hearn him go out & shet the door.

I slipped on my short gownd & followered him immejuntly.

I node where the dual was to be fout, & so I kept well behind, but I got to the plaice at last, and the Dutchman was there with his epistle in his hand, which it shook as ef his body were a personified erthquake.

I walked rite up 2 the side of arteemass, & as sune as the Dutchman seen me, he begun 2 be as brave as a lyon, & he strutted about the ground & begun nokking his breast with his epistle & hollering out: "Mine honour! mine honour! I vash kill you tead in te face like von slaughter-house, py tam!"

Then I sez to him: "Why don't you take your place & prepair 2 exchanje shot, with arteemass?"

"I never fites von fraus," sez he; "Te fraus is too scared of te fires. Go away & leave te grounds toet mans."

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"Never mind, mister," sez arteemass; "she can't doo no hurt here, & when Betsy Jane makes up her mind to a thing, you couldn't draw her out of the idee ef you put on awl the ox-teams in Injinnapylus."

The Dutchman sed he never hearn of sich like, & he spoed the wife would allus hinder her husband from fiting a dual, & he groo paler & paler, & trimbled mourn more, wen he found I haddend come for 2 prevent arteemass from fiting the duel.

"Come, Mynheer Vanbenschoten," sez arteemass; "stand off, & let's hev a crack at 1 anuther."

Then, awl at onct, the Dutchman throo up his hands & sez:

"Oh! mein Gott! vot a misherable sinner I am!"

"What's the matter?" sez I.

"Oh! I ish hev forgot," sez he; "dish is von holy day in my church! I shall forgot all apout te holy days—I shall pe so vicked as never shall pe, already, to fight von duels on te holy day. Te duel must pe put off till to-morrow in the arfture noon, two o'clock tay after yesterday morning."

"Well," sed arteemass; "I must abserve that I don't think inny the less of no man for attendin' two his relijus dooties, & ef that's your reezing for delay, we'll make the affare posthumous for the present. But wen you fixes the time, nabur, please be partikular that it don't com on no holy day agin, else I'll shoot you per-

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miscuous, rite down, inny where I can ketch you, & here's Betsey Jane two prove I telled you so.

So they fixt on the next morning for the duel; & ar teemass & me got up rite urly & went onto the ground: but they was no Dutchman left. His tent were gone & his munkees, & his Paul parrot, & he were gone hisself.

That was the last we ever seed of Mynheer Von Vanbenschoten.

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VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY.

Larst summer, arteemass's cuisine, Relief Stafford, come onto a visit at Baldinsville, & tolled us she had been two New York whare everyboddy that air got 2 grains of common sense can pick up munny like the moonbeams that shines for awl.

She shode us lots of ellegunt goold Jewelry that she bawt in Chattum street at a awkshun store, enemast nothing at awl, & said that inything yu wanted yu kood get dorg cheap into New York.

That sot me & arteemass 2 kornsiddering, for Relief was no grate surkumstans, & ef she cood do so well into the city, we'd ought two make a forshune in 1 week; for arteemass was allus noan for his talons into the sho biznis, & as for me, I was grate at providing & giving good advice, which it was arteemass's dooty two take, ef he didn't want what paddy gove the drum.

So arteemass, he drest up into his best, & I put on my black silk which it is rarely seldom it goes onto my

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back eggsept for the Sabbaoth & other holly days, & we sot out for the grate city of New York, like Paul going up to Jerusalem.

When we arrove in New York, we looked around upon the peple, & arteemass he sirvayd them with a sort of grashus smile at there ignurrens, for they little node that he was the grate wax figgur man from Baldinsville, & the women awl hurrid by without kerchieeing two me for they little node that I was the wife to the grate sho man hisself.

Fust, we come to a grate lot that was fenced in, & in the middle of it there stood an allfired big house awl made of marvel, & they called it the city haul. It is the place wheire the mare lives, & they holt the court.

Whilst we was looking at this big bilding, they come along a woman in a check gownd with a baskit onto hur arm. She was about my haithe, & wore a cap with a laije bordur, and her arms was bear & was very big and fat. I never node hur name, & forgut two arsk hur what it was. But she arsked arteemass ef he would hev some whoffles; he looked into hur baskit & seen something there that lookd pritty nice—a sort of cakes with dents into um, & he bort six of um, & we sot down onto a bench & ete um.

So, the woman sot hur baskit down, & arsked us ef we'd been long in the city. We tolled hur we'd jist come down, & arsked hur ef she'd been there long.

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She said she was brawt up there & was born in orringe street. Then arteemass & me lookt at hur with addmurashun, and she sez 2 him: "Does your muther no yu're out?"

Arteemass tolled hur he hadn't gut know muther & sez he: "It's a smart piece sense the good woman dide. She was 25 yeer old when she war marrid, & she jined the meeting house when she was 44 yeer old. Kornsekwentially, she made a good eend."

"Yu don't say?" sez the woman; "& what did yer pay for yer noo kote?"

"I took it in barter for a wax figgur of Tekumsin, & got this kote & a picktur of Mr. Buchanan, the President."

"Yu must be gráte onto a trade," sez she; "did yu ever no Mr. Buchanan."

"Not personified," ansurd arteemass "but we've got his bock."

"What book is that?" sez she.

"It's a big book of meddysin for famellies," sez arteemass.

So, she sed she must be going, & got up. Arteemass & me both shook hans with hur, & give a invite to call & see us when she come two Baldinsville, & arteemass sez: "Ef ever yu come up our weigh, yu shall be welcome to see the sho for ten scents, whitch it is 5 scents took orf from motyves of frendship."

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She sed she'd try 2 come.

"Doo so," sez arteemas; "sense you'll make 5 scents by the oppurashun."

We never found out hoo that woman was, only she had good strong horse sense, & was about my haithe; that I'm sure on as I stood up close to hur two try the eggsperiment.

At inny rate, she'd found out hoo we were which she would, no doubt, tell awl the people, & arteemass kept lookin behind him, eggspecting every minnit two see the crowd come running arftur him to inkwire about the kangaroo.

Then me & arteemass went up and stood by a pesky big wring like a sirkuss, & they tolled us it was the Fountain. It was the first Fountain I ever seen. It was a big round hole in the ground, & a lot of old irun in the middle of it. We couldn't find out what they did with it.

A felure into gray klose about a inch taller than arteemass came along & sez to him: "Hullo! mistur! hev you dropt yer pockit book."

Arteemas put his hand in his pockit for 2 feel, & sez he: "Know—here 'tis," & he pulled out his puss & shode it to the felure.

Then the felure shode arteemass a pockit-book stuft full of notes, & sed he'd jist pickt it up, & he might hev it & awl the munny inside of it for 10 dollurs."

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"What hev yu found thare, nabur?" said anuthur felure in black klose hoo come up jest at those moment.

"A pockit-book—air it yourn?" sez the first felure.

"No, I konsayte it's knot," "but I'll give yer 10 dollurs for it, if yer'll trade."

"No, I'm bound in onur to let this jentlemun hev it, as he had the refuzle of it he4 yu come up. What doo yer say, nabur?"

I winked with both ize 2 arteemass, for I seen that the pockit-book had mourn 20 bank notes into it; but arteemass sez:

"Stranger, I wish to make a obsarvation which it seems onakkountable that ef it kontayns so much munny as yu pertend, that you doant keep the pockit-book yerself insted of sellin it for 10 dollurs.

"Bless my ize!" sed the felure; "did I fuggit two tell you that I'm going to Kalyurforny to-morrow morning, & these yere bills being as how they air awl on kuntry banks will be of no mortel use tur me whatsomever? ten dolluz in Noo York munny is worth awl of um 2 me, yer no."

"Less look at the bills," sez arteemass.

"Doo yer go for 2 dowt my word & onor?" sez the felure, & he begun to pull up his sleeves for a fite.

But a kupple of men in Bloo klose, with a peace of brass hangin on their surtoot kotes, happent to come

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that weigh, & the felure chucked the pockit-book in 2 his pockit & made tracts across the field, grately to the arshtonishment of me & arteemass hoo hollurd two him 2 come back.

"That's the felure—arfture him!" sez 1 of these men in the bloo klose.

They run & the felure run, & arteemass arsked the other felure hoo stood still, what they were goin two doo with the felure that had git the pockit-book.

"Why, you see," sez he, "they want to ketch him & put him in 2 some orfiss, but he's 2 moddest two eggsept of it, & so he cuts awl he nose."

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THE CANDIDATE.

When Jethro Fish was put up for a candydate for the lejislachure, arteemass took a very acktyve part in pollutiks, for he had node Jethro, man & boi, mourn 30 yeer. They was both born in Baldinsville, & been out cat-shooting together, many air the time, till they sawn the mune go down, & the tinkling lites of the villidge go out 1 by 1, like the aujiunz when the korntribushun plate is coming round in the meeting house.

Arteemass was hot for putting Jethro rite in 2 orfiss without asking him inny kwestions about his footur kornduck; but, as I were a member of the Wimmins Rites I couldn't think of trusting him till I node what he was going 2 doo arfture his election.

I tolled arteemass that I would put some kwestions 2 the candydate, & ef he ansurd em rite, I would give my kornsent for him two vote for him.

So, I took a peace of righting-paper & a led pensile & rit as follows:

Mr. Jethro Fish, Sir: As you air up for candydate

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two the Lejislatoor, I rekuire yu two ansur the following kwestions be4 I shall let my husband vote for yu —2 whit:

1. Air you of opinion that pink-root is good for worms, & do you no how to pikkle pigs' feet?

2. Do yu believe that wimmin air as mutch rite to vote & holt orfiss as men, & will yu use yure inflooun z two hev the wimmin eleckted two korngress?

3. Do yu believe that the wooman is the hed of the man, & that a disobedunt husband should be ducked into the hoss-pond & put in jale arfturewads till his wife sees fit 2 let him out.

4. Do you believe that Paul was only using sarkasm when he sed the man was the hed of the wooman, bekaws it air presisely the revarse.

5. Do yu believe that we awt 2 believe every word of the Bible, eggsept whare it comes in kornflikt with wimmins Rites docturings?

9. Do yu allus let yure wife hev the middle of the bed, or do you serowge hur 2 won sighed & take the best place yourself?

7. Do you believe that whare a man is up for the Lejislatoor, a kumunity should be appinted two insult with his wife & diskivver wether she thinks him worthy of the onor?

By ansuring awl these qwestions rite, yu may get the vote of my husband arteemass; but, otherwise, you may

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look out for squals, let me here from yu as qwick as possible, & I remane, respectively.

BETSEY JANE WARD.

It took Jethro a hull week two compose his ansur as followering—2 whit:

MRS. BETSY JANE WARD: Madam: I was agreeably surprised by a communication from you—an honor as little reciprocated as it was merited. Having always regarded you as a lady of astonishing intelligence as well as moral worth, and, as I am a family man, you will permit me to say, adorned with every charm and grace both of person and of mind. Beautiful without affectation, graceful without hypocrisy, and dignified without pride, I envy my friend Ward the possession of such unparalleled excellence—not to say angelic attributes, though I might say it in truth, had I not set my face as a flint against even the appearance of flattery. But who can spend an hour in your society without feeling as if he had been in Paradise, talking with one of the heavenly host, who so often visited Adam and Eve amid the roseate bowers, and instructed them in virtue, in true wisdom? May I have the honor to subscribe myself, very respectfully,

Your humble servant and ardent admirer,

JETHRO FISH.

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When I reeseaved that letter from Mr. Fish, I seen that he had the root of the matter in him. It was a ansur in full 2 awl that I rekwired, & tolled arteemass that he mite put in 2 votes, or half a duzzin, for Jethro, if he pleased.

So Jethro was elected, & I may take kreddit to myself for having eggzurted myself pursennelly 2 seacure his elekshun.

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SPIRITUAL SIANCE.

EVERYBODY what nose inything of wimmins rites, nose that sperritoolism is 1 of the most pertikklar pints of that purswazhun.

Thare4 I thort it my dooty to enkurridge arteemass 2 get a insight into the sperritmeejiums.

Sez I: "arteemass, yu air now of an age 2 improve yure introlects; & ever sense I took yu under my charge, I hev felt that I was 2 blame for not instructing yu in the hire branches of eddikation."

Then arteemass took out hiz hankurcher & blode hiz knows as ef heaven & urth were coming together. I node by thet thet he didn't preshiate my obsarvation. It was the only weigh in which he dast two express hiz descent from my views.

I pade know attention two this little buy play onto his part, which it is natchural 2 the onrejinerot man as haz never took lessings in hooman proggress.

I tolled him, in few words, thet he must go with me to the house of Miss Charity Whipple & see the purformunz of the sperrits, as Miss Whipple was 1 of the most exstrornary trance mejiums that there was out.

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"It air immiteral 2 me," sez arteemass, "I dornt no northing about none of um, I takes no interest into it whatsomever. I'm a sho man by trade & a professur of wax figgurs, & not of the sperrit shoze, which it is something out of my line, leastwise yu could get 1 or 2 sperrits in2 the tent & plaice um alongside of the wax figgurs, they mite doo as well as iny other qurio-sity."

I tolled arteemass that sitch talk was profannity, & thet the sperrits was invissubble & couldn't be kept for a sho, only the demonstrayshuns, sitch as tipping tables rapping, playing onto the gittar, & righting yure name with a pensile under the table.

"Well," sez arteemass; "stop till I can put on a cleen biled rag & I'm with yer in a jiffy, & you'd better put on yure thick shawl, or yu'll ketch cold & be *hors de combat.*"

"Arteemass!" I obsarved, fixing onto his kowntin-nunz my purcing gaze; "arteemass, is thet the weigh for 2 speak two the wife of your buzzim—to call me a horse, & me nussin twins at this blessed moment?"

Howsumever, we got reddy & started orf.

When we got 2 the house of the Whipples, we found all the ladiz at home, & about a duzzing speritovals of both secksez, & they was wayting for me & arteemass 2 come.

Then we awl sot around a little pine table, for the

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sperrits like 2 hev a table that is eezy two lift. Pritty soon it begun 2 tip, & I tolled arteemass 2 arsk a kwestion.

He arsked the sperrit ef his kangaroo was a parfecktly harmless beest, & the table lifted 3 times, whitch it air in the effirmitive.

Then arteemass sed it was rong, & was going to tell how the kangaroo had bit his finger enurmost orf; but I kicked him, under the table, onto the shin, & made him shet up; becaws I think it my dooty 2 enkurridge the sperrits & knot 2 korntraydict them.

At larst, arteemass konsayted that he seen the mejium lift up the table by placing his foot aginst a korner of the leg.

He whispurd 2 an onbeleever skepticule that sot nixt 2 him, & they watched and seen him doo it, & made him take a weigh his foot, & and when he did, he couldn't make the table lift at awl.

I node it was all rite, & Miss Whipple took me in2 the other room & eggsplaned it 2 me most beautiful. She sed that the table had a sperrit as well as a human, & the sperrit of the table air in the same shape as the table. But the sperrit, having no fleshly hands, can't move the table itself without employing the hands or feet of some human hoo is into the body.

But the sperrit ansurs iny kwestion you ask him by lifting the spirit of the table, & then he impresses the

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mejium & tells him when the sperrit of the table is lifted, then the mejium uses his hands 2 lift the table itself, & lifts it just as minny times as the sperrit tells him 2.

I seen it awl as plane as day, for, in koarse, the sperrit can't deal with materul substances without using the hands of a materul being hoo is in the body. But it is the sperrit hoo tips the table becaws it is done by hiz ordurs, jest as noe bilt the ark, tho he hired 100 men 2 doo it for him, & never tutched hammer gnaw chizzle with his oan hand.

Then I tolled Miss Whipple that I would eggsplane it awl 2 arteemass, but she sed: oh, no, thet the oninishiated wouldn't beleeve thet the sperret had inything 2 doo with it ef they node that the table was lifted by the mejiums's hands or feet. They would say it air awl done by musquelar force, whereas the musquelar force isn't applide to the visible table till arfture the sperrit of the table has been lifted by sperrit hands, & the mejium air instructed by the spirrits 2 lift the visible table with his visible hands, so as 2 make the outward korrespond with the inward.

Were4 she tolled me I must be very keerful knot 2 let arteemass or iny other outsider no how it were done.

Then we went back into the rheum, and Miss Charity Whipple went in2 a tranz & begun 2 talk butiful. She

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sed we mite arsk questions, & arteemass arsked hur how old she was.

"Mortal, sez she; "you air ignorunt of the fust principuls of the sperrits. This is knot Miss Whipple what air speaking two you now; it air a sperrit that is speeking through hur, & the mejium herself don't no whet she sez, nor whet yu air arsking hur. Yu must arsk some kwestion that air sootable 2 put 2 a sperrit.

"Very well, Mister Sperrit," sez arteemass; "I will arsk only sitch kwestions as oppurtanes 2 sperritooal subjects. I didn't arsk the age of Miss Whipple bekaws I kneaded iny informashun onto the subject, for I noee hur age as well as she nose it hurself; she is jest 48 year of age."

Then Miss Whipple sprung up in hur cheer & turned as red as fire, & looked round onto awl the men that was present, & she hollurd out: "It air a lie! it air a pesky lie. I never seen 30 yeer yet. Get out of this rheum, you ornery, good-for-nothing wax figgure peddler."

Then arteemass sez: "I arsk pardon of the mejium for telling hur age; but I thort I were speeking to the sperrit, & thort she didn't no what I sed, gnaw what ansurs she was making, it was the sperrit speeking through hur. But praps it's only the sperrit hoo air so mad bekawse I tolled the mejium's age."

Then there were some loud lafture hearn from 1 or 2

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skepticulls hoo was present, & the other pursons signifide that arteemass had better make hisself skurce, as sitch talk were never aloud in sperrit-surkles, & that free speech was aloud in the surkles purvided they didn't speak inything that was kontrary to the truth.

Then I fixed my purcing gaze on arteemass, without sayen anuthur word, & he node it were best for him 2 shut up, for everything could be eggsplained, though the karnal-minded wouldn't understand. It's only the wise that can understand these misteries, & when they onct git nishiated it's awl as plane as day; but arteemass never had my good strong horse sense, but was allus a little shaky about the intrellecks.

Howsomever, he dasn't say northing agin the troo docturing be4 me, for sperritoolism & wimmins rites has got 2 flote together where they air established onto the same sollid rock.

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A FAMILY SQUABLE.

It air sometimes the case that the wife—hoo air nachurally the head of the fammily— has got awl the intrellect that they air in the hull establishment. Sitch air the case with me & arteemass. He air got some talons for wax figgurs & kangaroos, but my gift air altogether of the intellectooal specie.

Larst Friday, I had a sellect party of the litturary at our tent, & we insulted together about the best weigh of governing the kuntry; & koncluded two prepare a pition to kongress sitting 4th the rongs that air suffurd by the fare sect.

Arteemass wanted that I should attend to the bizniss of taking munny at the door, as they were a hoss-race in the neighborhood & minny foks coming 2 our show.

A little dispute grode up out of it, like Gonah's gourd, & arteemass behaved into the scandillust manner, & I'd better leeve holding perlittikul meetings to the other sect. So, we went on from one thing 2

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another, till he incinnivated that I negleted his klose, & that his storkings was never darned, & it was onpossible to no whitch weigh 2 put um on.

That was the most insultingest story that was ever tolled about a pare of storkings, for I took pertikyoular panes 2 mark the tops of the storkings with a peace of red chawk that he mite no at which end 2 put in his foot, & I did this bekaws he was kontinyoually getting um on upsighed down, though for that it made little diffurunce, eggsept into the idee of the thing, as the opening in the foot was as big as the opening at the top.

The chawk mark at the top ansurd every purpuss & it air knot 2 be eggspected that a wooman hoo has 2 attend 2 the reforms of the day, can attend 2 sitch ornery matter as the mending of a pare of storkings.

The pressident of our sossiety took up for me, & she tolled arteemass that thay was onfurnished logings in his head, & that he'd better let out the top part of it for a Police Station, & he telled hur that the top part of hur head was used for that all reddy, awl but the fust syllabull.

But I giv him my purcing gaze, & he maid hisself skurce.

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THE SAILING PARTY.

1 morning they cum 2 our place, a cuisine of arteemass from down 2 Banggaw, whare he caries on the solting down-kodfish bizniss.

Arfture we had ett our brekfust, the cuisine, hooze name was Benjimmin Chace, sed he'd like 2 toke a sale up & down the river, & he node a man that had a small slupe with 1 mast hoo would let us hev it for a trifle of munny 2 use awl day.

Arteemass sed he was willing, for he'd orfen thought he would like 2 ride on the water; & so it was aggreed 2 by me & arteemass.

Benjimmin sed we needunt dress up at awl, as we would see noboddy but the fishes, & they was a scaly set theirselves and wouldn't notiss our klose.

Akkorduntly, we kookt a plate of saucyjiz, & put im in a baskit, & went down & got into the bote.

Benjimmin histed up the cloths, which they were called sales, & 1 was bigger than the tother & was tyed 2 a big stick that swung about every onct into a wile as nokt arteemass's hat orf 2 or 3 times. We rid down

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the river in the bote, tho it tipt down 2 mutch onto 1 sighed, which it seamed as ef it was going over, & would plunge us into those watery grave.

Benjimmim was the cappin, & arteemass & me was the passinjers, so thet I didn't like 2 inturfear with the mannidgement of the bote, tho I seen that Benjimmin was doing rong. When I arsked him 2 go in tords the land, he put the steering-stick the rong weigh & pinted it rite orf from the land.

Ef it had been arteemass hisself, I would hev took the stick rite out of his hands & turned it the rite way.

When I wanted him to sale strate up the river, he saled tord the land, fust 1 sighed & then the other. I arsked him why he didn't go strate ahead. He sed it air on akkownt of the wind, & he were obleejd 2 beat.

I tolled him he would be shure knot 2 beat ef he saled so krooked, & I tride 2 make him understand that he should pint the eend of the bote rite up the river, & then he would get along faster, but he woodent heer 2 me, & at last I detekted him in looking at arteemass & grinning at my obsarvations.

Arteemass grinned at him back agin; &, into that way, I was made a larfing-stock betwixt um.

Then my dander riz, & I seezd the stick that turns the bote, and put it the other weigh. Benjimmin hollurd out like fury, & tolled me 2 let go, but I hung onto it with all my mite, & ef he had only let me alone

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weed hev gone rite strate up the river most butiful, but his interfearing made the sales shake and flap, & the bote quivvurd & kind o' turned haff round, & the wind blode the bote rite down on 1 sighed & the water come into my face, & the fust I node I was onto the bottom of the bote, & Benjimmin & arteemass holding me on for feer I should slide orf, & get drowned into a watery grave.

I was wet to the skin, & 1 of my shoes had come orf & was gone down to the bottom of the river.

"What air the matter?" sez I 2 arteemass.

"The bote is kapsized," sez he, "bekaws you would mannidge the rudder, & we had pesky hard work 2 save yu from getting drowned; but we've got yu up onto the bottom of the bote now, & ef you keep quiet yu may be saved."

"Oh, goodness grashus!" sez I; "I hope they air know danjur."

"No," sez Benjimmin; "they air know danjur ef they see us from the shore, & come orf 2 take us from the reck; but ef noboddy sees us thay will be a grate deel of danjur."

Then I skreeched as loud as a yung kettimount, which it was the best thing as could be done as my voyce mite be hearn by somebody hoo would come for our delivveruns; for noboddy could hev the hart 2 see a onpurtekted feemail choked with the salt water, ef

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she could be snatched from the devouryng ellements.

But I seen noboddy coming, & were afeared I should be drowned. Then I thort it mite doo some good 2 adress the throne o' grace, & so I sed 2 or 3 prayers as loud as I could holler. For, tho I never jined the meeting house gnaw thawt it worth while to make a purfession, yit I think it's very well 2 hev a little rillijun stowed away somewhere, like Sunday klose, or like a life-presarver in yure trunk, to be used in case of ship-reck, or inny sitch sollum awkkashun, when praying comes natterrall.

I felt orful bad about gitting drownded, it must be so onpleasant 2 be ate up by the fishiz. But that warnt my cheaf konsarn, whitch it was the loss that poor arteemass would suffer to be left awl alone into the world, & 2 be depriveed of the wife of his boozum.

It was a very effecting thought, what poor arteemass would doo when he were left awl to hisself into the world like an orfin, & I was afeared it would bring down his few hares with sorrur 2 the grave.

So I screeched for help, & at larst a little skift were scene coming tords us. As soon as the skift got close 2 us, I telled arteemass knot to forgit that I was a poor onpurtected feemail & put me safe in 2 the skift be4 he got in hisself. Akkorduntly, we was taken in & brawt safe 2 the land, & the wife of arteemass's boozum were presarved alive.

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THE BAD BILL.

1 Saturday arfturnoon, when I were tending at the door of the tent, 2 take munny of customers akawding 2 my uzhal will knot, Barny Hobbs the shewmaker come along & arsked 2 go in.

I held out my hand for the munny which it air my uzhal will knot. He larfed & sed: "yu must trust me this time, Miss Ward, as times air hard & taxes air hi."

I jist pulled down my under i-lid with my fingger, & sez I: "Doo yu see inything green there, Mr. Hobbs?"

"But I'm in rale arnist, Miss Ward," sez he; "I can't raze a scent jist this minnit."

"Ef times air hard with yu," sez I, giving him a purcing gaze; "they air jist as hard with us, & taxes air ekally hi in these yere diggins, sur. Thare4, I cant kornshienshusly let yu in without the munny."

"But, remember old Long Sign," sez he; "yu've node me this 10 year."

"It's in kornsekwunz of knowing yu so long that I cant trust yu," sez I; "ef I'd node less about you, pre-

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haps I would feel safer in chawking it up to yure akkownt."

Then he straitened rite up like a jerraff, & he slung a chor of tobakker out of his cheek, as big as a child's head, & dashed it down onto the ground, and sez he:

"My kreddit's good enuff 2 git munny inywhares into Baldinsville, & I'll get the 15 scents & go into the sho in spite of yu: see ef I don't."

Orf he went like a steembote under hi precure, & enormost immeduntly he come back into the most excitedest passion, & jerked down a 10 scent & a 5 scent stamp.

"Thare's yure munny," sez he.

He were going rite in, but I held out my 2 arms & kept him back. Sez I:

"Mr. Hobbs, on akkownt of the nolidge I hev of yure murrallities, I must eggzamune these yere bills in the most purtickularest manner, be4 I can let yu parse."

That made him so mad he was reddy 2 bust his weskit, & I kornsayte that ef arteemass's head haddent been in sight over the top of the purtition, heed hev rushed rite in, in spight of me.

So he stood still & glowered at me like I'd been 1 of the kewriossities of the sho myself.

I ketched up the 10 scent stamp, & I preseeved it were kowntyrfit at the fust glimps into it.

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Sez I: "It's a bad bill."

Sez he: "Miss Ward, knot wishing to give you a ill answur, I must tell yu that yure nyther a witch gnaw a angle, or yu'd a node it were a good bill. I jest got it from the square hisself."

When he sed that, I rikkognirized the bill at onct, for I'd parsed it orf 2 the square myself on that very morning, in change for half a dollar. So I'd the best rezins 2 no it were a bad bill, & sez I:

"Mr. Hobbs yu hev behaved here into a very onuseyourawl manner. Fust yu wanted 2 get trusted & then yu bring a kownturfit 10 scent stamp. It's my advice that yu go strate home 2 yure shop, be4 yu get a dose of stirrup-ile," & I knodded my head into the direction of arteemass.

"Never mind yure husband," sez he; "yure a pare of noboddies inyhow, & the villidge of Baldinsville would be well rid of you both."

Then arteemass come out, when he hearn that, & asked what air the matter.

Sez I: "This yere kobbler hev spoke misrespecktful 2 the wife of your buzzim, & she nussin a pare of twins this blessed moment."

"Ef I had my ryefull hear, I'd shute yu like a dorg!" sez arteemass to Hobbs.

"Yu couldn't doo nothing," sez Hobbs, "ef yu had yure gun hear on the spot."

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"Yu'd find out," sez arteemass; "yu wouldn't be so lucky as Sam Flynn was, which he had a bullet go rite through his head, & air alive & well this minnit."

"There would be know danjur in shuting yu through the head, inyhow," sez Hobbs; "it wouldn't kill yu at awl."

"What's the reezin?" sez arteemass.

"Bekaws the ball wouldn't be in iny danjur of tetching any brain," sez he.

"What doo yu mean?" sez arteemass.

"That yure skull air as MT as a sukt egg-shell," sez Hobbs.

"You pesky wax-knows, ornery cuss!" sez arteemass; "for 2 pins I'd kut both yure ears orf & skin yu alive. But yure beneath my notus."

"Ef I air beneath yure notus, I'll never be bit by dorgs," ansurd the purvarse felure; "for inybody that's berneath yure notus must be inferm 2 a puppy dorg, & the animiles wouldn't soshiate with him. As for yu, yu air along with yure proppur kumpanyuns, monkeys & kangaroos & sitch like. As the poem sez: "Birds of a fether flocks together."

That riled arteemass so bad that he lookt onto the felure with porfect korntempt & walked rite away, followered by the wife of his buzzim.

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THE VOLUNTEER.

It air 2 yeer come nixt munth, when they came in2 Baldinsville a loyal patrott by the name of Silvaneous Gabble.

He were in hopes of getting a sittyvation 2 go as minister 2 Chili, or 2 some other outlandish place that nobody never hearn about. That kept his patrottism up 2 the biling pint & made it slop over onct into a while.

At larst he come 2 our-villidge & appinted a grate meetin 2 addres the peple & purswade um awl to volunteer.

The parson opened the meeting house for him 2 speechify into, & everybody went 2 hear him eggsept me. I was obleeged to stay & tend the sho into the absense of arteemass.

Arfture arteemass had been 2 hear him onct, he was awl possest, & deklared that he would bukkle on his se-woard & go for 2 fite the inimy ef it cost him his life.

When I seen the speech published into the Bugle Horn of Liberty I felt a little tetched up myself for it red butiful, espeshally these lines—2 whit :—

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"FELLER-CITIZENS: If there's any of those infarnal copperhead in this sacred village, that believes christianity is against skinning rebels alive, hanging um without judge or jury, & sculping their wives & children before their eyes, haul him out & send him on to Washington to be tried for treason & hung till he is dead—dead—dead.

"If there's any one in your parts that holds his peace & that don't cry, day & night, against rebels & copperheads, & pray God to withhold from them the means of salvation, & send them to h— in spite of repentance, let him be incarcerated forthwith; & if you can't prove anything against him, so much the better for it is a sign that the devil takes his part & helps him to escape the law. Turn him over to the first colonel or brigadier that you can scare up, who will deal with him as he deserves & hang him on suspicion. What if the fellow is proved to be innocent after he is hung? That won't bring him to life again, & the officer who hung him will be promoted for his zeal in the good cause; & his blunder will be set down as an excess of virtue, as unlimited patriotism which neither law nor gospel could circumscribe.

"Why, sir, any man who refuses to volunteer in such times as these is already guilty of treason. He ought to be willing to shed the last drop of his blood & the blood of all his friends & relations, neighbors, &

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countrymen for the cause of our glorious party, & throw in his mother & grandmother into the bargain. I say it, sir, in terrible earnestness; I say it with flaming eyes, with glowing cheeks, & with a tremendous voice.

"A man once asked why I did not volunteer, myself. Nobody but a copperhead would ask such a question as that of a true patriot like me. I denounced him at the first military station for aiding & abetting the enemy. He was arrested & sent off to prison at once.

"Feller-citizens, my country is all & everything to me, asleep or awake, dead or alive. I think of my country, I dream of my country, I speak for my country, I dwell on my country, & I live on my country."

When I red the above butiful sentiments, I wundurd wether the orritor was only a hooman or an angle in the hooman form.

As for arteemass, he was filled so full of patrottism that he could enermost tetch it when he poked his fingger down hiz throte. He was for going rite orf & jining the home guard, so as 2 be near by, whare he could attend to his kuntry & his wax figgurs both at onct.

But arfture enkwiring what wajiz they give two a volunteer, & finding that he could make more by his wax figgers, he felt that he could knot kornshienshusly leeve the wife of his boozum & his pare of twins 2 go 2 the war.

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"Ef I should get kilt," sez arteemass, with tears into his eyes; "I should be obleeged 2 leave Betsey ann 2 the kold charrottey of the onfeeling world, & why should I go more than anuther? There's a plenty of felures what has know ties 2 bind um 2 the earth, &, besides, twelve dollars a week & living onto hard tack & salt hoss air outragius at my time of life."

As for me, I lade the matter be4 the wimmins Rites Society, & the President, hoo air a Millerite & mity into the Skripturs, sed that the law of Moses aloud a noo-marrid man 2 stop at home from the war 1 yeer & kumfort his wife.

I tolled hur we had been marrid more than 1 year; but she ansurd & sed that, in the Skriptur, one day stood for a yeer; thare4, arteemass could stay at home 365 of our yeers with the feemail hoo he had took two his hart.

That sattisfied my kornshunz ontirely; as for arteemass, the hard tack & salt hoss sattisfide his'n, & so we was both sattisfide.

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AUTHORSHIP.

The square sez thare air 2 kinds of authors—1 rights for Fame, & the tother rights for munny, which it is their weigh of jerking out a lively Hood.

It air about ate yeer aggo, when arteemass sez 2 me, sez he :

"Betsey Jane, bone of my bone & flesh of my flesh."

Sez I: "what?"

Sez arteemass: "I've had it into my head a long time, an idee that will astonish the natyves & make me immortal, & you will be proud to call yourself my wife."

"Sling it out, arteemass," sez I; "& don't go for 2 being dubus, for yu no I cant bare long speeches as sounds grand, but sinnifies nothing, like the pote Ocean sez, when a thousand ghostesses, hollurs like thunder on the hollow wind."

"Yure obsarvation is 2 the pint," sez he; "yu kote the pote, whilst I'm thinking of righting prose."

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"Yu old fool," sez I; "yu'd better stick to yure beastesses & your wax figgurs, & leaf prose 2 them that's got good larning."

"Why not me right as well as others?" sez he; "I've got a mind, & I no how 2 'spress it 2. I will right a book, Betsey Jane, & yu'll tell me then what yu think of it."

"Arteemass!" sez I, & I fixt my purcing gaze onto his kowntinnunz; "mark my words, & don't yu fuggit um the longest day yu hev 2 live: ef yu right a book I'll right one two, for what is sauce for the guse air sauce for the gander."

Sez he: Yu'd better larn yure mother tung be4 yu talk about righting a book."

"Ditto," sez I.

"Ef I thawt yu'd right a book, I wouldn't hev inything 2 doo with it," sez he.

That's jist what I wanted. Hoo would stir up the beastesses & explane the wax figgurs 2 visitors whilst he was righting his book, &, in coarse, noboddy would by a book that was rit by him. So I was very glad that I had put him orf the notion ef it.

But the fust I node, he fotch me a noosepaper, called the *Marquery*, into whitch he had put a peace & sined his name 2 it.

I red the peace be4 I slept that nite, & I found that arfture awl, it was not so bad as it mite hev been, es-

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peshally as it spoke hily of the wife of his boozim whitch air myself, Mrs. Betsy Jane Ward. I didn't find but 1 word spelt rong & that word was *bought* whitch it ortto been spelt thus—2 whit: *bawt.*

But that air a very different thing from a book. They air as much differunz as a pertater patch & a larje farm.

It must take a pesky good righter 2 right a big book, thare air so minny words into it; but inny body can right a short peace for the noosepapers. But arteemass were allus pretty strong in the rist & in the finggers, or he'd never been abel 2 right them 2 volums, whitch air got his name put onto um.

When them books come out & was printed in sitch good stile, I was so mulch astonisht that I run & put on my black silk rite orf, for I was ashamed to be seen in my dimmitty pettykote & short gound, seeing I was the wife of a grate author.

I kalkerlated that arteemas would be 2 proud 2 speak 2 me; & then the idee come into my hed that ef I rit a book 2, I should be as good as he was; & I node that ef he could doo it, I could doo the same; for there's nothing arteemass can doo that I can't doo, whitch it is natchural as I am his better haff.

Ware4, it is 2 them kornsiderations that the reeder air indetted for this book, which it will hand down my name with arteemass, to suck a ceding jinurashuns, & proqure me the frendship of the grate righters of the

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day—2 whit: Miss Anny Sterings, Miss Fern, Lady Maria Childs, Miss Herrings the pote, Lizzy Cook, Miss Bronte, & awl them air big righters.

Somebody must be found that wants 2 by the wax figgurs & kangaroo, for now that arteemass hev got fame, & the wife of his boozim air following in the footsteps of hur illustrious preducessor, the sho must be soled out instanture.

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THE HIGHER LAW.

Every 1 of the progresives of the present day hev got the hire law, which it sooperceeds awl other laws jist as the clouds air above the earth, or the head is hire than the feet.

The kornservatiffs may talk about the laws & kornstitutions that was made by our 4 fathers, till the crows comes for um, but what does awl that sinnify when we've got a hire law that puts um awl down?

The square found out the tother day, that I parsed a kownturfit 10 scent stamp orf onto him, by weigh of change for half a dollar, & he arsked me ef I didn't no it air agin the law.

Sez I: "Square, look a hear; don't tell me innything about yure laws; they'll doo well enuff when we hev nothing better, as the deeking sed when he used the pot-kivver for an umbrella; but, I've a hire law into my brest that tells me ef I can permote the kaws of science & murallity by parsing orf a kownturfit bill, the end justifize the means."

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"Yu're very fortnight 2 hev a hire law, awl 2 yure-self, that sooperseeds the laws of the land," sez the square; "but, suppose my hire law tells me that yure wax figgurs air a noosinse, & I smash 'em awl two peaces, will yu exquse me for doing on it, seeing that I only obey my hire law?"

"Sich a hire law as that is agin awl rezin," sez I; "& I allow that ef you smash these wax figgurs, yu'll hev two come down hansum, square."

"But hoo is 2 judge betwixt my hire law & yuren?" sez the square.

"Oh! I'll judge by my own hire law," sez I.

"Of coarse, ef we go two the hire law," sez the square; "every 1 must judge for hisself, by his own hire law, &, in that case, they can be know laws or kornstistution for the kuntry, sense every 1 can oppeel to his hire law, & set asighed the judgment of the Soopeream Court itself. A hire law may guvvun an individooal in his own privit affares, but it cant guvvun the kormunity bekaws it isn't rit down no-whares, & yu cant rede the hart of another. It would doo know good ef yu could, sense each man would hev his own hire law. Thare4, inyboddy that undertakes to connect the idee of a hire law with government is an imposter or a fool. As soon as you talk of being govvund by your hire law, yu set asighed awl visible rulers, courts, laws & kornstitutions. Know 1 has a

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rite two take part in the government leastwise he acknolidges the law of the land 2 be suppreme into the government."

"Now, square," sez I; "what hev awl that lojick 2 do with that 10 scent stamp?"

"Jist this," sez he; "the law fawbids yu two parse bad munny, & yu say that yu'll doo it, bekaws yure hire law air above the law of the land."

"I'd nothing 2 doo with making the law of the land," sez I; "I never went 2 the poles and voted; into my life, & so I've nothing to doo with laws that air maid by other peple."

"But, prehaps, yu've inflouensed arteemass & advis d him how to vote," sez the square.

"Yes, sir-ee!" sez I; "I should like 2 see arteema s vote a tickit be4 he'd shode it to me & got my kornsent. It's important two the little hare he's got left onto his head that he never votes korntrary to my advice. Yu may bet yure life on it."

"Mrs. Ward," sez he; "I am so much penetrayted with the logical structure of your mind, & the fairness of your proceeedings, that yu air hartily welcome to the 10 scents which yu hev kabbidge from me. Ef yure arguments kornvince nobody else, they air doubtless unansurable two yourself, & that air the mane pint. I trust that wile yure hire law purmits you two parse orf

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bad bills onto others, it will knot permit yu two reseeve them from others."

"Ditto!" sez I, & that was into him. He clawed orf, & I guess he'll never ondertake two argufy with Betsy Jane Ward agin.

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THE BEGGAR.

1 winter night, when arteemass & me was setting snug & warm be4 a grate blazing fire, with wannuts & sider onto the lite-stand, we were disturbed onto our varchuous sollituted, by a faint rap at the door.

Fust on I thought it were sperrits, & eggspected 2 get a communication from some dear departed.

Arteemass opened the door, & we seed a feemail in a old tattured cloke & without know bunnit onto her head. Arteemass were filled with varchuous indignation & I arsked hur what she wanted, in commanding tones sootibul to the awkashun.

"I live in the little shanty over the hill," sez she; "& we've got nary a stick of wood in the house, gnaw a bit of bread for my dawter, hoo air sick of the kornsumption."

"The shiftless crittur!" sez I, "shut 2 the door, immediately. To think of a crittur of that sort venturing 2 disturb the varchuous repose of 2 sitch turcle doves as me & arteemass.

"For pity's sake, as yu air a woman," sez she;

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"hev mercy on a destitute mother hoo has nothing to give her dying dawter."

"Nothing to give," sez I; "yes, I'll give yu good advice, whitch it is worth more than munny, & a tract published by the Famail Morrill Reform Society which air worth its wait in goold."

So I tosted hur the tract & advised hur 2 go two work & get a honest living, & then arteemass shet the door in hur face.

It's a abiding noosince that peple of those indignant condition should introod onto 1 hoo, like me, has know time 2 attend 2 sich komplaynts on akkount that I'm a member of 13 filanthropists societies, for improving the condition of the human family, & hev petitioned for 99 laws for the soopresshun of all the vices 2 which human nachur air interdicted. Besides awl that, I've gove more good advice 2 those indignant, shiffless critters than inny other femail in the kountry.

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THE MARTYR.

The reader ought 2 no by this time thet I'm a member of all the filanthropy societies as I hev tolled him orfin enuff of that important fackt.

We've had a marture into our sosiety for aggressive missons.

The dooty of that sosiety is to hunt up peple thet hev got a hole into their kotes. [This air a figgur of speech & means that there's some fault into um.] & 2 eggspose the same, so that they may be hunted out of the villidge, or parsecuted akawding two law.

The martur's name was Andrew Fish, and he made it a pint 2 go around arftur dark & peek into folks winders, to see ef there was anything rong going on into their housen. Sometimes, he got a chance to shy into an entry, & there he could lissen at the door & peek throo the kee-hole. In that weigh, he found out a grate minny things that was going on into the villidge, & made himself very yuceful 2 the sosiety, into his day & jinerashun.

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1 nite when he was going parst the squire's house, he preseeved that a lite streeked out from the front winders, & then he node somebody was up, as it were parst leven o'clock, which our sosiety had resolved and parst by an overwhurlmen midgority, it was 2 late for yung peple 2 set up tuggether.

Andrew clum up onto the moldings outsighed the house, & found that he could see into the rheum whare 1 corner of the curting was turned up. He was struck with varchuous indignation when he seed the Square's dawter Harriet setting into 1 corner of the fire place & Bill Shute, the young docktur, setting into tother corner.

He node that ef they sot up so late tuggether it was very improper, for our sosiety hev parsed 41 resolutions agin midnight coarting.

Andrew held onto the blinds till his hands aked, that he might fulfil his aggressive dooties by seeing awl he could. There they sot talking two each other without blushing or seeming in the leastest bit ashamed of such kornduct.

A week arfture that, Shute marrid Harriet, & Andrew tolled the Sosiety what he saw, a tour fust meeting afterwards.

Now, when they got marrid, everybody was sayne that Bill Shute was a very fine yung man, & that the Square's dawter had maid a very good mach. So, we

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thawt it was hi time 2 let the peple of the villidge no what we thought of the pare of them. It was a nessessery dooty that we ode 2 the publick. So we parst the followering resolutions:

Resolved —That the Society for Aggressive Missions has a grate dooty to perform to the publick—to hunt up evil wherever it is to be fouud—to cry aloud & spare not—& to expose all ill-doings, except that we are not to expose each other, lest it should hurt the usefulness of the body, & bring reproach upon the society.

Resolved—This society is the elite of the country, the cream of the community, & we ought to be very thankful that we have been preserved from the sins, the errors, & short-comings of those sinners who surround us one every side, & are, therefore duly qualified, to expose & bring to judgment all offenders against virtue & godliness.

Resolved—That the thanks of this society are due to Mr. Andrew Fish for exposing the sins, the errors, & general condition of many individuals in this community, & more especially for the discovery of the heinous offence committed by one William Shute & one Harriet W——, both of this village.

Resolved—That our eminently aggressive brother, Mr. Andrew Fish, be appointed, on the first convenient occasion, to make a public speech, in the town hall or elsewhere, against night courting, & that he take occa-

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sion in that speech, to hold up Harriet W—— & William Shute to the condemnation of the public, in order that nobody may employ Dr. Shute hereafter & that no respectable lady may associate with his wife."

After these resolutions was parst unannymusly, we ajurnt; & Andrew rit out his speach. He brought it into the tent & red it 2 me & arteemass, & arsked us ef we ever hearn such a severe kastugation what he gove to Shute & his wife. Then he carrid his speech 2 a grate minny others & red it two um, & they sed it was butiful, & arsked him 2 speek it rite orf.

A week afterwards, there was a town meeting two kornsidder about the town poor hoo had been soled twist & nobody wanted um.

Arfture the bizness was over, Andrew Fish got up & delivurd his speech agin nite coarting, & the weigh he put the licks into Dr. Shute & Harriet was very amoozing 2-awl varchuous hearers.

He telled the peple, rite out strait, that Harriet want know better than she should be, or she never wonld hev been scene setting up till leven okklok with sich a felure as Bill Shute, hoo goes 2 the theatre, & was scene into a bar-room tossing orf a glass of wisky punch, last Noo Year's day.

Everybody was glad two hear Harriet put down, as she's a stuck-up thing, & refused 2 sine a pettition for sending 10,000 Moral Reform tracks 2 New Zealand.

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So every one present clapt & stompt & gove 3 cheers as loud as they could hollur.

Arfture that, Andrew Fish was hily thawt onto by our sosiety; but he was maid a martur of. Arfture dooing so much good and shoing so much varchuous indignation, he was crewily attacked onto the highway, betwixt the red skool-house, and John Barney's shoemaker's shop.

He was on the way two the orfiss of the Bugle Horn of Liberty two get his grate speech printed into that paper, when he met Bill Shute, & that unskroppolus individooal stopt & arsked him ef his name was Fish.

"Yes," sez he, "my name air Fish; but I doant want nothing two say to inny sich as yu."

"Why?" sez Shute.

"Bekaws yu're a sinner," sez Andrew, "I doant keep kumpany with sinners."

"It air yu, I take it, hoo traduced my wife at the town meeting, & slandurd me," sez Shute.

"I tolled the hull truth about yu from a cents of dooty," sez Andrew.

"Well, then, I hev my cents of dooty two," sez Shute, & he gove Andrew about 20 cuts with his riding whip over the legs & back. Ef Andrew hadn't run & got aweigh from him, I railly bleeve that Shute would hev cut awl the klose orf his back.

Andrew come rite down 2 the tent, & arteemass let

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him see the wax figgurs for 10 scents, bekaws he was a marture in the kaws of aggression.

We went rite up two the Bugle & put in a call for a meeting of the Sosiety for aggressive missions, stating that important biznis was two come be4 it.

We held the meeting that very nite, & parsed a resolution that Andrew Fish was a marture, & that peple hoo hev a cawl for aggressive missions hev a parfeckt rite two say & doo jist what they pleas, & it is the dooty of every one two suffur pashently whatever aggressive mazhurs air put in force agin um. But it were thought best to say nothing about Shute & Harriet in our resolutions, as 1 marture air glory enuff for 1 Sosiety.

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MRS. WARD AS A POET.

I spell there was a great deal of talk, into Baldinsville, about Miss Betsey Clark, which she wrote some varses, & the squire sed they was fust rate, & some of the yungsturs into the villidge had um printed onto their arms with injee ink.

Arteemass he spoke in favor of the critter, & sed she was the smartest feemail into the kuntry, & that he would giv his best wax figgur ef he had a wife which could right sich varses.

When I hearn of arteemass sayne thet, I was riled 2 thet degree thet I was intarmind 2 show him I could perduce something fine, 2, in the weigh of poetness.

I put on my black silk & clean white stockings, & fixed my hare up butiful, & went into the best rheum & soddown 2 the little myhoginy table & rote as followers:

"How duth the little bizzy B
improve each shining our
and gathur hunny every day
from every opening flour.

I would be bizzy 2,
in works of labor or of skill
for Satan finds some miss chief still
for idol hands two do."

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Arfture I had rit this poetness & koppid it orf nice, I stuck it up with a pin over the mantel-piece into the best rheum.

Arteemass ketched sight of it onto that same arfture-noon, & wanted 2 no hoo put that pome up over the mantuel-piece.

I gove him a purcing look, & he sed: "It was you —I no it was. I'll bet my boy constructor of it, or my tiger, or inny 5 of my munkies."

"Well, yes, I rote it, arteemass;" sez I; "& now let me heer know more about Betsy Clark & hur poetness. When a man of yure aje & eksperunse goes 2 praising a good-for-nothing slip of a gurl like hur, & the wife of his boozim at home nussin a pare of twins, it's time for hur 2 show him that she can doo something as well as the tother."

Arteemass red the peace over & over as ef he was trying 2 get it by hart, & then he sed it was horrid pritty, & he'd know idee thet I could rite like thet, which it was ekally as good as inything he had seen of lately, & he wisht there was a pote into the house that he mite sho it two him.

He soddown & koppid it orf in red ink with butiful flurrishes awl around it, & a picktur of his kangaroo over the top. He lent it out 2 the naburs, hoo admired the piece verry much, till 1 day arteemass was reding a book, & sed the verry same words was into

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the book which was into my peace, only that there was big letters at the end of all the lines.

Then I was riled mourn ever. What rite had artee-mass 2 be peeking round into books? His spear air wax figgurs & kangaroos, & sech. But he was allus willing two doo innything 2 vex hur that he had took 2 his hart, & two doo everything 2 exonerate the wife of his boozim.

Those disposition air not kalkulated two make the mirage relation happy, which it should be his dooty 2 obey his lawful wife, & knot 2 find folt with her poet-ness.

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A NEW MOVEMENT.

Bizness was getting 2 be rather how come yu so, & the visitunts at the sho was as few & far between as angles visits & grumbled at 15 scents at that, though the wax figgur of G. Washington aloan air worth twist the munny.

We got so, at larst, that we could scurcely earn our daily peck, & something must be done, which arteemass had a foo hundreds stode aweigh into a kupple of old storkings that hung up in the garret & pot klosit, but that was for use into our old aje & a rayny day.

Whilst we was deploying what were best two doo, we had a visetation from Deeking Screwmouth, for the 47th time, two try two indoose us two gine the Meeting House.

He tolled us that northing helpt along a man like a profession of relijun, & that ef we would jine the Meeting House, he'd know manner of dowt that our prospects in life would look up, like the end of a plank when a boy got onto the other cend.

Arteemass was konsiderable orfish at fust, as his genus never lade into that direction; but finelly he korn-

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kluded that something must be done for the exhibtion, & ef the jining of the Meeting House would railly be useful 2 the sho biznes, he'd better go in.

So he tolled the Deeking that he'd try relijün a little while, & see what would be the effect on the wax figgurs; he'd take it on trial awhile, & ef it pade in the way of bizness, he'd keep on.

The Deeking shook hands onto it, & was grate friends with arteemass, which he called him "Brother Ward," & the nixt time arteemas went up to his store, the Deeking gove him his blessing & a qwater of a pound of cheese.

So arteemas & me begun two go two the Meeting House every Sunday, & the Deeking sot us on a seet klose to the pulpit, for two exibit his noo konvarts jist as we exibited our wax figgurs.

Some ornery cusses thet sot onto the back seets larft at arteemas & pinted their fingers at him, but he node ef it maid the sho bizness better, he'd hev the larft unto um.

So arteemass & me sot neer the pulpit, & looked very sollum, & now & then, arteemass rolled up the whites of his ize jist as the Deeking did, & he'd know dowt it would bring a plenty of costomers two the sho, as the Deeking had tolled him.

We went on this way for about 3 months, when arteemass consayted that it was a doing know good what-

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somever. None of the members ever come two the sho, & the bizness groo wuss & wuss.

Then arteemass got his dandur up & he talked two the Deeking like a Dutch father-in-law, & arsked the Square ef he couldn't soo him under false pretences, as he had put him two the trubble of going to Meeting every Sunday & putting on a clean biled rag onct a week, into the hope it would keep the sho; but it haddend brought a scent into arteemass's pocket.

The Square was rather dubris, & arteemass perseeved he'd been took in & left the Meeting House in disgust.

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THE FUNERAL.

It was in the larst part of May that Friny Johnson —cuzzing two arteemass—parted this life, heving lived 2 the aje of 50 yeers & never done iny harm two inybody.

She beekwheethed two arteemass & me, a bag of check apuns, a file of the Friend of Virtue, a gimlet & hammer, haff of a han-saw, two bunnits, & 50 dollars in Nichol scents.

Akawdingly, arteemass put a black krape onto his hat, & anuther 1 onto the waxfiggur of G. Washington, in respekt for the deer departed.

I put on my black silk & wore it to the funerawl.

The deer departed lived about 7 mild from the villidge, & we was obleeged to go into a wagging. When we got thare, we found thare was know ministur to doo the preying.

The square pulled out a Common Prayer, & was going two rede it, but thet want aloud, for ant Friny was of the Purittan descent, & the lady was 1 of her antcestus which flung the 3 legged stool at the par-

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son for intradoosing the english sarviss into the Kirk of Scotland.

Hear was a nonplush, & we didn't no what two doo, till Miss Prim obsarved that arteemass was hur relation, & was a man of hi standing, & he'd better say a foo words onto the okkazhun.

Tharefore, arteemass took orf his hat, & stood up, & addressed the kumpinny as followers :——

"Feller-citizens :—Awltho I'm knot accustomed two public speaking, which it air my fort two exibit wax figgurs, kangaroos, tygers, lyons, & munkies—price 15 cents; children half price; yet as I'm called upon in this yere purmiskus weigh, two doo the seremonies for our diseased sister what was jist 50 yeers & 14 days old, thet is cut down into the flour of her life, which it ought to be a warning two awl them thet air in thare yung days, how they spend thare time going to halls, theayturs, & other vannities when they might attend the grate morrill exibition of the wax figgurs which air a grate saving of time & munny.

"I hope this highly respected corpse will be a warning two awl them thet is going astray in the way of Balaam, which it air said his ass spoke with the voice of a man, & it air the most remarkablest thing ever none. I've been engajed in the sho bizniss more yeers than some of yu is yeers old, & of awl the crittars that I've scene from awl parts of the world, monkies,

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zebras, kangaroos, gireffs, guinee hens, turkey-buzzards, & boy constructors, I've never seed iny thing ekal 2 the ass that spoke two Balaam. Ef I had thet critter in my collection, I could raze the price of admisshun two 40 scents to-morror.

"Thare4, I hope yu'll awl take warning of yure weighs from this respectful corpse, which never did know harm into its hull life, as it lays there breathing its last which it will be took up to heaven in the judgment day.

"The time is now for every 1 two kornsidder the shortness of human life, how a man grows up like a punkin-vine, when awl, of a suddent the syth of death cuts him down like the flours of Paradise."

"In kornsidderation that the deer departed hev left the undesigned 50 dollars in Nichol scents, awl these congregation thet hev grettifide hur by coming to hur funerawl, may visit the sho, wax figgurs & awl, onct apeace, for 10 scents, which it air five scents took orf in respect to the dear diseased."

Arfture this butiful lojum onto the deer departed was spoke by arteemass, everybody come to look at the corpse.

Miss Prim spoke butiful, & sed that she had come like a thief in the night, & parsed away with the vapors.

Miss Dorothy Gooding that keeps the candy empo-

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rum, made some very jewdishus obsarvations, & put hur handkerchur two hur ize. Then we awl put our handkurchurs two our ize, for we'd foggut awl about thet part of the seremunny till Miss Gooding sot us the eggzample.

Arfture that the deer diseased was karrid two a little hill into the pasture behind the barn, & lorrid down into hur natural home, & arteemass hurrid back 2 the house two get the Nichol scents.

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THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT.

A GREAT many yeers hev parsed into the gulp of oblivyun, sense the grate soger of the Hungryarians, Mister Kossith, was into this kuntry.

I can remember it as well as ef it was only yisterday. Everyboddy was kontriving some weigh to doo him onur. Some peple got their hats maid arfture the pattent that he wore, some run arfture him two giv him munny, & he paid for it in speeches & patrutism.

Arteemass didn't no what two doo about it. He seen it was his dooty 2 sho his respeckts 2 the big Hungryarian in some weigh, but then he was all-fired afeard of him, he was sich a monstrashus big jentleman. Into comparison with other grate men, he was a ellerfunt compared 2 a fox.

At larst we hearn that Kossith was going throo the town whare we were exibiting our sho, & arteemass sent for me 2 come rite aweigh & insult with him about what was best 2 be done.

Arfter weed koggitayted awl the arfturenoon, we sot

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down twogether & rit 2 this grate Hungryarian the followering notice:

"MOST HOLY MAN! O! KING! LIVE FOREVER! The 2 undesined being man & wife, of the town of Baldinsville, near Hull; bow down with their noses in the dust, Ostrich-fashion, & with loud akklaim cry to thee, dread sovereign, & hope the onpardunable crime is knot committed ef they persoom two kiss yure august & sakkred feet. Into the meen time, they send an invite to yu two attend the sho free graytic, wax figgurs & awl. For perticulars see small bills of the—day—price to all others 15 cents; children half price.

ARTEEMAS WARD.
BETSEY JANE WARD.

Arftur this was scent 2 Kossith, arteemass had it rit orf in letters of gould & put into a frame & hung up into the sho, & it did the bizness a gray deel of good, as minny peple come to see this letter which they wouldn't hev come two see innything else in the tent.

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RETRIBUTION.

Our sho had got so much notorosity that some others into the sho bizness tried two do us awl the harm they could. 1 Hiram Burch put a piece into the Eagle of Freedom at Smootfield running down arteemass's sho, & kornkluding that his wax figgurs was a ridiculus set of imidges that lookt like nobody from Judus Scariott to the Duke of Wellington.

Arteemas soddown & rit a butiful letter two the Eagle on the subject, but it was never took no notiss of, & then arteemass went to the square to insult him about sooing Hiram Burch for defumation of character.

The square thought there couldn't be a gray deel made out of it, as it would be a civil soot. Arteemass arsked him why he couldn't make it an oncivil soot, but the squire sed it was know use to do inything about it as arteemass had spoke agin Burch's sho too.

About two weaks arftur that Hiram Burch was riding into a slay, when it oversot and broke his arm.

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Arteemass was so glad to heer on it that he run into the house & drank a hull pint of corn whisky. He seen it was a jujement onto the critter for running down his wax figgurs.

There was another man into the slay called Toby, & he had run down the wax figgurs as bad as Burch. There come very near being a jujement onto him 2, for he fell within 2 inches of a sharp stake that would hev gone clean through him, ef he'd fell a little further forrid.

This larst jujement didn't come orf awl threw an aksident, but ef Toby had gone 2 inches further that would hev been a jujement. Know doubt it was intended 2 be a jujement unto him two, but the slay give a sort of twirl when it oversot & threw Toby 2 much 2 I sighed, & so the jujement on Toby was prevented by this yeer aksident.

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ASTRONOMY.

The varyus weighs thet peple contrives two get a living is a wonder two innybody that hev good strong horse sense, & thinks of it in a fellowsofic pint of view.

There's a case happent neer us 1 wintur that is distressin, & there ought 2 be a law 2 puddown awl sich exibitions.

A felure called Smith come into Baldinsville with his sellestial globes, & his luminations & pickturs of awl sorts two larn the peple asstronimy, & ef he got away five peple from our sho, he got away fifty, & prehaps a hundred.

The square's dawters, Miss Hopkin's sister, & heeps of other feemails went 2 heer this asstronimy man, & pade 25 scents, when they might hev seen the wax figgurs for 15 cents.

Smith sent a free parse 2 arteemass & me, but we wouldn't hev notting 2 do with him or his leckturs, we'd hearn enuff about um from the nabors. Miss Persons

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that went two 1 of um tolled me that he was crazy, & had awl sorts of strange notions, sich as know body ever hearn tell of be4.

He sed the world, this yere same world that we live onto was, as round as a bawl. When Miss Persons hearn him say that she got rite up & left the sallurey for she is a sponsible woman & is related 2 the Batts, which they air the greatest fokes in Smootsville, & she wouldn't set there 2 inkurridge a man into telling sich lyes 2 the rising jinerashun of Baldinsville, which aut 2 remember their Creatur in the days of their yuth.

Then gurls would be afeared to go to meeting, or 2 skool, or to iaywhere else, for fear they would slip orf of the world, ef he could make um beleeve it were round. What would become of awl the cattle? How could they clime up the sides? The peple underneath us would fall orf head-foremost, & whare would they go two?

He talked about the sun & the stars having peple onto um, & housen & churches, like this yere airth!

That air anuther lye, for the sun & the moon & the stars was maid 2 giv light to this airth, & that's awl they was ever intended for.

Its strange how ignorant some peple air. There was mourn 70 or 80 peple that sot there & let them stuff sich nonsense down their gizzurds & they bleeved every word of it jist as much as ef me or arteemass had been

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telling um about the kangaroo & the other wild beastesses in the sho.

What does peple want two no about them lites up in the clouds, the moon & stars & sich? Suppose there was peple onto um, what good would that doo two us? They don't come under the Constitution of the United States, & ef they node we was tawking about um they mite thro down stones & sich onto us, & we hev know weigh 2 sew um for dammijis. There's know policeman could clime up there two arrest um.

Arteemass thinks he ought two be interdicted for getting munny under false pretences, leastwise he can prove to the court thet them peple's onto them plannets that he talks about.

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A CITY GIRL.

I bleeve I haff of the sitty foks air *non compass mentus.* Some on um air the onoreerst peple that air skeered up inywhere.

There was a yung gurl come to Baldinsville from the sitty two see her aunt. She was rigged out into sich close as maid her look like a butterfly mourn a hooman crittur, & she never come a neer our sho, though it's only 15 cents—children haff price.

She was awl the time flying round the fields & picking flours & sich like, & she called um Botany. That riz the dander of the nabors, for they bleeved thatshe must hev come from Botany Bay.

As soon as we suspicioned hur 2 be escaped from Botany Bay, we watched hur closer than ever. Then agin we korncluded she want rite in hur intellectual for when she went into a meddur wharo there was heeps of yallur flours, she held up her hands & maid a

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tremenjus fuss over um, & called um drops of goold on a emeruld robe.

The nabors telled hur she was cleen out there, as them was northing but flours which they was of no more use than the grass, & the grass was only fit for feeding the critturs afture it was mowed & dried into hai.

But they couldn't beat notting into hur; & she went onto the big rocks & brooks a running over um, & praised um like fury, instead of admiring the corn & pertaters which they were growing up finely & air good two eat.

Then she went out with her pencil & paper & drawed an old barrack that was awl in ruins, when she might hev had that nice, tall, new brick house of Doctor Green's to draw, which air the only brick house into the villidge. Then we seen that the cirttur didn't no much. She hadn't much in hur garrit. [This is a figgur, & means braines.] But the square's son took a grate fancy 2 hur, which it shode that he was a fool 2, since he mite hev had Mr. Edward's dawter, hoo can doo more house-work than inny gal in Baldinsville, & stands five foot eleven in her storkings, & ways over 250 pounds.

But the yung fokes into these days hev got know scents like when we was yung, & use to go a korting.

The fust question was arsked them about a gurl was: "How many spoons has she got? How many yards

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of cloth can she weeve into a day? Has she been brought up into the nurchure & admiration of the Lord & been well spanked when she disobade hur mother?"

But awl this has been altard of lately, & they larns two play onto the pyane & run about to hawls & theayturs, & tends leckturs insted of the morrill exibition of wax figgurs, which it air for the improvement of the rising jineration.

Finelly, the square's sun was so onkonsidrate as two pop the kwestion two this sitty gurl, & she had the imperdunz 2 refuse him. Arfture that everybody looked onto hur with disgust, & I dare say she'll dye an old made.

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AN ENTHUSIASTIC FRIEND.

THERE's some peple thet don't bleeve in Friendship; they think it's awl a pertence got up like a meal o' drammy for the entertainment of them that can't see behind the scenes, & that takes tinsel for goold & red paint for the natteral color of the cheeks.

But arteemass was never iny of that sort; he allus bleeved into Friendship, & maid awl the friends he could which it air the dooty of a showman, as his friends will come to the sho.

1 day arteemass was standing in the door of his tent, when he seen a tall man into a short brown kote coming up the rode, & looking at him as ef he ode him something.

As soon as the felure got opposit two arteemas, he smiled & pulled up his hat, & run up to arteemass holluring out:

"My ize don't deceive me; it air—it air the distinguished shoman, the grate morill exibitor of wax figgurs & lyons, & monkies, & sich!"

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Then he put out his hand, & took holt of artemass's hand & squeezed awl the blood out of it, & smiled agin & bowed & sez: "I think it a onur two make yure akwaintance—upon my sole!"

Arteemass didn't no what 2 say at fust, but the man into the short kote kept on tawking & praising of arteemass so steep that he blushed like a red kabbidge & thought he'd found 1 of the biggest friends that ever fell two the lot of frale mortallity, as the pote obsarves.

Arteemass begun two thaw out pritty fast & tolled the stranjer he was glad two see him, & hoped his wife & family was into good helth.

"Well, I can't say much for that," ansurd the man into the short kote; "my wife is ruther the wuss for ware with the dipthury & my oldest gurl is down with the small pox, &, as for the baby, it had simptoms of the kroop when I left home; but, heering that yu was into the nayburhood, I left um awl & hurrid up two take my distinguished frend by the hand. Well, how's times with yu, my good friend?"

"Ruther ornery," sez arteemass; "kornsidring. Munny air pesky skurce, & my grate morrill exibition hev been sadly neglected of late; but I'm into hopes it will look up, about krissmus."

"Don't say a word, my dear friend," sez the felure in the short kote. "Ef a few hundreds will be iny use two yu—now I'm knot into the habit of loning out

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munny; I've got a snug compittunz left me by my late uncle, the Hon. Thomas Weskot, & I meen 2 take keer of it; but whare there air an exibition like yourn that ought two be supported at awl hazzuds, & without distinction of party, it's the dooty of awl patriotick individooals 2 doo what they can 2 enkurridge it, and I wouldn't object 2 lone yu some 800 dollars—say, for 1 year. I wouldn't offer it 2 yu as a pressent, tho my hart promts me 2 doo so, for I no whet would be the feelinks of a hi-minded jentleman like yu—yu would feel insulted dowtless—espeshally from a stranjur; tho yu air know stranjur 2 yure kuntrymen. Whet say yu, kind sir, is my offur indellikut? Will yu except the lone of 800?"

Arteemass jumpt at the chans, for it came in very good time, as he was eggspecting 2 be sood onto the next day for a little akkownt of 150 dollars that he ode 2 John Swain the karpentur.

So he shook hands with the man into the short kote & sez: "How can I repay yu for yure kindness, sur; in so fur as my sho——"

"Not a word, distinguished sur," sez the other; "I'm going rite over 2 the bank in Smootsville now 2 draw out a kornsiderable sum, & I'll stop as I come along back & let yu hev the 800."

Then Arteemass thanked him agin, and sed, "You air, indeed, a friend in need."

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The man seemed 2 be into a pesky hurry, & run rite down the rode, as ef he was going two Smootsville, but he haddend got mourn 2 rod when he stopt awl of a suddent, & seemed to think haff a minnit; then he run back 2 Arteemass & sez:

"I jist remember that I owe the square 50 dollars for mannidging a case for me into the Common Please, & as I'm going rite by his dore, I would prefer 2 stop in & pay him, insted of wating till I come back from the bank. You have'nt that trifle about you, have you?"

"I guess we can raze it," sez arteemass; "inything 2 obleege so good a friend——"

"Put yourself to no trubble," sez the man into the short kote.

"No trubble into the world," sez arteemass, & he went to his box insighed the tent, & scraped out every scent which it come 2 jist 51 dollars and 17 scents.

"Take it awl," sez arteemass; "I can weight for it till yu come back."

"Jist so," sez the strangur; "it'll be but the vally of haff an our when I'm heer again."

The man with the short kote put the munny into his pocket, & scampured down the rode.

As soon as he was gone, sez I to arteemass: "Know doubt it air a very onest man & a good 1, but yu fuggut to arsk his name, & now it can't do know harm for

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yu jist 2 follur him as fur as the big chasenut tree yander, & fix yure eye onto him, & see if he stops at the square's house to pay him that 50 dollurs that yu've let him hev."

"That's ridiklus," sez arteemass; "it's very ornery to be spying arfture a good friend like he, & dogging his footsteps like a injun."

"Then I'll go," sez I; & I run orf without anuther word; before I'd got as fur as the chasenut tree, I seen the man turn down the crooked lane that leads into the pine woods. He never went a-neer the square's house.

Then I begun 2 suspicion him & konkluded that the square wouldn't sie hyde gnaw hare of that munny that arteemass had let him hev.

Now arteemass air ruther shaky about the intellectovals, & he's a poor onprotected orfin without me; but when he sees a thing as plane as day he believes in it.

Akawdingly, when I went back & telled him that the felure had turned down the lane, arteemass run arfture him at full speed &, on the weigh, he picked up two other men hoo jined into the pursoot.

The felure turned his hed & seed um coming full split onto his tract, & then he kornjecturd that arteemass had some dowts of his onesty. He run like a grai hound & would hev got aweigh ef he hadn't slumpt into a kwagmyer. That riled him and he begun two cuss & kept on cussing till arteemass come up & ceased his body.

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Then I arsked 1 of the men to run & bring an offisser. He sinnifide he better cawl the square, & he cawled him.

When the square come, he sed he sposed the man would like two get out a *homine replegiendo.*

I node what the *hominy* meant, heving et bushels of it with mullasses, but the rippleindigo was parst my gumption.

So the square went in to talk with the raskil, & arfture a little wile, he come out & sed the man into the short kote was *non est inventus.*

A grate *inventor* know dowt into the weigh of lies. But arteemass seemed to hev some idee that awl wasn't rite, & run into the tent. A grate hole was ript with a nife into the back part of it, & the man was missing.

Arfture that day, arteemass was ruther dubus about trusting his good friends.

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THE ACTRESS.

When arteemass fust set up his sho, he had an idee that I could doo well into acting out serting peaces in the drammattick line. He sed he bleeved that I had the gift of gab well enuff two exsell into the socks & brickskins.

We got a few boards & eructated a platform in the back part of the tent, with seats sot in front, & 1 armcheer for the square.

The play was to be Romiro & Juliet. Arteemas was 2 act Romiro & I was 2 act Juliet, whilst our hired gurl, Nancy Maclay, was 2 act the nuss, & run down Romiro for 2 giv Juliet a chanse two say she hoped blisturs would gro out onto hur tung.

I larnt the peace & so did arteemass, & we got every thing awl reddy to speak it, the nuss was 2 put on a black kote, into a part of the pease & be a preest, & then a potecary afturwards, & at larst I was two put on arteemass's overkote & be Mistur Capperlate.

Be4 I acted Capperlate, I was 2 be put into a toom,

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& make bleeve I was a corpse, & then I was 2 come 2 life & speak a butiful peace, & awl that air.

We got a big box from the store that was used to put kole & wood into & cleaned it out, & that was to be the toom.

The aujience was numeros, which it was a noo thing to act drammatists in them parts, & they come from awl around 2 see the drammur. They called it the hiss-tonick act which I diddent no the why at fust, but I larnd it be4 we got threw.

Immejuntly the aujiense was awl in, we begun to act, & it awl went well enuff as arteemass red his part out of the book, & tolled me what two say whenevver I got stuck.

At larst, they put me into the kole box; that was the toom. It was awl dark in there, & fust I perseeved something scratched my leg & squalled out, & I preseeved that I had soddown on a cat that had gone to sleep there.

I was nonplushed with fear at onct. The cat squalled, & I screeched & hollurd 2 arteemass 2 come & let me out; but he come & whispered 2 me & tolled me two shet up or I would spile the drammer.

The cat clung to my leg & scratched & squalled wuss than ever, & I was horrid frightened; so I sot up a yell that yu mite Lev hearn a mild, & at larst, I maid out 2 scramble out of the box into the front of the aujience,

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& begun 2 scold arteemass for desarting the wife of his boozim into the hour of her distress. The cat jumpt out at the same time & run under the seets, & some of the aujience hissed, some on em hollurd "Scat!" &, at larst, a niggur wench yelped out that 1 of the wild beastesses had broke loose.

Then the aujience begun two yell, the ladies fainted grasefully into the arms of their affinities, & every 1 that want so fritened they couldn't stir maid a bee-line for the door of the tent.

That air the last dammaticks that I ever was indoosd 2 sho my tackticks into.

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THE DOCTOR.

I HOPE I needn't tell the publick, at this lately day, that all the docktors of the riglar fackelty are fools & purtendurs, hoo nose nothing about the hooman sistim, & never use notting but marquery for the qure of every decease.

The ladies of our society were very much pleesed & eddifide by a docktur of the noo skool, hoo was invited 2 deliver an addres two us the other nite.

He never redes iny books about the mittery medicines, but has invented a weigh of hiz oan two "qure awl the ills that flesh is air 2," to yuse hiz oan orijinul languidge.

He karries the flour of the field & other sarting qures into hiz saddle-bags, & can heel iny decease as eezy as he can heel a shu, for he mended shuze be4 he was inspired two qure the bodice of men.

Arfture he had delivvurd his address two us ladies, a riglar fackelty hoo had been invyted two heer him, was aloud two arsk him a foo kwestions, as followers:

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"Yu say that salt should never be eaten; do yu knot no that salt air a part of our own komposition?"

"Well, that's a kwestion that's of know importunz," sez the wise fizishun; "it's knot what's into us, but what ant two go into us that should be the kwestion among doctors. I never hearn of but 1 purson which salt was a part of hur komposition, & that was Lot's wife."

"What do you say two Niobe hoo was awl tears? Tears are salt yu no."

"I never hearn of her be4, but I suspicion it's the same individooal, only the tears was all froze solid; that would make hur a pillow of salt, yu no."

Here, I couldn't help putting in a word, & I riz up, with grate dignity, & sez I: "As fur Lot's wife, ef koarse there was salt into hur komposition, for we hev Scriptur for that; but she was 1 of the most remarkablyest wimmin that was ever razed into this kuntry. I don't think it's a fare argyment 2 bring hur up heer, & as 1 of the ladies of this sosiety, I purtest agin it. Salt hav got nothing 2 doo with the subgect."

"Begging yure pardon, Madam," sez the riglar fackelty; "salt is the subject under debate. I was in hopes yu noo, sur, that salt formed a portion of the human boddy."

"We want none of yure potions heer," sez the grate fizishun; "they're awl marquery & notting else. The

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hooman boddy is under the controll of the sperritt & is subjeck two the will."

"To a certain extent," said the riglar fackelty; "but death cannot be staved off by the hooman will."

"The hooman will can expell everything as the whale expelled Jonah from his intervals," sed the grate fizishun.

"Will the will expel catalepsy?"

"Surtingly, sur," ansurd the grate fizishun; "so will cold water?"

"Did yu ever see a purson in catalepsy apply cold water to himself?"

"No, but I allus apply cold water two um, when my one suffring from that decease cawls upon me!"

"Indeed, sur—yu hev remarkibble patients!"

"A docktur should allus hev patience, else how could he bare so much as he does."

"You misunderstand me, sur. But let that parse; how do you qure tetanus?"

"The easiest thing into the world," ansurd the grate fizishun; "we keep his stummick full two expell the wind; then we put hot bricks twa his feet & bottles of water two the part effeckted, & make him take a plenty of exersise into the open air."

"How doo yu qure aneurism?"

"The what?"

"Aneurism."

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"Oh! that air—yes, when the fit comes on——"

"I'm speaking of the pekulyur swelling called *aneurism*, sur."

"Yes—yes—I see. Why, sur, we put on a hot-bread poltiss, of koarse, 2 draw it 2 a head, & when it's ripe we lance it, & squeeze out the juce."

"Well, sur, awl I can say is that yure modes of treatment are entirely original—so much so, that ef yu would like a purmanent position, I think you might be got into the lunatic asylum without much trubble."

"Do you no of a vacunsy there, sur?" arsked the grate fizishun.

"There air allus room there for sich as yu," sed the riglar fackelty; "& the addition of a straight jacket mite knot come amiss in yure case."

"Yu air a revilor of the truth," sez the grate fizishun, hoose dandur riz rite up, & I don't bleeve yu no how to qure iny of the things yu mentioned; yu air an onery quack that——"

"Stop, stop, sir! 1 thing at a time. I hev mention catalepsy, tetanus, & aneurism, & yu say I don't no how two qure um. I can ansur yure kwestions, ef yu can't answur mine. Firstly—catelepsy: this is a trance in which the patient seems unconscious, like a statue. It attacks females more frequently than males. Medicines calculated to relieve nervous irritation air good for it. Mustard poultices along the spinal

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collum. Citrate of iron & strychine taken with syrup of orange peel & soft water—one terspoonful three times a day. Pills of iron & quinine, & other medicines too numerous to be mentioned now. Tetanus or locked-jaw.—For this give chloroform & ether in quantities sufficient to control the spasm. Aneurism is a swelling caused by the coats of an artery becoming weak, swelling out & causing a sac or pouch. Stop the circulation through it by compression if possible, so as greatly to diminish its flow. If not, tie the artery between the aneurism & the heart. Use tincture of veratrum to reduce the force of the circulation."

Arftur the riglar fackelty was done with the hard words, which it made us awl larf, the great fizishun riz up, & sez he:

"Come on, as minny of yu as pleases; I've never been floored yet, & I've disputed with more dockturs than yu can shake a stick at. As for awl yu've jist sed, it's a mass of nonsense. It's like the armor of Soll, which I've cast orf & heyn't proved it. I plant my foot onto eternal rocks, & I'll go on & am shure of victory &——"

Riglar Fackelty—"Yes, sur, I see yu are wiser than seven wise men hoo can render a reason——"

Great Fizishun—"Reasons or figs, it air awl 1 two me. I've got a mission two go threw the airth konkuring & two konkur, & two pull down owl the high places

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in Geerusylum. I look onto this yere quack docktur with silent korntemt."

Then we all clapt our hands & waved our hankurshurs, and took a vote thet Docktur Steeves was the great fizishun of the world, thet he had never been floored into any argyment, & that the regilar fackelty was a quack & aut to be expelled out of the bilding as the whale expelled Jonas.

Me & abbigul Place was then appointed a kommitty to request the riglar fackelty two make hisself skurce at hiz urliest kornvenyunz, & he took up his hat & cleared out with a flee into hiz ear.

Then the great fizishun came down from the desk & shook hands with us ladies, & we korngrattoolated him onto his victory, & he arsked us if we didn't see how glad his advarserry was to sneak orf.

"Oh!" sez he; "ef he had stayed a little longur I'd hev anulated him; there wouldn't have been a piece of him left big enuff to sware by."

Then Miss Abbigul White put up her smiling mouth to him, & sed: "Ah! come, now, sho a little mursy. I felt for the poor felure whilst he was writhing under yure kastugashuns. The strong should be mersifull."

"No—no mercy for such as him!" cried the grate fizishun, nobly.

Oh! I doo think he air such a nice man! Noboddy can help loving him.

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THE APPARITION.

When arteemass & me had been out 1 arfturnoon picking blueberries, jist as we turned into the 5 akur lot, we seen something white stanning up agin the big chasenut tree there in the korner, & arteemass was skeert at the fust; but we that are speerituals air never afeerd of seeing the departed.

So I gets partly behind arteemass, two inkurridge him, & sez I two the speerit:

"Hoo air thou that comes making the nite hiddus, two steel glimsiz of the moon, & makes a fool of nachure. Avant, & truble us know more!"

But there it stood & never a word, & then I seen it was the most obstinatest ghost that ever I sawn into my life; & I winkt two arteemass two parse on & leaf it alone; but he didn't see me it was so dark, &, at larst, he was going rite up two the ghost two speek two it, but I kept him back by pulling on his kote-tale behind, for ef it shouldn't happen two be a ghost, it would hev inkurridged arteemass into his skeptuschism.

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So I whispurd two him, & sez I: "Go on, arteemass, & don't run the wife of your boozum into danger."

But he hollurd out to the sperrit: "Be thou a sperrit from heving, or goblet dammd, bring with yu hairs from heving or blasts from hell, I'll speek unto thee."

Then the ghost kind o' moved, & arteemass jumpt back & like 2 nokt me over as I stood behind him; & sez he tur me:

"Betsey Jane, yu no I aint afeared of that air thing. I'm sure it aint a sperrit, bekaws a sperrit air invissible & kornsequentially he can't be scene know how. That's reason enuff for not being afeared of the thing, whatsomever it air."

"Well, then, arteemass, ef yu want to speek two the sperrit—for I'm shure it air a sperrit—I'll stop hear whilst yu go up and speek two it."

"Betsey Jane," sez he, considurable riled—"Betsey Jane, doo yu think I'm going for two inkurridge yure silly notions by taking the panes two go up & speek to thet air thing? Yu make me larf with yure foolishness."

But he didn't larf; he shook like a leaf, tho. Prehaps he called that larfing, some fokes has sich queer names for things into these days.

So we parsed on, & then I went be4 arteemass & let

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him walk behind, to sho him that I wasn't skeert the leastest bit & could step orf as brisk as ever.

Nixt morning, arteemass got up brite & urly, & went two see ef the ghost was there yet. But the ghost was gone & had left in hiz place the thing that he wore, no dowt, whilst he was stanning the nite be4. It was a long strip of white cloth like it had been torn orf the whole length of a sheet, & it hung by the lim of a tree, & enormost tucht the ground.

No dowt the ghost wore it the nite be4, & having no-further use for it when he left the urth, he hung it up on the tree.

Arteemass wanted to purtend that this peace of white cloth was awl the ghost we had seen. It's strange how much onbelief there air into these days.

Sez I two arteemass: "yu only giss that there want no ghost; that shoze yu hev a dowt. Very well, as the ghost air on the trial, he should hev the benefit of the dowt; therefore yu may kornklude that we, poor mortels, hev been favored with a sight of 1 of the dear departed."

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THE VILLAGE BELLE.

The best and prettiest gurl into Baldinsville was Miss Sarah ——. When she got along 2 be 16 or 17 yeer old awl the felures was flocking arfture hur as ef she had been a camp meeting or a hoss-race.

But she was nythur 1 gnaw the othur. Everybody that looked at hur loved hur, bekaws she looked so good & so plezzant, & had sich a weigh with hur that yu couldn't get over it know how.

Her cheeks were like the roses in June, & her pouting red lips was so sweet that a bee lit onto um 1 day, & I'll be bound that he got sweeter hunny out of them than he ever got out of a rose-leaf.

Sich a 1 was Sarah, & everybody sawt her cumpany; but there was 1 big lummux of a felure, called Jake Daybrook, what kept into the store & sold goods two customers & rit up the akkownts. He use two dress up spruce every Sunday & walk parst hur windur, into the hope that she would karst an eye onto him.

But Sarah didn't seem two be much took with him, mourn with the rest. Prehaps she didn't like his big Knows.

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She was never proud, gnaw stuck up, but she had a rite to chuse for hurself hoo she would marry. Jake was dredfull down-harted when he found that Sarah didn't smile upon hiz soot, & he hung on like a snapping-turkle two a nigger's big toe.

At larst Jake plucked up kurridge two rite hur a peace of poetness, & put it into the Bugle Horn of Liberty, as followers:

LINES ON MISS SARAH ——.

Have you the gentle Sarah seen
Come tripping o'er the village green,
Though scarce arrived at woman's age
Robust in virtue as a sage,
Like the martyr brave who bore her name
And soared to heaven in smoke and flame;
In aspect kind, in bearing meek,
Aurora's blush is on her cheek;
Her brow like pure Italian skies,
Grace in her step, heaven in her eyes,
And fairer is her swelling breast
Than pearly foam on ocean's crest.
And her breath is like Arabian spice,
Her mouth, the gate of Paradise,
And her voice hath in its silvery swell
The royal minstrel's magic spell.
And her smile is like the sunny ray
When stormy clouds have passed away.
As bees in summer's sultry hour,
Come buzzing round the opening flower,
So village swains from glen and hill
Surround the Rose of Baldinsville.

When Sarah read this poetness, she node hoo rit it, as it was just the weigh that Jake tawkt 2 hur; but nobody node what she thought onto it, as she kept her mind to herself.

As for Jake, he kept going about the villige groning

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& taking on about Sarah. He come down to the tent, 1 rainy arfturenoon, & tolled us how he had lost 20 pound of flesh on akkownt of Sarah's krewelty. He rapt his weskit around him & shode us that it lapt over about 6 inches. Arteemass sed ef he kept on so, he would soon be as slim as a been-pole, & then know gurl would hev him.

Arteemass advised him to try corn-whiskey which it would qure the bloos ef inything would; but, he lade his hand upon his hart & sed: "It won't qure what's into hear," & then he sithed like awl nachure.

Some peple tolled him he'd better list into the army & fite for the union; but he ansurd & sed there was only 1 union that he keerd for, & that was his union with Sarah.

Finelly, he krawled into a hollur log & sed he'd stay there till he starved two deth; but 1 of the nabors come & took holt of his ankel & hauled him out.

It was thawt best two watch him for fear he mite commit sewiside; they seen him, into the middle of the nite, laying down onto Sarah's door-stone, & a felure kawled Sam Stone, hoo wanted two hev a lark, went & got a pale of water, & flung it over him & then doged behind the corner of the house, & maid him bleeve that Sarah threw it onto him from her chamber windur.

That finished him; it broke his hart two think that Sarah scorned him two that deggree that she would par-

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secute him while he was dying for love of hur; & he set out two commit sewiside in ded earnest.

There was an apotyoucarry by the name of Tim Blake hoo sold awl sorts of meddysins, hoo lived up into Peter Chase's place, & Jake went two see the apotyoucarry, & ordurd a purscription two be made out, & Jake was so cunning about it that he like 2 hev suckseeded into it. He ordurd three kinds of meddysins that was harmless, & a little arsinnick along with the rest, jest as ef it was intended two qure some sickness.

But there was 1 Obed Swain hoo had his eye onto Jake, & when he seen him go into the apotyoucarry shop, he node what he was arfture.

So as soon as Jake was gone, he went in & arsked Sim what Jake had been bying. Sim sed he hadn't got nothing yet, but he was two put him up some meddysins & he was two call for um in the evening.

Now Obed was akwainted with Sarah, & he run rite orf two hur & tolled hur awl that Sim had tolled him, & sed he: "I'm very mutch afeard, Sarah, that that yung man will kill hisself for yure sake."

Then Sarah's hart flutturd into hur boozim jist like a little burd, & 1 big tear gathered into hur eye & it groo bigger & bigger till at last it fell down kerslap onto hur apun.

Then she went up stares a minnit, & when she cum down, she had a little note in hur hand, seeled up with

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seeling wax, & there wasn't more than 3 or 4 words into it, & she gave it two Obed & tolled him two tell the apotyoucarry two doo up that little note into the same packidge with the meddysins.

So Sim Blake put up the meddysins & the little note together, & tide the packidge with a little red string.

In the evening, Jake come two the shop & took away the packidge.

Somebody heered a noise in Jake's room that nite. It sounded like somebody larfing and dancing for joy, & then Jake's door busted open & he run out, with notting onto him but his shirt & trowsis, & away he went up the street, & the jokes in the house sed he had gone mad for the love of Sarah, & whet a pity it was, sich a nice yung man two!

But the nixt day, Jake & Sarah was scene walking arm & arm up the rode, & talking together as thick as 2 pickpockets, & everybody was astonished. As fur the apotyoucarry, he sed he had never put up a purscription be4 which it affected a qure in sich a short time.

Arteemass went rite up two the apotyoucarry shop two enquire what was the meaning of it awl, but Sim could only tell him that a little pink-cullud note was scent two the shop by Sarah——, & that it was done up into the packidge with the other meddysins, & so Jake took it away with the rest of the meddysins,

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but which of um it was that qured him he couldn't tell.

Arteemas studdid it out a long time, & at larst he kornkluded it was the dose into the pink note, taken farsting, onto an emty stummick, that qured Jake.

Into about 3 weeks, Jake & Sarah was marrid. They hev now been marrid jist 1 year, & allus lived happy together so fur.

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ARISTOCRACY.

A BUTIFUL wooman was Mistrus Nitingale, hoo lived into the big white house onto the hill above the old berrying ground.

She come down two the tent 2 or 3 times when thare was childurn at hur house onto a visit, two sho um the wax figgurs & kangaroo.

Mistrus Nitingale was a monstrashus grate lady, &, ef koarse, she nevver kep compinny with iny of the kommon sort. You wouldn't see hur stop & speek two inybody when she was goin' two meeting, without it was that she would kurchy, onct in a wile, two the square's wife, bekaws she come of the Shaws hoo air very rich.

Mistrus Nitingale wouldn't ware iny of the noo fashions, for they want stately enuff for hur. She was come from a grate fammily of the Revvolushun war, & she kep on the same dress that she wore when she was a gurl.

One arfturnoon, she come down two the tent, which it was a very fine day & the walking was good, or she

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would hev rid into hur coach. She brought hur 2 grandsons with hur, little boys, two sho um the sho.

I wouldn't bleeve they was hur grandsons at fust as they was drest ruthur ornery. I expected, when I hearn they was coming, two see um with beaver caps onto thare head with goold bands & tawsel, & their close awl guilt with goold, & with silver shuse onto thare feet. But they wore common kloth like the square's children.

But Mistrus Nitingale was drest butiful. She had on a lawn cap with a bordur of lace, with artifishawl flours onto the top of hur forrid, & a vilet silk dress & stummicker, & hi-heeled shuze. The sleeves of the dress sot close till they come two the elbows, where thare was the biggest ruffles I ever seen. Down hur arm was lawn trimmed with Drisdun lace. The dress was low, into the neck, but she wore a lace hankurchur two hide hur bootum. Then she had a string of big purls round hur neck.

I run & got a cheer & gove it two Mistrus Nitingale & smoothed down my apun two look tidy, bekaws I node she was sich a big lady, she would take pertickulure notiss of my dress, which arteemass allus sed was enuff two sho iny 1 that I was a akomplished lady.

So wile the children was looking at the sho, Mistrus Nitingale she talks two me kuite free 2 be shure, & into the most kornfidentialest weigh yu may depend, for she scene thet I was none of the kommon sort, as

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arteemass says, iny 1 that talks with me can't help purseeving that I'm a purson of refinements, & I spose she'd hearn that I belonged two the Wimmin's Rites & awl the other sosieties, which ef that don't make a feemail risspectable I should like two no what doo.

So says Miss Nitingale two me, sez she: "Mrs. Ward I presume that yu air akwainted with Silas Jonas's wife?"

"Law, Madam," sez I; "it's kuite a supprise that yu should think me akwainted with that feemail."

"I beg yure pardon," sez she; "I had supposed, as yu was neer nabors, that you node hur."

"No—no, Mistrus Nitingale," sez I; "I never assoshiates beneeth me. Yu no, madam, that peple like yu & me can't keep compinny with sich. Hur husband's a blacksmith."

"Very troo—he air a blacksmith," sez she; "I was not aware—I beg your pardon."

"It's granted kindly," sez I; "I spose yu forgot that my husband's the onur & pripriettur of this sho, & that I tend the door & take awl the munny. We couldn't think of soshiating with a blacksmith's wife."

"Do you keep a karridge?" sez she.

"Only the 1 hoss cart that we moves our sho into when we travels," sez I; "" but I must tell arteemass two get a karridge; sich peple as us aught 2 hev that air."

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"It would set yu orf some, sartingly," sez she; "which it air the kustom for peple into hi life two take an airing in their karridge onct into a wile."

"Now yu speek my mind eggzackly, Madam," ansurd I; "& I'm glad two heer yu say so. Peple like us, into hi life, as yu obsarved, autentoo go on foot like the common sort."

Then she got up to go aweigh & I eggspected 2 heer hur giv me a invite two call up at the house & take T with hur in a nice, soshible weigh awl 2 ourselves, but I spose she fuggot it.

When arteemass come in, I tolled him hoo had ben thare, & sez I: "Now, arteemass, lissen two the wife of yure boozim. Mistrus Nitingale sez that we must keep a karridge. She sez we air in hi life, which it rekuries 2 keep up our dignitty that we doo like others hoo don't want 2 be lookt uppon as the common sort."

"I can't afford it," sez arteemass; "bekaws why? Look a-here, Betsey Jane, the hosses & karridge ain't so much, fust on, but the feed of the hosses & the pay of the driver, Lord alive! it would swallur up awl our urnings, & whare could we go 2? we don't vissit noboddy but Cyrus Weeks, & he's going to move out of the villidge."

"Arteemass," sez I, & I gove him a purcing glance; "don't korntredict the wife of yure boozim; without me yu air an orfin alone into this cold world, & it's

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only my advice, which it aut two be took more orffenur, that keeps you out of diffikilty."

"Whare will we get the hosses?" sez arteemass two me.

I ansurd & sed: "Get 1 of them Cleveland bays of Bill Smith, & another hoss of the Square."

"The square 'll not sell nary a hoss," sez he; "& Bill Smith's got only 1 that he'll part with. I just tride that hoss by pinching his gullet, & he gin a short kauf like he had the hectic fever."

"And so would you, ef inybody pinched you in the gullet," sez I.

"Yu don't no nothin' about a hoss," sez he; "which it takes a man's life time amongst the Varmount hoss jockeys, as I've ben, to tell a good hoss from a bad 1. Those hoss thet the square hev got aint worth much nyther. They've got puffs on their legs, & thare eyes look as ef they had the yallur jandurs. Hosses like them air don't live long. Carrots wouldn't make them look well, ef you fed um on nothin else. Give me a hoss that's clear-eyed, with a thin main & thick tale, broad behind, broad breast, small head, wide nostrils, round-hoofed & short-jinted, & then I'll talk to yu."

"Then get 2 sich hosses at onct," sez I.

"Yes, I will, when hoss ranes down from the clouds," sez he; "there's knot a good hoss within fifty mild of you, this blessed minnit."

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"Where there's a will, there's a way," sez I; "yu don't want 2 hev a karridge, & that's the lodgick of yure obsarvations."

In course arteemass had 2 give in at larst. I node that Mistrus Nitingale was a propperer purson than arteemass to juge of what we wanted, & she drest up so rich & butiful. Arteemass finelly aggreed two start the next morning, & promist 2 come back be4 dark riding into his karridge.

I tolled him 2 be shure & get 1 hoss white & the tother black, bekaws I'd allus hearn that variety was pleasing.

As soon as arteemass had cut out, I couldn't rest into my mind till I'd put on my black silk. Then I lookt at myself into the glass, & korncluded that a string of purls would become me like a book. I korncluded two by um the fust oppurtunitty.

Then I soddown into the door of the tent, & scene the square's wife go by. I couldn't help larfing into my sleeve when I thawt how she would stare when she seen arteemass & me taking a drive up to Mistrus Nitingale's & leeving our card, which it should be printed on pink paper & guilt around the ejiz with goold leave.

I waited till it got enermost dark, & then I felt riled bekaws I'd wanted to see the coach in broad day-lite. But I korncluded thet arteemass was so purtickular about the hosses that it took him a grate wile 2 pick um out.

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I went inside the tent, & sot out the table, & got my T ready, & arfture a wile it was pitch dark & arteemass he hadn't come. I waited & waited, & got madder & madder, till I hearn somebody coming into the tent.

I jumpt up like a jack-in-the-box & run two meet him. It was a strange man, he seemed 2 be a little in likkur.

"Yure husband has come home," sez he.

"Yes," sez I; yu air the driver, I kornclude; "arteemass has rid home, of coarse."

"Why, yes," sez the felure; "you may well say that—he's rid home, & I wants haff a dollar for the job."

"Very well," sez I; "we'll see about that air; we may higher you by the munth, ef yu keep steddy & aint 2 saucy."

"Saucy or knot," sez he; "I won't leeve the shanty till I hev my munny."

"I'll go & look at the karridge fust," sez I, & I intarmind, into my own mind that this felure should knot be our driver. So I hurrid 2 the door, & seed a wheelbarrar with a man into it.

"What's that?" sez I.

The felure in the wheelbarrar tosted up his arms & begun to sing:

"We won't go home till morning
Till daylight doth appear."

Then I thawt the voyce sounded like the voyce of

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arteemass, though it was very thick, with hikkups in betwixt the words.

The man come out of the tent, & I arsked him what that wheelbarrar was there for.

"Well, old woman," sez he; "ef yu don't want yure husband, I'll wheel him back again."

"Wheel my husband!" sez I.

"To be shure," sez he; "for he can't travel hisself; he's got about 9 inches of corn whiskey into him——"

"But whare's the coach, & the hosses?" sez I.

The felure larfed into my face, & sez he: "I've scene know coach & hosses, only yure husband was up at the Hit or Miss Tavurn blowing about hosses, & drinking with everybody till he begun 2 make love 2 the landlord's wife, & then old Pete brought out this wheelbarrar & put him into it, & arsked hoo would wheel him home, as he shode a dispersition 2 lay down onto the floor. So I hev fotched him home for you, & I reckon the job 2 the valley of about haff a dollar."

I pulled out the munny & pade the felure, & tolled him 2 make hisself skurce. He sed he must have the wheelbarrar. So, we got arteemass out, & he fell rite down be4 the tent, as drunk as Satan.

As soon as the felure went orf with the wheelbarrar, I throde a pale of water over arteemass, & he come to his senses enuff 2 cuss & sware, which it was enkurridging under the circumstances. So he was abel 2 get

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orf to bed. But the nixt morning, somebody had 2 lissen 2 a little wholesome advice about going for 2 by a coach & coming home into a wheelbarrar.

Whenever arteemass air obstropolus I can bring him 2 his senses by jist lifting my finggur & sayne:

"Wheelbarrar!"

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CAUSE FOR JEALOUSY.

I SUPPOSE it air knot jenurly known which it ought two be, though peple's minds hev been so mutch took up by the war that they could not attend two it, that my arteemass was allus a grate favoryte of the fare seck.

But arfture the nupshell not was tyd, it was hiz dooty two adjure every feemail except the wife of his boozim, for when they air united into the bonds of matrimony they air one twain.

But arteemass has allus been in danger of being led away, like King Solomon, which the pote sez:

> "The wisest man that ever lived
> Most deerly loved the lasses O."

There was a feemail into our parts named Susannah Loines. She had red hare, bloo eyes, a fare skin like snow, and a few freckles onto her knows, red lips, good teeth, & good shape. She was about my haithe but wasn't quite so potty, as I'm what they call embonepint.

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When we were fust marrid, arteemass could put his arms clean around me, & he used 2 doo it very orfan, but now he sez he nose he couldn't doo it ef he tried, & so he never tries.

But Susannah Loines air more slim like, around the waist, though she buljiz out above & below it.

The fust I node of hur notion arfture arteemass was 1 rainy day when he was coming from the store with a mouse-trap & a quart of molasses. He had a cotton umberrill & it was spread two keep off the Rain.

What should Susannah doo but run rite under hiz umberrill, & say: "I beg yure pardon Mr. Ward, but I'm so afeerd of getting wet, the dipthoarry is about so much."

Then arteemass ansurd, & sed: "yu're as welcome as flours in May, my little duck. I'm glad yu called."

Then sez she: "Now, Mr. Ward, none of yure noncents. I'm know flour, & I didn't expekt an old man like yu, that's got a wife & a pare of twins, two speek so onbecoming."

"It can't doo any harm," sez arteemass.

Then she sithed, & sez she: "yu don't no what harm it may doo, friend Ward—ef yu will allow me to call yu so—for the fare seck air more sissiptible than yu think, & ef yu should inspyer a tendur feeling into my busting hart, hoo would be 2 blame then?"

Then arteemass scene that he had put his foot in it, &

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that she loved him like a book. He didn't no what was best to doo, whether to except of hur love, or 2 sho hur that he was troo two hur that he had took 2 his hart, into the bloom of his youth.

At larst the evil sperrit purvaled, & he sez: "My dear Miss Loines, yu no that I must keep up my creddit, as I am a publick karaktur, & hev a sho, & allso a wife hoo air an onor two hooman nachoor, & thare4 I must bid yu good by for the present; but ef yu'll appint a place whare we can meet, onto Sunday evening, I'll be thare' onto the wings of love, as the pote sez."

So she told him to come to the back door of hur sister's house, whare she lives for the pressent, at 9 okklock a Sunday evening.

Arteemass kept the affare awl two hisself till the time come, & I wondurd what he was Greecing up his boots & putting on hiz best ruffle shurt for. He cut out at 9 okklock, & went two the place.

It was awl dark thare, & know sign of any lites whatsomever. At larst, the windur opened over head, & a voyce sed: "Is that yu, my deer love?"

"Yes, it's me," sez arteemass; "open unto me, my love."

"Yes—pressently—wait a minnit, deer," sed the voyce of Susannah.

So he waited a minnit, & then thare come out of the

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windur about 2 gallcons of cold water, & it lit onto arteemass's head & run down the back of hiz neck. At fust, he thawt he was skolt with biling water, but at larst he korncluded it was cold.

Then the windur was slammed down like fury, & awl was still agin.

Arteemass thawt it was a broad hint thet hiz compinny wasn't wanted, & he bleeved it would be a waste of preshus time 2 stop thare iny longer. So he cut out for home, with his noo close in sich a pickle thet I thawt he'd jined the meeting house & been baptised: but I hearn the whole story aftureards from Susannah's sister.

The cornduct of Susannah is very onakkountable, seeing she as good as tolled him she loved him when they was under the umberrill together. Thare can't be know dowt she loves him, for awl the wimmin air arfture arteemass into the same weigh.

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HOSPITALITY.

It is rarely seldom that arteemass & me gets ketched without munny into our pockets; but we took a ride into the kuntry onct, into the munth of August, & thare come on a thunder shour that hindered us from travelin a long time, the road being awl mush, & the shour lasting 2 days.

On the weigh home we got very pekish, tile we come 2 an old house thet was okkipied by a 7th kuzzin of arteemass. He hadn't seene him into 18 yeer & skurcely node him by sight when he did see him.

Sez arteemass: "Betsey Jane, we need something to ete, as our interval air raving like a lyon for food. Hard by, resides my kindred, 7 times reemooved. We will stop at his house; I will reemind him of the sacred ties of effeckshun wharewith we are bound, & it is opportoonly about the very our for dinner. He will nachoorally ask us to partake with him, & our hungur will be appeezd. Of course, he needn't no that we only called 2 get something 2 ete; thet air *our* secret."

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He nocked onto the door, & a red-heded female opened it at onct.

"Her father's eyes! those hare! the mouth—the chin. I should hev none the fammily rezemblunz into the darkest nite," ecsklamed arteemass; "come 2 my arms my child, and embrace yure uffekshunate relative! How's yure father, child?"

"My father! Och, faith, I wish you would tell me thet same," sez she; "the last time I seed him he was in County Tipperary in ould Ireland. What's your pleasure with him, sir?"

"Can I see the master of this house?" sez arteemass, with the dignity which becomes I two address a meenyal.

A tall man come to the door, & stared at I & arteemass as ef we was prizziners into the dock waiting for the centense of the court.

"Kuzzin Rufus," cride arteemass, ceasing his hand; "doo I see you onct more—but my feelinks—my feelinks onto this effecting occasion."

Arteemass put his hand onto his stummick when he spoke of his feelinks. My feelinks awl lade into that direction two, & I was glad to cent the roasted beef when the door opened.

Rufus looked more rekonsiled when he hearn that arteemass was his kuzzin, & arsked us to walk in.

When we entered the rheum, we found the wimmin

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fokes putting the bread & salt & mustard onto the table.

We took cheers and soddown be4 the fire, & was silent for 2 minutes.

Then Rufus sez: "You've rather got the advantidge of me, Kuzzin —a—a—a——"

"Arteemass Ward," sed arteemass, 2 help him out, as his memory seemed 2 be oblivioyus.

"Ah!—yes!—Ward," sez he, & he kept a studdying over the name.

"Yu haint fuggot us, I hope," sez arteemass; "for the cords of natchooral affection they air the only tyes that bind us 2 this world, which it air our dooty 2 remember them——"

"Yu say yure name is Ward;" sez Rufus; "my name is Crane; what branch of the family do you belong 2?"

"Iny branch you plees," sez arteemaas; "cents we awl belong 2 1 tree, it makes know odds about the branches. We was going by yure house, & I felt my bowels yurn tords it, knowing that I had a kuzzen into the bilding, & I thunk two myself, & sez I to Betsey Jane: "He'll never furgiv me, into this world, if I go by without giving him a kawl; it's so unnachooral like 2 slite one's oan kin, whilst this hart beets in this boozom I can't think of iny sich a thing."

"Very kind of yu, Kuzzin," sez Rufus, staring at

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his wife, hoo had arsked 2 take my bunnit & shawl; "I dare say it's awl rite, Mr. Ward—I bleeve that's the name—though I never hearn of you be4."

By that time the table was sot. A butiful pease of roasted beef, meely putators, mashed turnips & gravy, & a big pitcher of syder were onto the horspitible board, & arteemass kept 1 eye onto the table whilst he looked at Kuzzin Rufus with the other.

"Yu're travelin', I take it," sez Rufus.

"Yes, Kuzzin, we've been taking a little tower, but had no idea of the happiness of seeing my long-lost kinsman when we sot out from home."

"Live fur orf?"

"Into Baldinsville," sez arteemass.

"Let's see—that's away orf hear," sez Rufus, pinting with his arm

"Yes."

"Well, what ye doing on so fur orf from home?"

"Taking a tower," sed arteemass; "arfture the fat teagues of bizness, 2 rikkooperate the sistum, & enjoy the silloobrus air of the kuntry."

"Ya—a—as," sez Rufus.

His wife had kept nodding hur head 2 him & looking tords the table awl this time, but he didn't take the hint. Then she whispered 2 him, & he looked tords us. At last he riz up & sez:

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"Well, kuzzins, cents yu're hear, yu'll take a bite with us, I kornclude; yu'll be wellcome."

Arteemass jurked his head around, & stared at the table as ef he haddend none thare was iny vittles within a mile of him, he'd been so overpowered with happiness in meeting his deer kinsman.

"I—I—don't no," sez arteemass, looking at me; "yure going 2 dinner it seems. Well, on my word, I'd no idee it was so late as that. Seddown, kuzzin, & don't make iny seremunny about our being hear."

"But I arsked yu & yure wife 2 come & take a bite with us," sez Rufus. "You shall be welcome."

"Thet, indeed," ansurd arteemass; "I haddend thawt of that."

"No," sez I; "we diddend come in for that. It was the larst thing we'd hev thought of."

"Yes," sez arteemass; "the idee of dinnur was the larst thing we thawt of."

So we soddown, & arteemass went into the beef & puttators as ef he was eggspecting never 2 get anuther meel onto the erth.

"I admire those turnip," sed arteemass, taking another spoon-full onto hiz plate; "I never seen this kind bef."

"Yu'll be a purty good juge of the article when yu see it agin, I'm a thinking," sez Rufus.

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Me & arteemass thawt eteing was more proffitable than tawking, & we sed no more, but ete awl we wanted, & soon arftureward, we got up two go.

Arfture we had got into the wagging, & arteemass had gathurd up the reigns in his hand for a start, Rufus poked hiz head out the windur, & sung out:

"I say, kuzzin, won't yu take a qwarter of beef, a few loafs of bread, & a platter of turnip into yure cart be4 yu start, for fear yu should be hungry be4 yu get home?"

"Sartainly, ef I shall be wellcome," ansurd arteemass, whipping up his hoss.

"Betsey Jane," sez arteemass, arfture we'd got fairly on the road; "yu see the nachur of mankind air 2 lye. We lyed when we sed we diddend call in for dinner, & Rufus lyed when he sed we was wellcome; for you seen they kept dinner waiting till it was enormost cold, in the hopes that we would cut out be4 they soddown 2 table."

"He lyed, & we lyed, & so the akkownt air purfeckly square, & nary 1 of us hev inything 2 complane of."

Then I seen that arteemass were a filosofer, but he larnt awl he node from me, Betsey Jane Ward, the wife of his boozim.

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FREE SUFFRAGE.

THEM as thinks the intelligent, inlightningd ladys of amerrik, air unqualifide two go two the poles & vote, shoze their own lack of gumption.

When the irish, which they air pagans & worship imidges that aught two be puddown by law, when these irishurs can come over hear & vote, it's a burnin shame that eddikayted, varchus, reding, riting, sighforinn, skating ladys of the pressent jenurashun should be put inn with iddyaughts, fellyuns, & dikkrippit pursons.

I had some thawts of righting a serious of peaces onto the subject two put it into the Home jurnile, or Harpur's Weakly, or praps the Leger, as Edwad Everitt rights for that paper.

As feemails hev the bringing up & tooturing of the infunt mind which the pote sez: "Just as the tree gros the twigs will bend," thare4 it is very stranje ef they aint fit for 2 govern the kuntry arfture the kuntry air grode up.

Minny a grate man would hev been a noodle but for

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the judishus spankings thet he receeved from the maternal hand, whilst their boxing of thare ears hardend their heads, which they mite otherwise hev been soft.

Them that has red the feemail leckchure, of the pressent day air kornvinced that they air sooperior 2 inything thet hev been rit by the other seck.

Saint Paul sez thet "Man is the head of the woman;" but he ment it into a purticular cents, like, as it ware, a river. Everybody nose thet the head of a river is the shallowed part of it. It is into that cents that the man air the head of the woman, which arteemass air a knotible example, hoo air like a helpless orfin when away from his better haff.

The woman et the forbidden frute be4 man et it, which it shoze thet she's ahead of him at the start, & she's been ahead of him ever cents.

I think, ef the truth was none, that Homer & Virgil was both feemails, & Shakspear 2; but the men, which hev everything their own weigh, purtend it was their own seck.

Our sosiety hev an idee of putting up poles of our own whare nobody shall vote except the fare seck.

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THE TRAVELLING SHOW.

1 YEER arteemass & me went around with our sho of wax figgurs & beastesses, into a grate minny diffurunt towns till we come 2 Cape Cod, & arfture we had finished there, we was tolled that we could make a grate deel of munny by going 2 Marthaz Vinyard & Nantuckit, which they air 2 ilans sittuated into the water.

Arteemass got the capting of a bote calld a skoonur two take awl his things into it, & we rid down two Marthaz Vinyard two a place calld Edgartown whare we shode the sho two awl the peple; & then we went two the other ilan, which it air calld Nantuckit.

We saled around a peace of land calld Bran Pint that runs out into the water & has got a steeple onto it, but know church under it. The steeple stans rite onto the sand awl alone by itself. We went up two a place calld Long Warf, & tyed up the bote two a big post.

Awl the peple come running down two see arteemass & some were on little hoss-karts that went slam-slam-slam.

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When we got orf the bote & stood onto the world onet more, the sand came into our shuze. We walked along the rode a peace & soon got tired, for our feet sunk into the sand so bad that it was like wading into the water.

Then a old man calld Starbuck come along with hiz hoss-kart & took us in, & away went the kart, slam-slam-slam, up the rode into the town. We boarded into a house kep by Miss Flussy, hoo air a very fine woman, only she takes snuff awl the time, & says *thee* whenever she speaks two you.

Awl the rest of the feemails was named Eunia except Rebecca Bunker, hoo, they say, kep skool into the Freemason loge a long time aggo.

We put up our tent into a street that was called Eunice Mitchell street, & was named arfture a rich lady that lived onto the island a grate minny yeers aggo & owned the ship Maro, which was named arfture a grate pote by hur dawtur Liddy what marrid a man named Greene.

The peple begun two come two the sho, but we couldn't understand much that they sed. 1 lady tolled us the kangaroo had brought hisself two an ankur & wanted us two gally him. Another lady sed we must excuse hur rigging which was a little out of order as she had been ketched in a squal. Another 1 sed it was 2 hot into our tent & she must go out & blow

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When arteemass & me was going down a place calld Weskot Hill, we hearn somebody behind us sing out: "Heeve two! back yure main-top-sail, and let us range up alongside of you."

We looked around & seed 2 wimmin hurrying up two us as ef they hadn't a minnit to live.

"Hullo!" sez they; "we've been trying 2 overhawl yu this 2 ours. Why didn't yu luff up & shake yure sales, or drop yure anchor under foot."

Arteemass thawt they wanted 2 see the wax figgurs, & he sed "Fifteen scents—children haff price."

"We want yu 2 gam with us," sez one of the ladys.

"What's thet?" sez arteemass, hoo begun 2 think they was arsking for a treat.

"Yu fuggit these fokes air off ilund, & don't no notting," sez the other lady 2 hur friend. Then she sez 2 me: "Tell yure husband thet we want 2 take yu into our mess to-day; you'll ete some grub with us, won't you. Dinner reddy at two okklock. Call up in Meeting House street & enkwire for Eunice Cartrite's house, next two Obed Macey's store."

"Thank yu kindly," sez arteemass; "we'll sartainly come, & we'll reesiperkate yure horseputallity by letting you see the wax figgurs & beastesses for 10 scents betwixt you, awl clear gain."

They smiled like 2 clams opening their shells at hi watur.

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We hurrid back 2 the tent. I put on my black silk, & arteemass he drest up into his best, & we sot out 2 find the place.

Arfture enkwiring of 2 peple, we found the house. It was painted tea green with a red door. The two wimmin was thare, & 3 men. 1 of um was a tall dark-looking yung man with a white cane that was maid of a whale's gawbone, the other two had whale's teeth into thare pockits, & black neck-hankurchurs which the cends was held togethur by rings made of whale's gaw-bones.

They had on long boots which they sed was Cape Horn boots, & about everything we seed there come from round Cape Horn.

Arteemass was introdoosd two the 3 jentlemen; they shook hans with him & arsked him ef he had ever struck a whale.

Arteemass sed he never had thet plezure but he had been upsot into a bote & Betsey Jane [that air me] 2.

Arteemass pulled out hiz hankurchur & wiped hiz hand with it, as hiz hand felt Greecy arfture having shook hans with the men; he thawt thare was a smell of lamp ile onto his hand for a hole weak arfturewards.

They arsked arteemass ef he had ever been round Cape Horn. Arteemass ansurd & sed no, but he'd been two noo Orleens, & put up his tent on the cornur of Maggazine & Canal street into the open lot whare 3

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stores was burnt down; & afturwards in a place in Poydras street whare 2 stores had been burnt up; & awl the big fokes from Carondelet & Prytaina street, & Coliseum Place, & Colonel Baxter's corner come 2 see the wax figgurs, & sed they air so natteral that ef they only winked & walked about, they would think they was alive.

Then the black-looking yung man with the whalebone cain sed thet wax figgurs was nothing 2 a Sperm whale which he was biggur than awl of um put togethur, & then he arsked arteemass ef he had ever harpoond a poppus.

Arteemass sed "No."

Then he arsked him ef he had ever ketched a shirk with a crooked spike betted with a junk of pork.

"Arteemass sed "No."

"Thunder & litening!" sez the yung felure; "whare did yu come from? I spose yu never ketched a skipjack nor a goney?"

Arteemass tolled him he never had thet onor; he sposed that a skipjack was some kind of codfish, but as for goney, he didn't no whet those air.

The yung man moved his cheer furthur orf from Arteemass, the other 2 men shook their heads, & the 2 ladys sithed & turned up the whites of thare eyes.

Then sez 1 of the other men: "I spose yu no Mister Smith, don't ye?"

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"Which 1?" sez Arteemass.

"Why, the 1 thet lives orf ilund, two be shure; yu come from orf the ilund, diddend ye?"

"Yes, from the mane land," sez Arteemass.

"Well, then," sez the man; "Mr. Smith lives orf ilund, two; & so yu no him, I dare say."

"What does he follow," sez Arteemass.

"He follows his knows, ef he's got 1," sez the man; "& he's a sea-faring man, of coarse. He's met of a ship, & come in over the bows; he didn't krawl in at the starn windurs."

"He's very rite," sez Arteemass; "I never seen a felure krawling in at a windur but I allus took him for a thief."

Then the yung man sez: "I spose yu no Mrs. Rawson that keeps a boarding-house for sea-faring men in Noo Bedford."

"No," sez arteemass.

"Flukes & fins!" hollurs out the yung felure; "whare hev yu lived awl yure born days? You belong orf the ilund, don't ye?"

"Sartainly—bet I do," sez arteemass.

"Well, so does Mrs. Rawson," sez the yung felure; "there's knot a boy into Nantuckit that hi (& he held his hand about 4 foot from the floor) but whet nose Mrs. Rawson. Why, she used 2 be Sally Swain & lived up by the windmills."

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"Very likely," sez arteemass; "come to refleck onto it, it's 1 of the most likelyest things into the world; though I hevn't scene know windmills sense I've been onto the ilund."

"What doo yu hev eyes for?" sez 1 of the other men; "knot seen our windmills! why every skoolboy knows them air."

The wimmin arsked us into the other rheum, whare dinner was put upon the table.

We sot down with the remarkablest apetight we ever node.

There was 3 coarses 2 the dinner.

The fust coarse was whale-scraps & salt, which it was like sole leather dipt in lamp ile, leastwise arteemass & me diddend parse up our plate for a seckond cut.

The 2nd coarse was something white with a black skin, in skware junks. They tolled us it air sword-fishes, tho we diddend see know sword.

The 3rd coarse was poppusses fins & tales, a sort of sticky stuff, but arteemass worrid a little of it down.

For drink, we had mullassus & water. They called it switchell, & gin it 2 us in tin pots thet holt about a kwart apeace.

Arfture the dinner was over, the 3 men took out short, black pipes, & begun to smoke till the rheum was so dark with tobakkur smoke thet arteemass & me couldn't see 1 anuther.

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But, onct into a wile, a voyce would come out of the smoke & say something, & arteemass & me couldn't tell hoo it belonged two.

At larst, I felt arteemass's hand onto my head, & he wispurd into my year: "Betsey Jane, pick up yure bonnit, & we'll make our eskape into the smoke, & be gone be4 they no it."

So, he reeched me my bunnit, & we opent the door softly, & run out into the street.

We never excepted a invite arfture thet, & we got orf the ilund as kwick as an induljint providunz would let us.

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THE ITINERANT LECTURER.

It was 1 hot day into the Dog days in August, when our sosiety was called toggethur on importunate biz-ness.

When I got 2 the meeting, I found a grate krowd of the fare seck koangregated into the house. There was mourn a duzzen feemails from Smootsvill.

I'm not much of a cornysewer in men's looks, but when I seen at the desk, sitting by the sighed of our Presidentess, a tawl jentleman with long strait locks falling down behind, & onto each sighed of his face, I knowed he was one of the chosen foo which air sent with a aggressive mission, 2 rijinerrate awl mankind, & espeshelly by mixing the white & black blood together, which it makes a butiful mahogony culleur.

This jentleman had a long, thin face "sikkled oar with the paile caste of thawt," with the exception that the eend of his knows were of a bright red, which it tippified that he was chose for a bacon-lite 2 the nations.

The Presidentess riz up with grate dignitty, & ses

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she: "Ladies of the Wimmin's Rites, this yere pursonnage, unto my left, air Mister Rojer Penfold, the grate Misshunerry in the caws of Truth & Virtoo in jineral. He air come to adress us & giv us a short akkount of his labors. He will cawl a meeting, & yu air awl expected 2 giv notiss of it 2 the inhabitanz of Baldinsville, that every 1 may attend. For my part, I am thankful thet I have lived 2 see hiz day—the day of this grate apossle 2 the Gentiles."

Then Mr. Rojer Penfold riz up & maid a bow to the ladies, & sot down agin.

So we awl departed that we might gin notiss. I run & tolled the square & hiz fammily, & they said they'd awl be there. The square's wife thawt taking the air would be good for hur helth, & the square's dawter, Prissilla ann, had just got a noo bunnit from the sitty, which she wanted to sho, & so they would awl come.

The grate speech was appinted for the next Wensdy arftur-noon.

Now, I've got 2 tell a thing that happent be4 the time arrived for the meeting, & kornsequentially it was be4 Wensdy.

At the tavyun where the grate apossle got his vittle, there was five or six of the baser sort from up kuntry which they got their vittles there 2, & the aposele tride 2 instruct them into their dooties, & he thawt it inkumbient onto him 2 watch um & see where they went, &

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what they did, & 2 lissen at the Kee-hole of their room, so that ef he could detect them in saying anything disloyal, or doing inything kornrary 2 law he could hev them arrested & punisht. That was akkording to his aggressive mission.

But they ketched him lissening at their Kee-hole 1 evening, & they cotch him by the collar & shook him into the extrornaryest manner. He thawt he was going to be a martyr, & he sed he'd done only what he bleeved it was his dooty 2 do.

When they hearn that, they sed: "Oh! that alturs the case. Ef yu've only been doing your dooty, we hale yu as 1 of the most uprightest of saints, & we wouldn't hurt yu for a shilling."

Then he invyted um 2 come 2 the meeting on Wensdy, & they promussd 2 come for sarting. "But, come, most holy sir," sez they, "& take wine with us for better akwaintunz sake."

He went into the rheum with them, & they awl sot down 2 a table & called for wine. Arftur they had drunk a little wine toggethur, the apossle felt like making a speech, & whilst he was speaking, the miss-principled heathens filled up the dikkanter with brandy. Whilst he was giving them good advice, they kept reaching him the glass, & he would take a swallow 2 cleer his throte, till at last he got kind o' tossicated, & drunk a hole tumbler of brandy without purceeving it.

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He went two bed & slept till the nekst day, till it was enermost time 2 go 2 the meeting. Then they cut orf his long hare whiist he was asleep, & jest stuck it on with some kind of gloo or something else, so that it would come orf easy, & they painted a gallus on his forrid with injy ink, & black spots on his cheeks.

As soon as it was time for him 2 start, they woke him up, & giv him a glass of likker 2 steddy his nerves, & when he sawn how late it was, he was frightened & hurrid orf 2 the meeting as fast as he could go.

The rascals awl followed arftur him. The Meeting House was crowded with peple from awl parts, when the apossle went in.

He walked up into the pulpit with grate dignity, & awl the men stomped onto the floor, & the feemail clapt their hands & shook their hankurchurs.

As soon as he turned round 2 the light, everybody seen that their was 2 grate black spots onto his face, 1 unto each cheek; & there was some stranje-looking thing onto hiz forrid.

I thawt it was some picktur on hiz forrid that was put there 2 illusterate hiz diskoarse, but some of the yung peple larfed out loud.

Then those heathens that did it, hollured out "gallus!" & every 1 seen that, troo enuff, it was a gallus onto his forrid.

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The apossle didn't no what the peple was larfing at, & he begun 2 tell um it was a verry sollum occasion.

"He's got the gallus onto his kountenunz!" hollured out the square.

The apossle tolled them 2 keep order, & sed that sich words was very unproper.

"But I'm sorry 2 say it's troo," sed the Presidentess; "what maid you put that ugly thing on yure forrid?"

He stared at hur as ef he thawt it was a poor komplement 2 tell him he had the gallus on his face, & he seen that some of the sosiety was larfing at him. I enermost larfed myself, for I thawt he had done it awl hisself.

He began to get vext, & he spoke very loud, & put up his hand to scratch his head, & when he began to scratch, awl his hare come orf, & it fell down onto the heads of the ladies hoo sot under the pulpit, & they diddend no what it was. So they jumpt up & screeched, & the men larfed loud when they seen his head as bald as a barber's block.

The wimmin was screeching & the men was very loud in their larftur. The apossle was scared when his hare come orf. He run out of the church, & streeked it for the tavyun, without stopping 2 put on his hat.

When he got 2 the tavyun & run into the bar room, the men didn't no him, & the landlord thought he was

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a poor manyick that had broke loose from a loonattick asilum.

But the rascals that did it come in soon, & tolled the peple into the bar-room hoo he was, & how they had done it.

Then they awl got around the apossle & begun 2 larf. He run out & got onto his hoss & cleered out of the village like a streek o' litening, & the sosiety air afeared that he will never come back 2 deliver his lecktur.

Onto the nekst day the Presidentess called the meeting 2gether, & we parsed resolutions that our grate champin Roger Penfold, had been marturized by sarting villyuns in human shape, but that his sperrit was still marching on.

Arteemass poked hiz head in at the door, & sed ef hiz sperrit was knot marching on, his body sartingly was, for he had been seen going throo Smootsville onto hiz hoss, as ef the Old Scratch was arftur him.

I turned & gove arteemass a purcing look when he subzided & left. His fort air wax figgurs, & he allus puts his foot in when he attempts 2 treet on the grate moral idees of the day.

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THE INCOME TAX.

It's well none thet me & arteemass air as patriottick as the vane onto Baldinsville Meeting House, which it air allus troo 2 its duty & shoze which way the wind blows.

But, at the same time, we hev thet cents of gustiss into our boozims that we air very much oposed 2 payin inymore than what is rite & fare. We wouldn't pay a scent mourn our gust doos becaws that would be rong, & we air peskidly afeared of dooing inything rong, espeshally in that pecooliar weigh.

When they taxt our wax figgurs & beastesses, artee mass & me went rite orf 2 the tax man, & tolled him it was a disloyal act 2 tax our moral exibition, & ef he diddend giv it up we would inform agin him.

He had the impurdunz 2 say that our concern was taxibble under the law.

Arteemass tolled him a different story; G. Washington was 1 of the wax figgurs, & noboddy but a traiter would tax the father of his kuntry.

The tax man sed he was glad 2 see that we was so

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patriottick, & had know dowt we would be glad to pay the tax, sense it went 2 diffray the expences of the kuntry.

Arteemass tolled him thet our patriottism were good enuff without taxing or volunteering ither; let them pay taxes & volunteer which their patrottism required it; but he was 2 well none as a patriot 2 require iny sich proofs, &, besides that, he had corresponded with A. Lincoln.

"When was that?" arsked the taxer.

"As much as 2 yeer aggo," sez arteemass; "I scent him an invite to cawl & lopk at the sho."

"What ansur did he send you?" sez the taxer.

"He hasn't ansurd my letter yet," sez arteemass; "but I'm expecting the ansur every day. "It's likely he's waiting till some post-office is vacant two put me in as postmarster."

"Well, yu wait," sez the taxer; "patience air a good thing, & yu've got a first rate oppertoonity for exercising that virtoo."

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VISIT TO BOSTON.

It's a good many yeer aggo sense me & arteemass went to Boston with our sho & sot up our tent just beyond Dock Square, a little ways from Funnell Hawl & closet 2 the Bite Tavyun.

As soon as we'd got the tent sot up, a man with a cain come up to arteemass & put hiz hand onto his shoulder, & sez he: "Yu're my prizoner!"

"What for?" sez arteemass.

"Thet cigar," sez the man.

"Whet of it? It didn't cost yu nothing," sez arteemass.

"But it'll cost yu five dollurs," sez the man.

Arteemass was stuck, which it seemed 2 be that something was the matter with the felure's intrellecks, till he sez: "I'm a constable & arrest yu for smoking a cigar into the streets."

"I never hearn of sich a thing," sez arteemass.

"Can't help it—yu must fork over," sez the con stable.

"Isn't Bunkers Hill somewhare into this villidge?" sez arteemass.

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"It's across the river yandur," sez the constable "ef the housen was out of the weigh, you might see it from hear."

"What did they fite for, over there?" sez arteemass.

"For liberty, to be sure," sez the man.

"Well," sez arteemass; "ef this air the kind o' liberty they fit for, they'd better hev been turning wooden nutmegs or getting up a sosiety for paring niggers' toe-nales, & then they'd hev saved their bacon."

"Another 5 dollurs," sez the constable; "for speeking disrespeckful of our kullud bruthring."

I gove arteemass a purcing gaze, & tolled him to hand over the 10 dollurs without anuther word. For my part, I was glad to find we'd got into a place whare the principles of our sosiety was protected by law, & I gove the constable an invite 2 go in & see the wax figgurs; but he sed he couldn't stop as he had ingaged two assist in tarring & feathering a dimmokrat, at 3 okklock, hoo had insulted the peple of Boston by speeking in praise of the constitution

I seen he was a troo patriot, & I hadn't the hart two detain him, seing he was in a hurry 2 fulfill a sollum dooty.

A little ways from our tent, there was a qurius looking veehikkle; it was a small house on wagging-wheels,

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& onto the outside of it was painted the words: FINE ART WAGGON.

They sed the fine arts was displade into the wagging, & yu must pay 25 scents two go in & see it.

Arteemass scene a yung man & woman come out of the wagging, & he arsked um what was 2 be scene inside. But they wouldn't ansur him a word, & the yung woman turned as red as a beat.

Arteemass didn't like it at awl, as there was more peple went into the wagging than come two our tent, & he sed it was a munnoppoly.

I didn't like the looks of that wagging at awl, & I advised arteemass 2 keep away from it.

1 nite, it was about 9 okklock when I mist arteemass from the tent, & I was afeard he had got into the Fine Art Wagging.

I run across 2 it, & put my mouth to the door, & hollurd out: "Arteemass!" three or four times.

There was know ansur. Then I tride the door, but it was fassend insighed.

Whilst I was singing out the name of arteemass a constable come along & ketched holt of my arm.

"Come along o' me!" sez he.

"Whet's the matter?" sez I.

"You'll find out soon enuff," sez he.

So he dragged me along the street, up into a stone bilding in Court Street, & shet me up in a dark sullar.

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I was desput feared thet I had been kommitting some dredful crime without knowing it.

Onto the nekst morning, I was took up some stone steps into a big room & put onto a little stajing which they said it was a pullice court.

The clark of the court opend hiz bloo eyes & stared at me as ef he would look me throo, & the juge lookt at me over hiz spectacles as ef I ode him something.

Then the clark arsked me my name, & I tolled him what it air. He rit it down, & then he got up & red off a paper, that Betsey Jane Ward had "with malice aforethought, & being insuggated by the devil, alarmed the good peple of Boston, & endanjurd the publick morals, in the nite, by loud outcries, exclamations, yell ings, threatenings, cursing, swearing, & with form of arms, bludgeons, swords, pistols, rifles, parrot guns, & torpedoze, broken the publick piece, two the grate terror of the inhabitants of sed sitty, & setting an evil example two awl pursons in like manner offending."

Thet's about awl I can remember of it. Then the clark sez:

"Betsey Jane Ward, whet do you say to the inditement—air yu gilty or not gilty?"

"Not gilty of nothing at awl, in coarse," sez I. "I mist arteemass & suspicioned that he'd got into the Fine Art Wagging, & I jist went 2 the door & called arteemass when the constable——"

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"Stop—stop," sez the judge; "we don't want 2 heer awl that."

Then he tells the offisur 2 take the witness stand.

The constable held up his right hand whilst the clark of the court swored him to tell the truth. Then he went on to tell of my making a grate racket into the nite.

Then the juge, he sez 2 me: "Prisoner, this air a very serious komplaint agin yu, & it's time thet somebody was maid an eggzample on, for the morals of this sitty air in great danjur from sich onprincipled pursons wandering around into the nite without iny purtection."

Then my dandur riz, & sez I: "It 'pears 2 me that ef yu air so much kornsarnd about the morals of the sitty, yu'd better look 2 that Fine Art Wagging——"

Then a constable put hiz hand onto my arm & stopt me, & he come closet up & whisperd into my ear. Sez he:

"Don't say nothing about the Fine Art Wagging; we no awl about that establishment, but we dassent make an attack onto it for fear of offending the Free Lovers which air very strong into these parts."

Then sez the judge: "Ef yu've got iny witnesses bring um forrid; ef not, lissen 2 yure sentenz."

I lookt around the court & seen nobody there I node, & was dumb-founded at fust, till the door opened & arteemass come in.

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"Arteemass!" hollurd I; "air thet yu? See what sittovation the wife of yure boozim hev got into."

Then arteemass went up & spoke to the clark of the court, & he spoke 2 the juge.

Arfture they had tawkt toggethur awile, the juge sez:

"Let her give bonds of two thousand dollurs 2 keep the piece herearfture."

Arteemasss went out 2 look for a bondsman, but he couldn't find nobody two give bonds till he tolled um I belonged to the Wimmin's Rites, & then 3 old mades aggreed 2 stand sequrity for me.

As soon as I got out of court, I arsked arteemass whare he was onto the nite that I was took up for cawling him. He sed he was up in Cornhill tawking with a sperrit-mejum hoo wanted an engajement, to perform into the tent, & he liked to hire him, but when the mejum hearn the wax figgur of G. Washington was thare, he broke orf the bargain & wouldn't purform into a tent whare G. Washington was, as he was a slaveholder.

When we got back 2 the tent, arteemass begun for two pack up.

"What air you doing on, arteemass?" sez I.

"I'm going to cut out," sez he; "it's time to travel."

"Whet upon urth doo you mean?" sez I; "we hev

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but jist put up our tent, & now you tawk of cutting out?"

"Betsey Jane," sez he, in a sollum voyce; "I'm going in sarch of hooman beings, falluble critturs like ourselves: these yere into Boston air superior 2 hooman natur. They air 2 perfect for you & me, & it's a kind o' sackeriledge for us 2 introod into this holy place. Betsey Jane, let us make ourselves skurce. This air a place whare cullud pursons air awl gentlemen, & white ones air awl saints. It air know place for us."

We cut out.

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THE WIT OF BETSEY JANE.

I WAS sitting into the door of our tent, 1 arfturenoon, tapping a pare of shuze, which they had got wore throo onto the soul.

A woman that lived into the nabourhood hoo was awful stuck up bekaws hur husband was postmarster, & hooze knows was red on akkownt, as they sed, of hur being 2 fond of likker, come along that way, & turned up hur red knows at me as she parsed.

"I think," sez she, "that ef I was arteemass Ward, I'd find some better bizniss for my wife than tapping old shuze."

"Hity tity! Law suz-a-daisy!" sez I; "I'd ruther be tapping old shuze than 2 be tapping a whiskey barrel."

She skooted.

She tolled some of the naburs that she would hev gin me a blowing up ef I had been hur ekal in social puzzition. I scent hur word thet I spent most of my time in the compinny of G. Washington, & arsked hur ef she could go hire'n that.

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CONFIRMATION STRONG.

Arteemass Ward, the jentlemen hoo has took me 2 hiz tender boozim, air 1 of the most modest men into the world.

He publishes 2 awl mankind hiz grate sho, but he hev knot tolled mankind, (which it inkloods consequentially womankind,) whet hev been said about the grate exibition by the editerial corpse awl over this land of freedom, inkluding Baldinsville.

It's more kornksewenz whet others sez than whet he sez hisself & as he hev left um out of hiz book thare air more need that I put um into mine.

Into the fust place, was the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, which he sez, 2 whit:

"Once more we feel it our pleasant duty to point the attention of an enlightened public, and the enlightened, loyal, and talented inhabitants of Baldinsville in particular, to the great exhibition of illustrious characters done in wax—the production of that industrious animal, the bee—and the astonishing wild beasts, particularly the

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kangaroo, who alone is worth ten times the price of admission, which has been before the public several years, and drawn forth plaudits which could have been exceeded only when Noah made a general muster of all the animals prior to their entrance into the ark; while, the amount of moral good done the community, and the world of mankind, is incalculable save by the aid of a Newton or a Laplace, accustomed as those great philosophers were to those stupendous estimates that surpass the limited powers of ordinary men.

"Let us take, for example, the wax figure of G. Washington, dressed, as we are assured, in the same clothes that the original wore when he received the homage of Lord Cornwallis. What youth, what man of middle age, what octogenarian even, fixing his eyes upon that figure, could fail to feel the sublimest emotions of patriotism swell his bursting heart? We certainly believe that had this one figure been exhibited at the South in 1860, there would have been no rebellion.

"Then, the figure of the pirate Gibbs, with the identical rope around his neck with which he was hung, must afford such a warning to the youth of our country as shall ever after keep them in the path of virtue, and render them obedient to the slightest wish of their beloved parents. It will also speak trumpet-tongued to the parents themselves: 'Train up a child in the way

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he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

"The Kangaroo, fierce and malignant, also affords a striking example to young persons, who, witnessing his evil dispositions, will contrast them with the Christian character of the exhibitor himself and his amiable wife, with whom we have the honor of being on terms of the closest intimacy.

"But time would fail us were we to set forth one half the advantages that will accrue to persons visiting this great emporium of Nature and of Art. To the naturalist, the philosopher, the divine, the student, the lawyer, the merchant, the mechanic, the student of divinity, and all the learned professions in fact, an hour spent at this great exhibition will be invaluable, and may affect their destiny not only in time but in eternity. Solemn thought!"

Awl thet butiful peace was rit for the Bugle, & arteemass bawt up 25 of the papers which they had it into um, & scent 1 two the President, 1 two the governor, 1 two the sekerterry of state, & the rest two awl the biggest people he could think on. The editor of the Bugle, hoo was promist a seizing ticket 2 the sho ef he would rite something nice, sent his boy for the ticket as soon as the Bugle come out with it in, &

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arteemass sent him a lock of hare from the head of the wax figgur of G. Washington besides the ticket.

The following is from the *Iron City Spy*—2 whit:

"Mr. Arteemass Ward, the distinguished naturalist and *savant*, is too well known is this vicinity, and to all persons of delicacy and refined taste, to need any introduction by us. Our pen is incompetent to set forth his virtues. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' and no one can study the character of that gentleman without rising to superior heights in his knowledge of human capabilities, and the sublime nature of modern ethics; while his wife is the principal glory of her sex. That such a man should have produced an exhibition which astonishes the world, was naturally to be expected. We would say more, but we have just visited the tent, and our feelings overpower us.

"Any person in the Iron City who fails to visit this great show, must be disloyal at heart, and should be treated accordingly."

Thet air pretty good, I take it. I don't see how he conld hev said much more, & arteemass sez he likes it kwite as well as the long 1, for it comes immejutly 2 the pint, & gives the idee which it air the way it strikes everybody that visits the sho.

The *Scipioville Naturalist* prints the following—2 whit:

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"We have just come from witnessing the exhibition of our friend Ward, which has been opened to the public since Thursday last. It is without exception the best collection of animals and statuary ever exhibited in this country. The great Barnum must guard well his laurels. The profound satisfaction which we have derived from a cursory view of Mr. Ward's tasty and elegant assortment of wonders will never be effaced from our memory."

I hev put in the above notiss jist 2 sho the reeder what lyres some men air. Arfture he had rit this peace, he come to the tent with a duzzin ladys & 5 small children, & wanted we should give um a free parse as long as we remayned into Scipioville.

Arteemass tolled him they mite awl go in onct, & he thawt that was enuff, as he hisself had a free parse 2 go in allus as long as he lived.

But the edditor cullud up as ef somebody had spit into hiz face, & he went orf without sayne a word, tho the ladys was very much disappinted & the children cride as ef their little harts would bust. Then I went & brawt the children back, & their mothers come with um, & I let um go into the sho & stay as long as they pleezd. They was awl tickled haff 2 death.

When the nekst *Naturalist* come out, it contaynd the followering—2 whit:

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"Not wishing to trouble our readers about an affair which is really too insignificant for the notice of a respectable journalist, we are bound, in justice and from our stern regard to truth, to correct some expressions which appeared in our last issue, in regard to a most contemptible and demoralizing catch-penny affair, brought into this highly moral and enlightened village by a strolling vagabond calling himself Arteemass Ward, whose only claim to respect is the piece of American flag which is disgraced by flying over the door of his ragged and greasy tent. A woman whom he calls his wife tries to elicit the sympathy, or rather pity, of the public by fondling a pair of twins, who do not bear the least resemblance to their reputed father, though they are ugly enough to have been sired by the devil himself.

"Pity for the starveling brats, and their wretched caretakers, induced us to speak all too favorably of the show in our last issue. We now proceed to make the *amende honorable* to our highly respected patrons by stating the truth. We don't want to injure even the unworthy, but, painful as it may be to our own feelings, our sense of right, our invincible attachment to great moral ideas, and a conscientious regard to the welfare of the whole public and of the people of this county in a peculiar manner—for, as the poet says: 'a wounded conscience who can bear?' these high considerations, we

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say, will not permit us to weigh the insignificant interests of a few strolling mendicants against those of this enlightened community & the whole world of mankind. We plant our foot upon the rock of eternal right, and the cloud and the beam which led Israel through the wilderness is our infallible guide. We cannot err with such a leader.

"We would say, then, of this show, that the figure of G. Washington resembles him as much as we resemble Hercules, but it *is* a very good likeness of the man who was hauled up before Squire Dairs, the other day, for robbing a henroost. The only difference is in the wardrobe—that of the hen-thief being in far better condition than the bundle of old rags which insult the father of his country.

"The animals are half-starved, and we did not see one of them who appeared in a state of health; probably the one half of them will not live a month. But the chief objection which we have to the place is its want of cleanliness, which must exercise a very deleterious effect upon the public health. If the exhibition is not removed within the week, we will not answer for the consequences.

"On coming home from the show of this man Ward, we took a large dose of Epson Salts, which, through the mercy of a kind Providence, has thus far preserved us from any serious illness, though certain indescribable

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feelings admonish us of the great risk which we have run, and the dangers that we have escaped, by a timely appeal to the medicine chest.

"But we are not yet done. From intelligence received through a source which we are not permitted to mention, we have every reason to believe that this man Ward is a rebel emissary—a spy in fact, who is actively engaged in striking at the life of the nation!

"To pull down his tent and destroy all that it contains, would be a slight punishment for his offences if our informant is correct, and we have no reason to doubt that he is a man of undoubted veracity. But it is not for us to counsel a breach of the peace. Although even if the man was hung up to the first tree, it could only be regarded as an evidence of ardent loyalty and patriotism in those who thus defied the law, yet we trust we are too well known in this community to be accused of inciting the people to a popular disturbance even in so just a cause."

This air the weigh thet the meen skunk rit about us & our grate moral exhibition; & ef we hadn't cut out from thet villidge, we should hev been confisticated without no dowt.

But it happent very fortinctly thet the brother 2 one of the children thet I let into the sho, was employed into the offiss of the *Naturalist*, & he seed the peace

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whilst they were setting it up. He went home & tolled his mother, & she put on hur bunnit & shawl & run down to the tent & tolled arteemass.

We packt up & left that very nite, & it was well we did, as we hearn arfturewards thet a grate mob, with pitchforks, & sithes, & pistols, & shot-guns, was onto the spot whare our tent had been standing, urly on the nekst morning.

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MATERNAL COUNSEL.

My dawter, Sarah Ann, has got a lituary disposition, & is very like me in thet respect, only a little more so; she's a chip of the old block, & reads most butiful, & have a romantic turn like me, for I was allus fond of solitude when I was young, & gay dresses, & rings, & jewellery, & going two bawls; besides awl thet, she sings in the same way as I ucetur, swinging herself in the rocking chair & laying her head back, though I don't wonder at those last, for there's so much into it that I spose it tires her two hold it up.

Sarah Ann air my favoryte dawter, & therefore I hev took more keer two instruct her in the way she should go than iny of the rest.

Says I two her, the other day—it was jist 3 months from her last birth-day, when she was 16—says I two Sarah Ann, as she was combing hur hare be4 the glarse sez I two hur: "Now, Sarah Ann, you no thet I am yure loving mother——"

"Guess so," sez she; "hearn it often enuff—must be so, I spose."

"You *air* right," continued I, into the same tone of

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effeckshun; "I am yure beloved parient, more experi enced, & older than yourself——"

"Thet part's troo, inyhow," sez she.

"Now, Sarah Ann, doo you heer me, my dawter?"

"Spit it out, mother; I hevn't got the ears of a Jackass, but sich as they air, they are at your sarvice."

"So I kornclude," continued I; "& now, my dawter, comfort & consolur of my declining years, it is your own deer mother thet addresses her discourse two you."

Then she slung hur hare onto her head, chopt in the comb, & soddown into the wrocking cheer with her hands folded into her lap.

"Lissen two me, Sarah Ann, it air for your own good thet your venerabul parient air speeking two you in a individooal manner, this afturenoon."

"Go ahead, old hoss."

"Now, Sarah Ann, you know thet you hev arrived at an age——"

Then I stopt two giv hur time two refleck onto whet I had sed. She put a slate pencil in her mouth & begun two chaw onto it.

"Now, Sarah Ann," continued I; "ef you allus take the advice of your beloved parient, you will succeed well into the world, & a blesson will attend your labors which it is ritten that hiz days shall be long into the land."

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Then I gave her a purcing gaze two impress onto hur mind those advice be4 I had gone iny further.

"You aint going for two tell me-two giv up my draw'ns, I hope," sez she.

Then I held up my hand, & lade the parm of it gently onto hur apun, as I sed:

"Don't go for two think thet inything your parients shall say can pcssibly be into the rong, but only for your own good, my dawter. As for your draw'ns, your paints, your kammil brushes, your injy ink, your pencils, & your cranes, them air awl the vannity of the young; as Hamlick's unkle says, they air fethers stuck into the caps of a youth. When you grow older, you will be more experienced, & more varchuus of coarse, like your beloved mother. But, I am not a going two purscribe your draw'ns which Mr. Flatterwell, the artist, sez shoze grate tallons into you. It would be very stranje ef a dawter of mine diddend hav tallons. Indeed it would; & you espeshually, which you air sed two be the very pickter of thet beloved parient hoo air now addressin you. Yes, dawter, on akkownt of the grate resumblunz betwixt us, it would be enermost blasphemia two say that you haddend got tallons into your drawn's. Ah!" continued I, breething a hevvy sithe two sho my affeckshun tords my dawter; "I can remember when I was of your age; then, I was young & foolish, & *so* romantic into my mind. I went to awl

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the corn-huskings, the peach partys, the hanging-bees, & et more 'lection cake than iny gurl of my heft into the villidge."

"And was you gallus on picturs, mother?"

"Oh! I was sweet enuff on the fine art," sez I, with a expressif wink of my eye; "tho, for draw'ns, I never was so great on them as I was on sampling, which I got mad with arteemass 1 day, & like to broke orf the match, bekaws when I had made a house on my samplar & he seen it, he thawt it was a cow, & took the 2 chimblies of the house for the cow's horns. But arteemass was never much on intellectooals, & he's nothin but a poor orfin when he's left two hisself."

"I guess you never had much taste about draw'ns, mother."

"Never mind that, dawter; I had other things onto my mind, getting supper for the men fokes, darning storkings, & churning butter, which I could make it come quicker than the hired help. But, no dowt, I had the tallons into me, ef I had only gove up my mind too it; thet was awl that was wanted."

"Yes, mother, ef you'd had a turn for it, no dowt," sez she.

"And now, my dawter, you air of an age, as I sed be4."

"Oh! yes, mother, very much of an age," sez she.

"I'm glad you air censible of it," sez I; "& now,

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into the flour of your youth, when your feelinks are tender like the blossoming rose, & your sperrits are light, like the parfume of a smelling-bottle, is the time to impress upon your mind the preeseps thet air two gide you into the abyss of youth & the ways of pleasantness."

"Well, what shall I do?" sez Sarah Ann.

"A grate minny things," sez I; "you can't be two keerful, a young gurl of your age. You air verry fortnight in heving a mother that nose how to bring you up into the rite path, for man air prone to evil & the sparks flies upwards. You must hev an eye on them sparks. It's a warning two you, my dawter—it's a warning two you, my dawter, two hev an eye onto them sparks."

"I hev an eye onto um during the whole sarvice whenever I go to meeting," sez she; "& I hev an eye onto um whenever I meet iny of um, espeshully ef they hev a pare of shining black whiskers. Father thought I had too much two say two um, espeshully them thet goes about with their brushes & palettes taking likenesses."

"My dawter, it's ondutiful of you two throw arteemass into my face," sez I; 'let arteemass take keer of hiz kangaroo & hiz wax figgurs. "Every 1 two hiz trade' air a good maximum. Arteemass hev not the kippassity which Providence hev gove to the wife of his

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boozim, which the feemail mind is adapted to give good advice to others, & then they will never go rong. Attend two me, my dawter, & never disturb the reveeries of your father hoo hev hiz own dooty, & kneads my advice as much as you doo. Now, go, my dawter, & let my instructions sink deep into your mind, now into the days of thy youth."

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THE THUNDER STORM.

The wonders of nachure air wonderful two look at, espeshally when it thunders & litenerings. Then the hole hevings precents the specktacles of a war of the elements. The trees roars like a lyon going about seeking hoo he may devour, the pigs squeels like it was killing time, the river splashes like soap suds & there air a terrible run on the banks, then the hevings awl of a lite blase seems like they would split in sunder, & the rheum air so lit up with the flash that there air know use for the candle as long as it lasts, which it isn't a grate while at onct.

We lived, 1 seizing, into a big house up kuntry, when there come on sich a thunder storm as never was scene by the oldest inhabitant, hoose sands of life air nearly run out.

There were a litening rod onto the house at 1 eend, & it run up the side of the chimbly.

It kept thundering & thundering, till at larst a klap come with sich voylence thet it shuk the hole house, &

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woke up the twins, who sqwawked rite out as ef somebody had hit um onto the head with a hammer.

Arteemass thawt we would be more safet down sullar, but I motioned that there were syder there on tap, or something stronger, which it infloounced his jugment.

I telled him the litening rod was the grate presarver, & the nearer we got 2 thet the more safet we should be.

Arteemass sed he diddend think so.

I node it was know use 2 argufy with him, as he was never grate into the intellectooals, else I would maid a caparison. The litening air like a fort in a injun kuntry; the nearer you can git 2 the fort, the safeter you air from the injuns.

I tolled arteemass ef I could git 2 the top of the house, & put my arms around the litening rod, I should feel parfectly safet.

He shook hiz hed, which it was, of coarse, bekaws their air nothing into it. I sed no more, for I found out, long aggo, that it air of know use 2 argufy with a man like him, which hiz genuis lays in kangaroos & wax figgurs.

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THE ALBUM.

My dawters took a grate fancy to git holt of some square books, with guilt kivvers, that they called allbums, I never could see iny use into it, tho arteemass brawt home 1 of um 1 day & gove it 2 our oldest dawter.

Now, I'm very pertiklar what sort of books my dawters redes, as I hev the keer of their eddycation & presarve their morruls.

Therefore, as soon as arteemas was gone out sez I 2 the gurl: "Giv me thet book for 2 nite, & you shall hev it agin into the morning, ef it's awl rite."

So, she giv me the book, & I put it away tile she was gone 2 bed.

Soon arfturwards, the Presidentess of our sosiety called in 2 see me about a noo member, which she wanted 2 jine the sosiety, but some objected 2 hur as it was sed she was knot sound in the faith, and sometimes let hur huzband hev the last word.

I told the Presidentess thet I was glad she was come, as arteemass had brawt a book home 2 one of the gurls, & I would like two hear hur opinion onto it as I

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was very purtiklar that nothing of the kind should go into their hands till I had examined it 2 see ef it was a proppur book for the fare seck 2 rede.

The Presidentess sed I was rite & she agreed 2 stay till the gurls had gone 2 bed, & then we would look over it together.

As soon as the children were out of the way, I took out the book & handed it 2 the Presidentess & arsked hur opinion of it.

She opened the book, and kept turning over the leaves without stopping to rede inything that was into it. At larst I sez: "What do you think of the book?"

She reached it back two me, & I opened it, & couldn't find nothing into it but white paper & two small picturs.

Arteemass cotch a few that nite, for making a fool of his dawters and the wife of his boozim by bringing home a book that had know reding into it.

Ef it haddur been april fool day, I wouldn't hev sed a word.

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THE AFFECTIONATE COUPLE.

The weather hev been very duburous for a foo days parst. Sometime it reigned, then it snow, then it fruz, then it thaud, & arfture thet it did nothing at all very kewrius, but there's no accounting for tastes.

Whilst it was reigning, I had a blessed visit from Mr. Cephas Shawboom & hiz wife hoo is a lady of grate parts every way, & in hur size 2, for she ways 300 pounds. They sed they come out 2 try their noo umberrellar. It air a bloo one, & hev rail walebone sticks & sich a spread 2 it thet they can both bee as komfortable as pee soop under it.

When I seed um come into the house I sez: "Now I'll put down a chork mark on the chimbly back for sarting, you air like an angle's visit foo & fur between."

Arfture Mrs. Shawboom & we had kist each other, & arteemass had cleared out, Mrs. Shawboom tolled me awl hur trubbles. She & hur husband air the most effeckshunate kupple that was ever seene but Mrs. Shawboom tells me that they hev awful bad nabors.

I wouldn't beleeve it ef she hadn't tolled me, but she sez that when she was reproving hur husband for speek-

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ing to the landlord's dawter, & looking at hur as ef he admired hur, the fokes hoo live into the house at the other eend of the lane happent 2 heer hur, & they went around the villidge telling every word that she had sed 2 hur husband; &, another time, when she was express-in hur varchus indignashun bekaws Sam Purkinses dawter lookt at Bill Wharton awl throo the sarmont, a woman, hoo was into the compinny, had the imperdence 2 tell hur it was none of hur bizness hoo the gal lookt at.

But Mrs. Shamboom sez she air willing 2 be a marture in the kaws of varchoo.

Awl the time Mrs. Shawboom were tawkin', hur husband hev his eyes fixt onto hur face with sich admurashun which it were a lesson for arteemass, hoo don't no what a prize he hev got into the wife of his boozim, like what Mr. Shawboom nose the vally of the woman kind hoo he has took 2 his hart.

When arteemass come in two his vittles, which we had pork & beens that day, he & Mrs. Shawboom had a little discourse about pollyteeks, & Mrs. Shawboom tolled him she thawt that there aught 2 be two kings into this kuntry, one of um a man & the tother one a woman.

Then arteemass sed that ef there was 2 kings, the kuntry wood be divided agin itself, as nobody could deside betwixt the man king & the woman king. Then

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Mrs. Shawboom lifted hur hand & brawt it down with a whack onto the cheer thet made the cat jump through the winder sash, as she sed: "Yes, sir, there wood be somebody to deside, for the woman king wood deside, & the man king wood hev 2 give in when she put hur foot down."

I never heered inything so grand as hur tawk, & then hur husband turned 2 arteemass & sed he: "Ho! ho! Friend Ward, I think you find your match when you undertake 2 argufy with my wife. She can't be beet. The square air nothing 2 hur; she'll out-tawk him two to one, & you can't heer his voyce at awl when my Ruth gets hur dander up. She's grate into an argyment, my wife."

"That's troo, every word of it," sez I, & then I lookt around 2 see ef the cat had come back, but she was no whares 2 be scene. The poor crechure was skart out of hur 7 census, & the twins hung onto my gownd behind so that I was ashamed of um.

But arteemasss had got enuff, and went orf 2 his kangaroo & wax figgurs. Mr. Shawboom turned 2 me & winked when arteemass shut the door arfture him. Then he arsked his wife 2 tell that story about her turning the skoolmarster out of the skoolhouse. But Mrs. Shawboom turned 2 her huzband, & sez she: "Hold your tung, Cephas, & don't brake in when I'm a

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tawking, or you may get something you can't digest as easy as a mutton chop.

Then her huzband shet up rite orf, & didn't open his lips agin. He obade her like a little dog. It was butiful. They air sartainly the most effeckshunate kupple thet I ever scene, & I wish thet my arteemass wood take patron arftur um.

So, Mrs. Shawboom tolled me awl about the nabors, and espeshully about Sally Lyons that went orf to the bawl with Josiah Leverings without arsking hur mother's leaf.

Then they both left, Mr. Shawboom carrying the umberrellar & walking behind his wife. Sich an effeckshunate kupple!"

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VIEWS OF TRAVEL.

Sometimes arteemass seems 2 get stranje notions into hiz head. He hev been tawking, a serious of times, about going a broad & seeing the world. He sez thet London is a monstrus sitty, & thet iny 1 dyes a fool ef he hev never scene London. Then, agin, he tawks about going to France & seeing Lewee Nappolyon & telling him about his kangaroo & wax figgurs. Other times he wants 2 see the grate Democrat of Russia, & then he sez he's bound to see Chiny before he dyes, & Jippan, & Afrikky, & awl them places.

The square tells him he'd better see the remote parts of his own kuntry be4 he sets out a wool-gathering amonst the crowned heads of Europe. But I tell him he shan't doo nyther the 1 gnaw the other. When he gets out into them furrin kuntries, he'll be like a poor orfin, for he's nothing without my advice & acistunz.

Arteemass will never leaf these parts without I go with him.

Arteemass sez he wants 2 be like fearless Osgood

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that went orf 2 kaluforny, & Mister Columbia that diskivvered Ameriky, & John C. Freemount that went up into the mounting like Moses, & Sir Walter Riley that invented Virginny, & Capting Jeemes Cook that dubbled Cape Horn. But I'll dubble his horns for him, ef I ketch him into going orf & leaving the wife of hiz boozim 2 sithe in dreary lonesomness, & watch the moon go down, & me nussin a pair of twins this blessed minnit.

It's rarely seldom that these he creturs nose when they air well orf, & when a man is blessed with sitch a wife as arteemass is, it's a sort of blasphemia for him 2 tawk of going orf & leaving the same.

I shan't hear 2 it!

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SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

It was of a fine April day when my cow was shot. The diseased was jist eleving yeers of age when it departed this life from a gun-shot wound, that was fired onto the premises of my abode.

Arteemass & me was cutting orf turnip-tops into the back kitchen when we hearn a gun go orf. It seemed 2 be clost by the house, and we both run out, & seen a little white smoke a moving away down the field that had come out of the gun, but there was nobody in site.

Then the nabors come running 2 us, & sed: "Look a hear!" So we looked a there, & seen our cow hoo was laying onto the ground & jist breething hur larst.

I arsked hoo hed done that, & everybody sed he diddend no. Then me & arteemass & awl the rest begin 2 search about the place. We lookt behind the currant bushes & we seen nothing there. Then we went down to the brook where we scene nothing but a big bull-frog that stuck up his green head & hollurd "Com-ing! com-ing!" But nobody come.

At larst two of the nabors sarched a dry ditch awl

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kivverd over with bramble bushes, & there they found a felure squatted down clost two the ground with a gun laying be4 him behind a clump of urth.

They cotch him by the choler of hiz kote & pulled him out of the place & hollurd 2 arteemass & me. When we come up to the place where they held him, he lookt as white as a sheet.

"Hear he is," sez John Fuller; "hear is the rascal that shot your cow."

"Yes," sez I, giving the wretch a purcing glance; "& it's a wonder it haddend been the horse, or arteemass, or one of the witness, or me that he shot."

"Well, sed Polly Heartwell, who milks for the square; "you see now, likes as not, the man's onest arfture awl, & diddend intend to doo the cow."

"Why, yes, madam," sed the felure, fumbling with the lock of his gun; "you see I'm hear. I diddend run away."

"No, you sarpint!" sed I; "you diddend run away bekaws you haddend time, but you played possum down into the bramble bushes. You must hev had a fine time of it, stuck down there into the mud amongst the lizzuds, & snakes, & awl the other quadrupids that infestes the bushy ground."

"Now the man's hear, perhaps he intends two pay for the cow," sez Jeemes Valentine; "the man looks onest enuff."

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And so he did ef trimbling like a leave air iny sign of onesty.

"How upon urth did you contrive 2 shute my cow," sez I; "leastwise you did it a-proppus?"

"In coarse, I didn't doo it a-proppus," sez he; "it were ontirely a aksident."

"How could you doo it by aksident?" sez I.

"Why, madam," sez he; "your cow warn't no-wise diffikilt 2 hit, as she's a pritty big mark."

"Oh! you keerless booby!" sez I; "You aught to be well trounced for this."

"I've got as good relashuns as inybody into Baldinsvill," sez he; "there's Mr. Byrd was my uncle, & there's——"

"Your relashuns don't doo me know good," sez I, "what I want air the pay for my cow, & you don't leaf the spot till I get the worth of the animile in good currant munny."

"Oh! the man's onest—you can see thet," sez one.

"Yes, the man's onest," sez another.

"What's his onesty to me? Will thet pay me for my cow?" sez I.

"My relayshuns air as good as them that blows me up," sez the felure.

"Yes, the man's onest," sez a nigger wench, looking at him as ef she'd rode him from a infant.

"Then it's time I seen the kullur of his munny," sez

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I; "ef the man's onest why don't he pay me for my cow."

"You see I didn't try to run away," sez he; "as thet lady sez, I stayed about hear onto the ground."

"Yes, you *was* onto the ground, you pesky good-for-nothing tode—hid down amongst the bramble-bushes like snake-into-the-grass. Pay me for my cow!"

The felure turned & twisted, & played with his gun & diddend no what 2 doo with hisself; then I node he haddend got the munny, & that maid me madder than ever, & jist as I was about two split onto him wuss than ever, John Boyle, the big butcher, come up, & offurd 2 take the cow orf my hands ef I'd say know more about it.

Arteemass sed we'd better let John hev the cow, ef he'd send back the animil's hide. So, arftur giving the shuting felure a purcing glance, & tolld John 2 take the cow & he aggreed two pay the worth of it, & I went into the house.

It seems that Mary Boyle the butcher's dawter—a bucksome, romping crittur with big black eyes—had took pity onto the felure that shot the cow, & went & maid hur father buy the cow. The felure purseeved awl that, & Mary's black eyes went right 2 his hart so that he couldn't rest nite nor day till he'd popt the question. She snapt him rite up, & they was married.

As for arteemass, as soon as he got the cow's hide,

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he stuffed it awl nice, & put it into the sho & exibited the crittur as the Bull of Missouri. Somebody tolled him that was the name they gove 2 Tom Benton, the father of our Jessie. Arteemass sed that maid know odds, for ef he never noo before that the Bull of Missouri was a man, very foo others wood no it.

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A WANDERING MINSTREL.

When we were exibiting down into Massychoosets, at a place called Grafton, we had an old man come by the tent in gray close that was ragged & a hat reddy 2 drop 2 pieces.

He was old, & he wawkt with a long cain crooked at the top, he stooped over, & the shape of his back was like the top of a hoop, his hare was long & gray, & his cheeks were rinkled like a pare of belluses; his head trimbled as ef it was loose onto his sholders, & might drop orf some day.

There was a spring neer our tent onto the oppuzzit side of the rode; he went over 2 the spring, he pulled a big shell out of his cote pocket, & bent over the spring & ladled up his shell full of water & drank it. Then he hawld an old cotton hankercher out of his hat & wipt his mouth, & sot down onto the long green grass & fecht a hevvy sithe.

He turned his face tords the tent; he seen me looking at him, he turned away his eyes & lookt down. So

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I purseevd that he diddent want 2 be lookt at, he haddent know ambition to be "the obsarved of all obsarvurs."

So I lookt at him from behind the canvass, throo a hole, & sawn him take out a crust of bread & soften it in the water, & then he began to ete. He sot there a long time; it was a fine day & the sun shined out brite, the burds was hopping about galorius, & they sung their songs as ef they were working by the job.

I wondurd what that old man cood be thinking about. Nobody keerd for him & so he keerd for nobody, were the idee that run into my head. His branes must be awl dride away, his feelinks must be awl evappurrated, those hart must hev seized two feel, he jest lived like a ded tree onto the urth that produses know froot, & was know good to hisself gnaw to noboddy elce.

But arteemass went down to the spring for some water two give the wild beastesses, & he spoke two the old man, & the fust I node he & the old felure was heading for the tent, tho I thunk to myself, "we don't keep a place for the lazyrony."

The old man aught two took orf hiz hat two me, as I'm 1 of the fare seck, but he only nodded hiz head. He sot down onto a big stone by the door of the tent, & arteemass got him two sing a song. He struck up "Brave Woolfe," how he was shot down be4 Quebeck, onto the Planes of Abraham be4 the sitty, but he sed

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nothing about Lot's wife hoo must have been round, at that time, nor the fire and brimstone thet rained down, only that

> He lift up hiz head where bullets rattle
> And sez he, how goes the battle?

It don't say whether he got a telegram from home be4 he dide. The purtickulurs of thet histerry is verry luce.

The peeple begun two grumble into England, & thawt Woolfe was no grate parsnips; when he hearn of it, he put in awl he noo, &, that way, he come to hiz death, which woodent hev happent ef he'd got a substitute & hired a niggur two doo hiz fiting.

He fit in Cannydee. They was Frenchmen then, & I kornclude that Woolfe was kilt becaws he dident know how too fiite in French, beving only had a English eddukashun.

When the old man had dun hiz song, arteemas gin him a spoonful of Noo England rum, & arsked him hiz name. He sed hiz name was Brown, & he used to own a farm, but he got two speckullating into eastern lands & lost everything. Arfture that, he jined a party called the Town Poor, &, every yeer, he was sold two somebody that was pade a sarting sum of munny for keeping him, & hoo maid up the diffrunz by gitting awl the work out of him that he could doo; but, lately he gin out, & could doo know more work; so they took it

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out by making him sleep in the shaze-house on straw & allowing him moldy bread & water for hiz meels.

He was sold the last time for a hire price than ever, only the seller, & not the buyer, pade the price.

"They tawk about this krewel war," sez the old man; "& they say what a pitty it air that so minny yung men air cut orf into the prime of life; but, I tell ye, there's minny a poor felure thet will come out of this war with a hole skin hoo will live two wish that he had lade his bones into hiz mother urth, into his young days & the flour of his youth. Ef they don't, they'll be more fortnight than the dekrippit old cretur that stands be4 you now."

Then I giv the old cretur a purcing glance, & sez I: "Tut! tut! old man, you hev know rite two grumble at the ways of Providunce; you aught two be rezined to whatever happens two you, & be thankful it's know wusser, which it's done for some wise purpus, know dowt."

"Know worse!" sez he; "pray, madam, hev you a home of your own?"

"Yes," sez I.

"Wait then," sez he; "till you've seen your homestead parse into the hands of stranjurs, & your children's graves plowed up two make room for planting a few more colonels of corn. Wait till you make a home with stranjers, in your old age, hoo begrude you the

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very apple-parings thet you eat, & the straw upon which you stretch your aking bones at nite. Wait till you are sold like a piece of old carrion in the shambles, thet those hoo hev bawt you turn up their noses at you as they take you away, children gape at you as you parse their doors, & the very dogs air two well fed twe share your dinner; & when you dye, there will be joy instead of sorrow thet 1 more burden has been lifted from the sholdurs of the wealthy. Wait till you see those days, madam; wait till you air 1 of the Town Poor, & then come two me & tawk of rezignashun, & grumbling at the will of Providunz, & I'll listen 2 you with all my hart, for you will be a mirrikle then."

I do hate to see a dissatisfide person, & seeing that sich was hiz voo of things, I sed no more two him, that he might take the hint & out out as quick as possible.

So he kind o' wiped hiz eyes with hiz sleeve, & turned orf. Jist as he got as far as the kornur of the tent, our dog Jewel gove a jump at him & bit a piece out of hiz leg.

I called Jewel back & arsked him if he warn't ashamed two bite a man that was older than hisself.

"Never mind," sed the old man; "don't blame your dog, Madam; he knows it's nobody but the town poor."

Then the old felure travelled orf, for he'd got a good

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ways to go bed he got home. I was glad to heer he didn't live in Grafton, for I was shure the fokes that had the finding of hiz vittles couldn't afford two come & see the wax figgurs.

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THE PHRENOLOGIST.

Mr. Batty come into our parts two leckchoor on frinnology, that was two tell the peple what they was by looking at their heads.

Arteemass sed he would take me, as he wanted to find out what sort of a wife he had got. I tolld him I didn't keer to find out what sort of a huzband I had got, as I node already, & diddn't want to know any more of the same sort.

But I thawt I wood jist see what the frinnology man wood say about me, as I allus node I must hev a fust rate head. When we got into the lecktur rheum, we found everybody there. I went & sot down by the square's wife, & she enquired arfture the twins, & tolld me that Josire Byrd's wife was going two giv a party in hopes two work orf hur dawter Jane hoo was old enuff two be marrid. They had hopes of ketching the minister's son.

The leckchoorur stood behind a desk, & there was a

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white hed be4 him, onto the desk that had figgurs awl over it, & they sed it was maid of plaster-parris.

He begun to tawk, & used a heep of long words that I can't remember. But I couldn't kornseeve how he could tell what was inside of peple's heds by feeling of the outside.

Arfture he'd got throo with hiz tawk, he arsked somebody 2 come up & show their hed. I jumpt up, but a pesky gurl named Susan Smith sot nearer than me, & she got there be4 me.

I gove hur a purcing gaze two let hur no that I notissd hur capurs, & then the leckchoorur begun two paw over her hed. Sez he: "You hev the amiable quallities fust rate."

As soon as Batty was done with hur, I jumpt up agin, but a young man got there be4 me. Think of a felure acting this way 2 a feemail hoo was old enuff 2 be hiz mother!

Batty felt of the young man's hed a little while, & then dropt him like a hot puttatur, & sez he: "My friend, you lack 1 thing very much, & that is fine-tooth-combitiveness. I advise you two cultivate thet senti ment as much as possible."

"Who comes next?"

Then everybody larfed, & whilst they was larfing, I got up & went two the desk. I took orf my bunnit &

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laid it onto the desk, & everybody lookt up two see what sort of a hed the frinnologist wood give me.

Batty begun 2 feel of my hed, & sez he: "You've got grate combatturness."

"What's that?" sez I.

"Why," sez Batty, "ef you seen inybody abusing your husband, for instunz, you'd like to punish him for it."

"How about the twins?" sez I.

"Ef inybody abused your children," sez he; "you'd be as indignant as a tigress robbed of hur whelps."

"Whelps!" sez I; "my children whelps! My twins air like whelps, you say? I could scratch your eyes out. Arteemass, do you heer that. Now I don't bleeve you no inything about frinnology—I don't bleeve I've got iny of your combattureness nor nothing——"

Here the aujience awl began two larf so loud that I couldn't heer myself tawk & 1 man hollured out: "This is frinnology exemplifide. 3 cheers for the shoman's wife. Go in, Batty, you've hit the nale onto the hed this time."

But, I woodent heer another word, & I put on my bunnit & run down the ile two where arteemass sot, & sez I: "come, arteemass, less get out of this place as quick as we can; I'm going home. My twins whelps!"

Then I shook my finger at Batty & sez: "Look out

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young man, you've got to pay for calling my children whelps, hear before awl this aujience. It's deffimation of karaktur!"

Then the aujience haw-haw'd rite out, & I cut as fast as I could, followed by arteemass.

We streeked it for home, & that's the last frinnology ever I went two. My twirs whelps!

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THE ACTOR.

It was a plessant day into the month of October when arteemass & me was seated at the door of our tent looking for customers, that there come along a flashy chap, with pantilloon straps so tight that they most lifted him orf the ground.

When he come opperzit two the tent, he kind o' haff stopt & looked over our heads which it gove us a fine view of his chin & neck-hankercher. At larst he took 2 steps tords us, stretched out his arm like a pump-handle, & sez: "Is it a circus that I see be4 me?"

"No, it's a tent," sez arteemass; "will you come in & see the wax figgurs; got a fust rate Kangaroo—only 15 scents two see the whole!"

He struck the parm of his hand onto his weskit, & sed: "It air my custom two entertane, & not to be entertaned, I am of the socks & buckshin:"

So arteemass jumpt up & lookt at his fine close & noo boots, & he begun two feel skart with respect, & sez arteemass: "Hoo hev I the oner 2 address?"

"My name's Peter Brown," ansurd the young man.

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"Ah! yes," sez arteemass; "I'm so badly posted at prezzent that I'm quite oblivyus of our grate american trajeedins—hevn't scene a play-bill this 6 munce—hope it's no offense, sir. Raly I'm glad to see you."

"Take a fingur," sez the grate actor; poking out the four-fingur of his glove to arteemass.

Arteemass took holt of the finger & gove it a little squeeze, & sez he: "You play in the city no dowt?"

"When I play at awl," sez the actor; "at prezzent, like minny others hoo shook the world with their jeenyus, I labor under a lack of appreeshiashun."

"You lack appreeshiashun!" sez arteemass, hoo was afeerd he wanted two borro his hoss; "what's that, sir? With munny, you no——"

"Tush, friend!" sez the actor; "with munny I cood by a house, I no; but I wish two be indetted two my own jeenyus for sukcess."

"Then, why don't ye?" sez arteemass.

"Ay, that's the word," sez he; "that brings us two the pint at onct—lack of appreeshiashun."

"Then, why don't you get that air?" sez arteemass.

"Old man!" sez he; "you take me not—the wind sets into the rong qwarter; yet, I dur say, when it is Sutherly, you no a hock from a hansaw. I am not appreeshiated, sir. That is 2 say my talons air overlookt—I am underrated. Envy, oldest baron of hell, snaps at me, jellussy is like a worrum i' the bud, &

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wile the grass grows—faugh! the proverb air some what musty. Think you, imperial Cesar lookt this way? Alas! poor Yorick!"

Then I seed he was a grate actor, & I arsked him ef he wouldn't hev a bit of dinner.

"Hunger—thirst—poverty—awl, awl air less than nothing two the ambishus sole." sez he; "had it pleezd heving 2 steep me in poverty 2 the very lips—Perdition ketch my sole, but I doo love thee! Blistured be thy tung for the word, he was not born for shame—Hah!"

I looked at arteemass two see what he was going 2 doo about it.

"Ef I take your idee," sez arteemass; "they don't give you mutch two doo into your line?"

He waved his hand, & turned up his knows, & razed his eyebrows.

"Pshaw!" sez he; "they air incapable of distinguishin a preshus jule from a grain of barley, like *le cog grattant sur un fumier.*"

"When did you play last?" sez arteemass.

"Ask me not," sez the actor; "lest you stir the bile within me. They think I lack gall 2 make oppression bitter."

"I don't no nothing about your galls, nor yure jules, nor your barley, nor your 'preeshiashuns" sez arteemass; "but ef you're good for inything at your trade, I korn-

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clude you mite find something two doo at it where the theayturs air."

"Igrunz—stupid igrunz!" sez the actor; "consult the lower of the classicks, old man, the lurnid lower, & what see you there? Was Kullumbus appreeshiated? Was Fitch appreeshiated? Was even Saint Peter appreeshiated when he was crucifide with his head hanging down? Was iny grate jeenyus ever appreeshiated, from Chatterton two Poe, till the saxon dug a gulf betwixt him & the girdon that the repentant public held out 2 him? They're grate at crowning corpses, this yere public, & a death's head with a laurel wreath onto it air a simble of poppulur appreeshiashun."

"I never seed none of um," sez arteemass; "them's the natomies into the doctor shop thet you're tawking about. I never seen none on um with crowns on, dead nor alive. You must be a forrinner; you're uset two the crowned heads of Europe. We've got none of them air into this kuntry."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," sez he; "Madam, I salute you & depart. Adieu!"

As soon as he was gone, arteemass fell into a brown study, & I thunk we mite hev maid a gray deel of munny by getting him 2 speek his peeces into the tent. At larst I arsked arteemass what he was thinking on.

"I'm thinking," sez he; "what cussid fools taylors air, & how easy sich felures as thet can come over um."

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A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

LARST night, when I retired 2 the arms of Morfuous 2 take my usual rippose, everything seamed parfeckly rite, & I seen nothing going on of a ornery nachor; but when I woke up this morning, I found a vacancy in the tent, of 1 hooman being, 2 whit arteemass, & the following letter laying onto the table:

MY DEER BETSEY JANE:—Now don't take on & think hard of your beloved husband, for some things happens as well as others, & agrey deel more so.

I've tawkt 2 you a long time about going onto my travel 2 pick up informashun & get some kewriosities for the sho, & you hev sed I shouldn't go, & that you woodn't never giv your kornsent, so that I've been obleeged 2 doo it kind o' promiskus like, & two hev my travellin gear got reddy up at the tavyurn, so that I cood start from there urly into the morning without disturbin' your rippose, as you never liked two be broke of your natchooral rest be4 sunrise into the morning.

I hope you'll own arfture this that I've got some del-

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likissy arfture awl, sense I've been so keerful not two disturb your sleep, & hev gone orf quiet as a lamb.

Some ornery peple mite sey that I aught two tolled you I was going, & bid you fair well when I left; but I hope I'm not that hard-hearted creetur that wood hev woke you up 2 pain your feeling hart with the nooze that your beloved arteemass were settin out onto a long gurney. I coodn't think of that, & I coodn't hev bore two witness the tender intervoo that wood hev took place betwixt us on the effecting okkasion. It wood hev been 2 much for my feelinks 2 witness your greef at parting from your beloved artemus, & there4 I went orf without disturbing your artless & blissful slumbers.

It's quite onsartain how long I shall be gone, & you needn't right me a letter till you heer from me, as you won't no where I am, & tho I'm well known about Baldinsville, the postmarster won't exackly no how 2 git onto my trail without the rite direckshun.

I needn't tell you 2 take good keer of the twins & of the sho, as you'll doo that as well as I cood myself; & it's a grate kumfort, on leeving home, 2 no that 1 is left behind hoo nose how 2 take keer of the wax figgurs, the kangaroo, & the twins.

You will be delited 2 learn that I'm in fust rate helth & sperrits in setting out onto my gurney, & never felt happier into my life. That's becaws I've got so much

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kornfidunz into you, Betsey Jane, & no that you'll take fust rate keer of things wile I'm gone.

I shall think of you wile I'm away, awl about the butiful times we've had together & the plezzunt & amyable dispersition that you've allus shode tord me, & that'll giv me kurridge two travel with the more speed, & 2 go amongst those clime whitch air among the aunt Tippodees, knowing I shall hev your prayers for my welfair & safet return.

I've now took this way two bid you fairwell, as I couldn't bare the hart-rending seen of a pursonal intervoo & lissen two the tender anksieties that you wood express for my safety, tho I don't think there's my danger as it's only every other steamer that gets blowed up in going down the Massysippy, & the cars don't hev a collishun mourn three times a weak, & you no I was allus lucky in the lottery; so, I hev a reezonable hope that I shall be 1 of the fortnight for that don't get scalded, or his head caved in by them acksidence.

Yours two sarve,

ARTEEMAS WARD.

I jist had pashunce enuff to get throo the reeding of this letter, tho I was on nettles awl the time, &, as soon as I was done, I put on my bonnit & run rite up two the tavyrn. I busted into the bar rheum, & found the land Lord at home. He node what was cumming, &

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he doged his head down behind the bar; but he was 2 late, for I had ketched sight of his ugly mug.

"So," sez I; "you air the man that helps a husband away from his wife, with your plottins & contrivins. It's into this house that the whole thing was arranjed as I'm creditably informed. Now, jist bring out that grey mayor of yourn & put the side-saddle onto her, & giv me the direckshun which arteemass hev took, or I'll make this yere villidge two hot 2 holt you."

Then he popt up his head & shode hisself 2 my voo, & begun to purtest thet he was as innercent as the onborn child, & bleeved thet arteemass were only gone 2 Smootsville 2 get an advertisement put into the paper.

"You know better, you vilyon," sez I; "no more words about it, but bring out your hoss!"

When he seed I was dead arnest, he found that he'd got 2 obey my orders, for he was afeard I'd hev him up for kornspeeracy to kidnap my husband from me.

He brought out the mayor & put the side-saddle onto her, & gove me the direckshun what arteemass had took.

I got onto the saddle & went thro thet villidge two up & two down, making the dust fly & the peple thro up their windurs, into every direckshun, 2 see what was the matter. I kornsidur that everybody seen some tall travelling that morning.

I crost the rail-road tract onto the jump about 2

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seckonds be4 the injine parst the same spot, & I bleeve, akkording 2 all akkounts, that my hoss's tale brushed the injinear's face as he went by.

Arteemass node I wood never kornsent 2 his going orf. I'd told him so a hundurd times. He'd begged & begged, & I had allus said "No;" & now, the idea thet he should go orf into that sly way—oh! woodn't I giv it 2 him when I ketched him!

I rid & I rid, & the housen & fences seamed two be awl running the other way. That mayor never pulled foot be4 as she did that time; she seemed 2 no that 1 of hur seck had been cheated, & she did accorduntly.

Whenever I parst inybody onto the rode, they turned their heads to look, & I was getting on finely, & should hev ketched arteemass ef some onery cuss in the villidge of Brandon, haddent razed a report thet I was a reble spy hoo was running away from justiss. Then about 50 patriots gove chace 2 me, some on hosses, some into waggins, & some on foot.

The mayor had got kind o' limpy by thet time, & I seen they wood ketch up with me, & so I stopt just to explain the facts, but they come up and hauled me rite orf the hoss & woodn't hear a word, but shut me up in prizzun, & two briggadears swore they'd scene me into Loosianny nussing rebel sogers mourn a duzzen times.

But I sent a note to the square, into Baldinsville, hoo come & got me out.

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A DOUBLE LOSS.

As soon as I come out of prizzun, I lookt around for the gray mayor, & found that two patriots had confiscated hur & carried hur off two parts unknoon.

I maid a grate adieu about it, & scolded the peple that took me 2 prizzunur for not keeping my hoss in safety for me, but they sed that when a purson was took up & suspicioned of disloyalty, he ought to think hisself lucky two get orf with a hole skin, whether he was gilty or not, without expecting to see his propperty into the bargain; & they said that mine was the first case where any one that was akkewzed had ever got cleer.

"But that don't pay me for the hoss, nor punish the thiefs that stoled him," sez I.

"Mind how you tawk!" sez they; "the men that took your hoss air good loyal men, & ef you call them hard names, you can be tride by a milletary commishun for ading and abeting the inimy & striking at the life of the nation."

So, I thawt of the twins and korncluded it was the

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safest plan 2 treet them with silent kuntemp, & I gove them a purcing glance, & got into the shaze & rid back 2 Baldinsville with the square.

I haddend been at home long be4 Sarah Ann come & tolld me that the land Lord of the tavyun had kawld 2 see me.

"What's your wish?" sez I, when he come into my presence, holding his hat into his hand.

"The mayor," sez he; "of coarse she is safet; will you tell me where she is, & into hoose kusstoddy you hev left hur?"

"Well, I gis they can tell you hoo has got hur, ef you enkwire down in Brandon," sez I; "they telled me thet 2 loyal men had got hur & karried hur orf, but they diddent eggzackly no where the men lived. Praps they can tell you the men's names, ef you enkwire into Brandon."

"Thunder, madam! thet hoss of mine is stoled!" sez he; "you'll pay for that hoss, madam—you'll pay for hur individoolly, you will."

"Not ef my name's Betsey Jane Ward," sez I, giving him a purcing glance; "I took the hoss for a sartin purpus & had no hand into steeling hur. You got away my husband arteemass Ward, you helped him to run away from his better haff, and hev turned thet poor, good for-nothing orfin loose upon this cold world like a sheep without a shepherd, & now arftur you've

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robbed me of my husband, you come making a umbrajus clatter about your hoss, which I never seen him arfture I was shut up in jale. You'd best two go & sarch amongst the mountings for your mayor, & ef you happen 2 find my husband two, you can bring him back at the same time."

"Ef there's iny law into the kuntry, I'll parsecute you on akkownt of it," sez he; "in the fust instunz, you took hur away by fours in arms & boddily fear, & there4 an action would lie——"

"Yes, I know you can lye," sez I; "for you tolled me that arteemass was gone two Smootville & that he would be back be4 nite. Ef you beleeved that, why did you come 2 me about the hoss instead of going to him when he come back? and why did you say I should pay for the hoss individooally, ef you thought arteemass haddent gone orf, & that I was a *fan covered*, as the lawyers calls it. Now you air lucky 2 get orf so, I tell you, you'd better think so. I've lost a husband & you've lost a hoss, so that jist ballances the account."

He went orf mad, & sed he'd see the square about it & hev me into jale be4 nite, for boddily fear & hoss steeling, but that was the larst I hearn of it; & it was the larst he hearn of his hoss too. The mayor was gone forever. She was the pride of the villidge of Baldinsville, & a grate trottur & rarely seldom let iny

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hoss go ahead of hur, which it was a disgrace to hur owner that he lost his hoss threw kidnapping another woman's husband, & he was deprived of his beest accorduntly.

Then, when the incolant felure had cut out, I takes my dawturs by the hand & sot um down into cheers be4 me, & sez I:

"Now, dawturs, look me into the face; I am your beloved mother, that hev brawt you up two good execution, & hev tawt you awl you no, berring what you've larnt of your teechers which air mostly trash. Your father hev committed burglary in the nite by going orf & leeving your mother a deskonsillate widder, which he swore at the alter how he'd cleave 2 hur like one flesh. We've got kornsiduble munny into the bank, the wax figgurs, kangaroo, & the other beastesses with monkeys two iny amount.

"We can live very kumfurtable on what we've got, & now I shall expect the children of arteemass Ward 2 creet me as their only surviving parient till he comes back, which he'll get sick of his bargin, I kornclude, & be glad to return two hur which he took 2 his hart into the flour of hur youth.

"As I am no longur burdened with the keer & over sight of arteemass, you'll be glad two larn that I can divvote a dubble share of my attenshuns 2 your conduct & morrils, & see that you go into the way thet

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you shood walk therein. As 2 mirage, of coarse you wont keer inything about husbands so long as you can hev the compinny of your beloved mother. Ef you shood be deprived of hur, it wood be a diffrunt matter; then, you mite feel the want of husbands two take keer of you.

"One of you will be obleeged two act into the kappassity of door-keeper two the sho, as I shall hev the sooprintenderness of the hole establishment now that arteemass hev abskonded from his dooty."

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ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

Arfture I found that arteemass was railly gone, I took a pensil in hand, & arsked Sarah Ann to go with me around the tent, into every hole & korner thereof, as I was going two take an inventarry of the contents.

Fust, I put down the wax figgurs, & rit "new coat wanted for G. Washington." "Eyebrows for the pirut Gibbs." "New nose for Daniel Lambert." "New wooden leg for Peter Stuyvesant."

Then we looked at the beastesses, & I put um awl down onto the inventarry. (Here the twins got two quarrelling—went & spanked um both, & returned.)

Next, we ecksamind the kewriositees. Found a square block with no righting onto it. Told Sarah Ann to hunt for the card; she coodn't find no card. Korncluded to rite onto it with a peece of chork: "The hoss-block which Gen. Washington mounted his hoss when he was going into battle."

Arfture I had rit those label, Sarah Ann sez: "why, mother, thet air not big enuff for a hoss-block."

I thawt she was rite, & arfture I had kujitayted a wile onto the subject, I rubbed out the chork mark, & rit

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onto the block: "The block thet Gen. Washington sot when he attended skool into his infancy."

Sarah Ann was pleased with thet, & sed: "why, mother, yu're qwite a jeenyus."

"Don't flatter me, child," sez I, giving hur a purcing glance; "for you don't no how soon you may be a mother yourself, which it is rong two flatter a parient hoo don't stand in no need of sich enkkurridgment. I know my culpacities, & so did arteemass, hoo gove in two my judgment allus, as he node I had more tacked than hisself."

We then went on with our eggzaminashuns till we come two a slipper thet was wore by Charlotty Temple when she went down Purl street two cawl onto Larroo, onto that stormy nite.

We found thet our dog Jewel had had holt of it & tore it bad; so I got Sarah Ann two bring 1 of hur shoes & put into its place, & throo away the old slipper which it was quite an improvement.

Sarah Ann sed it was a gray deel better so, as hur shoe was enermost noo, & lookt more respecktable, whilst the tother slipper was an old one from the fust.

In fack, it requires a feemail 2 put things in order. The men folks thinks they nose a gray deel, like Solomon's fool hoo can render 7 reasons.

We found 2 or 3 things where the righting had got rubbed orf. There was a larje snuff-box. I coodn't

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find out hoose it was. Sarah Ann sed she thawt it had belonged to Mount Karm that was kilt at the seeje of Quibbeck; but I never hearn inything about his snuff-box; besides, he was nothing but a Frenchman. So I maid a card with the words onto it: "The snuff-box of a Injun chief kilt by William Penn when he took Pennsylvanny."

Sarah Ann larfed. I called hur a disobedunt child, & scent hur two bed without hur supper.

There was peece of the trunk of a tree thet had no label onto it. I rit on a card: "Trunk of the tree which Absalom hung to it by the hare of his head," & nailed it on.

There's everything in knowing how 2 mannidge. Some peple hev a fakilty two get along into the world, whilst others air poor shacks & good for nothing. Arteemass was never haff thankful enuff that he got sich a woman as me for a wife. I thunk to myself, when I got threw, thet I was mowrn his better haff, I was his better three quarters.

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THE MYSTERIOUS COUPLE.

WHER we lived up into Petersham, there was a man & his wife that come & hired part of a house nixt door two us. Folks sed they was a noo-marrid kupple, though nyther 1 of um was young.

They shet up awl the winders & blinds so that nobody cood see um, & they kept the house dark inside, of coarse, as awl the lite was shet out. Everybody was wondring hoo they were, & what maid um live perpetyoually into the dark, like that disrespectful burd called the owl, two say nothing of bats & moles.

At larst, Jeemes Swanzey, the peddler, come along down our way, & we tolled him about it, & arsked him ef he cood tell why they lived into the dark awl the time.

"In coarse, I can," sez he; "they air both so hombly thet they air afeared two see each other's face, for fear they can't keep the mirage vow, & their love won't last till the eend of the hunny-moon."

I called Jeemes into the house & gove him a drink of molasses & water, with a spoonful of ginger into it.

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A LETTER.

I WAS sot down onto the sophy, which arteemess maid it with a foo peeces of joist, & I stuffed corn-husks into it & kivvurd it with kallikur, when a man with a ile-cloth kivvering onto his hat, rid up to the door, & pounded onto it with the handle of his whip, & hollurd out into a senatorial voice:

"Air Mrs. Betsey Jane Ward into this bilding?"

I felt a kind o' crawling come over my skin, as ef I was going to hear from my long-absented huzband, & I went 2 the door myself & pusht Sarah Ann back into the entry.

When I opend the door, I seen the man onto his hoss, which it shode it had travelled a grate ways. Its main & tale & footlocks was long & the mud was splashed up against its stummick.

The man had a brown face with deep rinkles running up & down each side of his mouth, & he drawled out his words into a keerless sort of a way as if he keered for nothing & nobody, only he lookt into my

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face with his gray eyes very familyar, as ef the site of a hooman being was oncommon, & he liked two find out ef the hooman countenans lookt as it use to did when he sawn one of um the larst time.

Sez he, as soon as I'd kurchid two him, sez he: "Stranger, good day. I've got a letter here. I've travelled a smart chance over the planes & pararees, & brawt a letter for Mrs. Betsey Jane Ward. It mustn't be delivurd to nobody else but she. Do you understand?"

"Parfeckly," sez I; "hand it hear, for I'm that individooal in purson."

"Well," sez he, taking out a dirty lump of paper; "it's from one Mr. Arteemass Ward."

"So, the good-for-nothing felure has remembered his poor wife, at larst," sez I; "give me the letter."

"Hum!" sez he, putting the paper into his pokkit agin; "I take it you're only his wife by proxy. Can't let you hev the dokkiments, good woman; but ef the lady herself air into this bilding, arsk hur two come 4th, as the letter can't be gove up two iny agents, only two the rail Simon Pure hurself."

"You had better lye me out of my own name," sez I; "ef I'm not Betsey Jane Ward, the wife of arteemass, hoo air she?"

"It may be as you obsarve," sez he; "espechally as this air the bilding where I were direckted; but I took it

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you coodn't be his wife from one obsarvation you maid. I conclude, madam, that one don't speek of hur huzband as a good-for-nothing felure, which he has been in distant parts a hole yeer."

"That's akkording to hoo he is, & what he is," sez I.

"Begging your grace, madam," sez he; "I think it is akkording 2 what *she* is."

"Now, you're a keeping me out of my letter awl this time," sez I.

"It's a kind o' condishunal letter," sez he; "Mr. Ward tolld me not 2 give this letter 2 his wife ef she had given him up, & didn't keer no more about him."

"Well, sir, about that," sez I; "it's rather dubus, but the children wood like 2 heer from their father, I'm shure."

"Air there children?" sez he.

"Yes, there's children old enuff 2 read righting, besides twins."

"Then, hear it is," sed he, chucking the letter into the entry; and he rid orf.

Argustus & the gurls were all-fired curus two know what was into the letter; but I was in for the reding of it awl to myself alone, first being his lawful wife that had allus been faithful two him, & done everything for him, & stuck two him threw everything, like the kangaroo & wax figgurs.

I took the letter into the kitchen & sot down onto a

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block into the corner & opened the letter which it was rit as followers:

"My Amyable Spouce:——"Thinking you mite like 2 heer from me by this time, I take up my pen two inform you that I am well in heelth, & hope these foo lyons will find you injoying the same blesson. As often as I think of the happy days that we hev spent together, it makes me contented with my present situation; & contentment is a grate blesson, which we ought 2 be satisfied with the condition in which Providence has placed us.

"Through the mirackulus interpersition of Providence, I got cleen down the river without being blowed up in the steamer.

"Finully, I tuk pessage into the steamer Ariel for Kalliforny, tho we didn't go no further than Aspinwall, which Mr. Ganderbilt, the owner was kust by every 1 on board the bote, eggcept a deef & dum man hoo maid sines with his foot & leg as ef he was kicking something most pleggidly. There cood be no dowt that he allooded to the same individooal.

"The voyge was jist a nine days wonder, for it was a wonder that we dident awl starve two deth, & dident get pisond with the vittles which it was the very picktur of a coroner's inquest.

"The weather was warm & plezzunt as the garden

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of Eden onto the Ismus, which it was ballanced with misketers, & rats of an improoved breed, as they wan't too dainty two naw one's heels & toes. We had some senior-eaters with us, but of course, I regarded them at a respectable distunz, knowing thet I had a tender spouce at home hoose feeling I wouldn't wound even by offering 1 of um a sigguret.

"As for Mexico, it's inclined to be infested with robbers; I woodn't advise you ever two travel in that rejun as the mail-coach arrived at the sitty, the other day with awl the passenjurs into a state of parfect noodity, the robbers having prepared their toylet in that manner. There4 you'd better keep out of awl these furrin parts.

"I got to Kalifornia onto Sunday arfturenoon, though I shoodent hev none it ef I hadent had recoarse 2 my allminick.

"But the histerry of my travels will only be tiresome 2 you, so I'll speek of more domestick subjecks.

"The kangaroo air in good helth, I conclude, & the beastesses air took good keer of, also the children hoose eddikashun is into youn hands. I node I could depend onto you 2 doo everything thet was rite when I went away; so my mind is parfeckly eze about awl matters conneckted with the sho and the children.

"Ef you should feel like righting me a letter, I wood hev you right by awl means, but as I'm continyoually

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onto the moove, I can't giv you iny pertickular direckshun at pressunt, but leeve it awl 2 yourself 2 use your best judgment as two where I may happen to be,

"Yours to sarve,

"ARTEEMASS WARD."

It was eze 2 see, by this letter, that arteemass was gitting homesik, sense he spoke of the kangaroo & the wax figgurs, & the children, & the happy days that he had spent with the wife of his boozim.

He sez I may rite him a letter, but I think he'll no it when he gets 1. I shant send him no letter, espeshully as I don't no where 2 send it, & hev got no direcshuns.

I hope I allus had that sperrit that whenever iny one run orf on the sly & left me I would run arfture um, nor hev inything more two doo with um; & how does that forlorn creeture spose he's goin two git along ef he shood be took sick in furrin parts? Hoo will make him his cup of T when he has that head-ache thet he use two did whenever he was worrit about his affares, & how will he git his shurts washt & iurnd, & he awl alone there amongst a parcil of heethins that cares nothin about him; & awl his own folt two.

He desarves two suffer for sich onnatchooral conduct, going orf there amongst robburs & gamblers & theeves; & spose he shood get stuck & kilt, hoo will watch over him when he is dying & bring him a drink

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of cold water when he hev a fever, & he dying away orf thare amongst stranjurs two. I vow, I could almost cry with vexation, it make me so mad when I think of how thet poor, good-for-nothin orfin has conducted hisself, when he had a good home & somebody two take keer of him, & now he's got nobody at awl.

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A TRAVELING MERCHANT.

SHORTLY arfture I had red arteemass's lettur, a long, lean, strait man come along parst the tent onto a hoss, with big saddle-bags behind him, & hare flowin down his back enermost as long as mine.

He rid up two the tent, & when he seen me, he gumpt orf of his hoss & bowed very short, & sprung back agin, as when you bend down a young sapling & let it fly back into its place. I spose it was done so quick to save time.

"Got notions of all sorts," sez he; "needles, thread, tooth-picks, raziors, Waxter's cawl, Voltaire's works, songs, sarmonts, nutmegs, Life of A. Lincoln, saws, gingerbread, nails, kawjul, stove-polish, jews-harps, New England rum, & awl the rillijus papers, & pear-iodikkles, & about inything you chuse two cawl for."

"Don't want nothing to-day but your custom," sez I; "15 scents, children haff price."

"Hum! a sho imporarium!" sez he; "there's room for some improvements in this yere place—a

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glarse door, now—what do you say for a glarse door?"

"What! to the tent?" sez I; "we don't want no glass door hear. How wood it look—a glass door to a tent!"

"This air the day for improvements," sez he; "we make improvements two everything in these days; even the Kornstitution is undergoing all sorts of improvements, spick, span, noo; them that lived in Washington's time woodent no it ef they seed it again, it's so much improoved from what it use two was."

"But, I don't find everything improooved," sez I; "for instunz, I dur say your wife was hansumur 15 year aggo than she is now?"

"Donno that," sez he: "what with noo wig, a set of patent teeth, a glarse eye, washes & varnishes, & a heep of cotton wadding in hur close, I raythur think she's a specimint of a woman yit. Can't I doo something for yer, good woman?"

"No, sir, I bleeve not—but, stop! you say you've got enermost everything, hev you inything like a purpetchooal motion?"

"No, not yet, madam—that's two say, I've not got 1 finisht yet, but I'm making 1; I've been at it for the larst 30 year."

"Then I've an idee you can doo something for me. Arteemass, my husband, hoo's absent into parts

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unknown at prezzunt, had an onfinisht purpetchooal motion willed two him by his auntcestus, & it only wants 3 wheels——"

"Three wheels! whew! I can fix it for you in a jiffy; why, mine wants 19 wheels, 13 cogs, & a hole lot of hardware yet. If yourn air so near done, I can put on the finishing tutch in less than no time. Isn't in hear?"

"No, my husband was never a verry interprising man, or he'd a finisht it long 'go. Instead of doing on it, he put it away into the garrit, & there it's lade ever sense. But you shall see it, & try what you can do with it."

"I'll finish it rite up for you, ma'am."

"But what will you charge me for doing on it, sir?"

"Well, ma'am, down our way, where I'belong when I'm at home, we allus do our work by the day, which air the fairest method, bekaws one never nose how long it will take him to finish up a job."

"Well," sez I; "how much will you charge, by the day, two finish up this purpetchooal motion & set it two going complete?"

"Ah! madam," sez he, shaking his head; "there's a gray deel of talent required two doo a job of this yere kind, & it aught two bring a good price accorduntly. I coodn't think of giving my time and talents in sitch

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supeeror work as this for less than five dollars a day & found."

"Well, ef you can put up with our fare, sir," sez I; "we hev meet only onct a day, with bred & butter & aigs & cheese for breakfast, & bred & milk, pudding & milk, or buries & milk for tea, & things into varyty according two what grows in the season of the year."

"Ah—yes, madam—well, you see, I'm not at awl diffikilt, but as for the bred, I hope you hev the Graham kind, & can throw in a punkin pye now & then, tho I'm not so set onto the pye; but the Graham bred air a diffrunt thing as I was razed onto that."

"Very well," sez I; "inything for the sake of gitting the purpetchooal motion masheen finisht. It will be a fine speckkleashun, I take it."

"Guess so," sez he; "it'll put ten thousand dollars into your pockit in 3 weeks—warranted—as soon as it gits fairly into operashun."

"I declare!" sez I; "thet shoze what a interprizing woman can doo, when she takes matters into her own hands."

"It'll be the making of your fortin ma'am; ef my purpetchooal motion was as near finisht as yourn, I woodn't vally my amount of munny. It's a fortin into itself, ma'am."

So I tuk him 2 the houce & intradeuced him 2 the children, & tolled um what he was going for 2 doo, &

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Sarah Ann run up & hollurd 2 Orgustus two come up & help hur bring the masheen down. He lookt at it over & over, & inspected every part of it, & shook his hed, & lookt as ef he was considuring very deep into the subjekt, & I arsked him what he thawt of the masheen.

He dident heer me at fust, he was so rapt up into his idees. At larst he spoke out, & sez he: "This masheen madam, air onto the introverted principal, & air anallagus two a divided cone, which it air seen into acoustics & aqueducks; by means of concussion, reproduction of force & vitiated air, you create a cerebellum, & thet striking upon the tympanum & the fly-wheel causes the abrasion of the strap, & a tincture of converging rays passing into the spectrum, reduçes it two a corpuscula, whilst the capillary tubes & hydrostatical production of atmosphere strikes it off into the aphelion like the choroides & corned; that brings the whole thing two an apex, & we have the first & second diaphanous transparency. All thet is wanting two the masheen now is two apply the pullies, the lever, the cylinder, with a slight touch of the axis & hammer-lever, & awl will be complete Have you a pare of compasses, ma'am, a saw, an augur, a scale, a plumb line & piece of chalk, thet I may apply the fulcum two the base of the diameter. Ah! what wood Sir Isaac Newton hev said ef he

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had lived two see this masheen! You hevn't a little dry toast & apple-sass handy, ma'am?"

"Run, Sarah Ann," sez I, "& get some refreshments for the jentleman, &, Sarah Ann!"

"Ma'am," says she.

"Put a little of that quarturd quince onto the chany plate, & hev that onto the table too."

"Oh! mother!" sez she, when I went out two see ef the lunching was reddy; "hew glad I am that we've got somebody at larst that understands himself, & can be a conjeenyul sperrit two me in my studdiz."

"Sarah Ann," sez I; "don't use iny libertiz with that jentleman; his mind is above your spear. You can see that he nose everything."

"Yes, mother, & he expresses it so butifully—so elegant—sitch refined language! Oh! I don't know—it seems to me that I was never before into the company of a true gentleman!"

"Take keer of your hart, Sarah Ann, my dawter, take keer of your hart, which he has a wife alreddy, as I hearn him speak of that feemail."

So the genius et his lunch, & red the noospaper, & sed it wood take him about three days to sharpen his tools be4 he commensed onto the masheen, & he sposed thet Orgustus wood be willing two turn the grindstone.

Orgustus lookt kinder squirmish when he heered that, & sinnified that he hadent much talent into the

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grindstone line, & was mostly given two playing on the flute & sucking Havana oranges onto a moonlight night.

"Oh! it's no matter," sez the genius; "only I dident know but you'd like two get a insight into circular grairty by way of finishing off your eddication. I can doo it awl myself, only it'll take a trifle longer; prehaps a week, but not mourn a week two the extent, in sharpening the tools; & arfture thet we'll get fairly two work onto the masheen.

Onto the nixt day, arfture breakfust, the genius sed he must begin the job, as his time was preshus, & he coodent afford two stop long into the village. He sed that be4 he commensed two grind his tools, there was a purticklar kind of wand he wanted two git, thet grode into the woods, & that was nessassary two put into the masheen. It was hard to find those kind of wood, & it mite take him awl day, & wile he was out hunting for the wand, he mite as well kill two burds with 1 stone, that is to say, he wood shoot a foo snipe ef Orgustus wood lend him his fouling-peace.

Orgustus gove him the gun & he went orf.

He come home at nite with some burds that he wanted cookt for his supper, & he had a switch into his hand, which ef he hadent tolld me it was the wand, I shood hev thawt it was a willow twig. So I pade him

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his 5 dollars for the fust day, & cookt his burds for supper.

Awl the nixt 8 days, he spent in sharpening his tools, & then he got reddy two go two work on the masheen. I had pade him just 45 dollars & his vittles & loging.

The nixt day, he sed it was nessessary two breathe his hoss which he would git foundurd ef he dident exursize him. So he rid down two Smootsville, & took a sort of tower about the kuntry awl that day. When he come home at nite, I pade him his 5 dollars for that day, & he sed he must commence urly in the morning & hurry up the masheen, as he had hearn important noose sense he had been gone which it was required that he shood go two the sitty as soon as he had got throw with me, ef not sooner.

I was so afeard he wood throw up the job, that I sinnifide ef an increase of pay wood be iny inducement, a foo dollars, more or less, needn't part us.

He ansurd & sed that he was not a man two fall from his bargain ef it cost him his life—that he was brawt up two grate morril idees, & woodn't take a cent more than he agreed two take.

"I'm not a man of that sort," sez he; "I arsked you 5 dollars a day and found, & so it shall be; but jist for a matter of kornveenyunce, ef it's awl the same two you, I will take my payments in gold instead of paper, but not a cent more than I agreed for, you know. I

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sed 5 dollars, & 5 dollars it shall be; the gold is merely a matter of pursonal kornveenyunce. I sed 5 dollars, & that's awl I'll take—in gold, you know."

So, I sed: "Very well, sir;" & Sarah Ann, she sed: "What an admirable man, hoo won't lissen two an increase of sallery when it's offurd to him, & awl on conshienshus grounds!"

So, he got two work onto the nixt day, arfture breakfust, & in just 15 days he had got one wheel made, though it didn't look so much like a wheel as wheels in jineral doos, but Sarah Ann sed that only shode that he was a orijinal jeenyus & had his own idee of wheels.

Finully, arfture he had worked 40 days onto the masheen, & breathed his hoss a grate minny times, & gone a shooting burds with Argustuss's gun a number of times, I arsked him how the masheen was getting on.

He ansurd that the middle cog must be greased with parmasitty & a gum that grozs in Kalliforny; he wood tellegraf two hev it sent on.

I arsked him ef he had ever been into Kalliforny, & he sed yes, he had been there & into Utah, & had solld goods to the Mormons.

"You never seen inything of my huzband—did you?" sez I.

"Well," sez he; "I seed a man there calling hisself arteemass Ward, but it coodent hev been your huz band."

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"Why not?" sez I.

"Becaws he dident behave like a marrid man," sez he.

Then I sed no more at that time, as Sarah Ann was into the rheum, but my cheeks burned like the fiery furniss of Shadrak, Meshack, & Abedniggo.

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THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

Arfture about 3 months, the perpetchooal motion masheen was finished. A good stong crank was put to it, & the genius sed that 2 men cood keep it a-going by turning the crank.

I tolled the genius thet he was 2 expensive, but I was willing 2 hire one man ef thet wood be enuff 2 keep it 2 going.

He sed thet he had been obleejed 2 put more wheals 2 it than common, & thet maid it hard 2 turn, & it wood rekwire 2 men for two doo it.

The square came down, & lookt at it, & he sed he had a kind of idee thet a perpetchoooal motion aught 2 go without inybody to turn it.

The genius ansurd & sed: "Oh, yes, I cood verry ese make thet kind of perpetchooal motion, but then I must put into the masheen about a dozen more wheels & cogs & things."

"How long wood thet take?" sez I.

"Prehaps it wood take two munce longer," sez he.

"Well, I think I can't afford it," sed I; "so I'll be satisfide with it as it air, & we'll say no more about it. I giss I can find a stout nigger thet will keep it turning for a dollar a day."

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MARVELLOUS DEVELOPEMENTS.

WHAT the perpetchooal motion genius sed about arteemass in Utah stuck into my crop a long time, & when I pade him the last of his wajiz & he brawt out his hoss two go away I arskt him 2 tell me the hole truth, as I was the wife of his boozim that he took to his hart into his young days, into the flour of his youth.

Then the perpetchooal motion man gove me a long akkownt of arteemass's cuttings up into Salt Lake sitty, & sed he had no dowt thet a grate miny of the feemails there had ben sealed two arteemass for a foo days, 1 at a time.

He sinnifide that they hadn't been sealed two arteemass so strong as the Mormon wives jinurally is, which the seal larsts their hole lifetime, but into the postidge-stomp fashion, which they stick a little wile, & then rub orf again.

He sed thet two comfot me, & thawt I woodn't keer much about it ef arteemass was only sealed 2 um temperrary. But I coodent see it, for I had took thet poor orfin when he was alone into the world, & maid a husband of him, & brawt him up keerfully, & took good

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keer of his morrils, & tawt him how two git his living, & soot the naburs.

And now to think that creetur shood go orf two furrin parts, & larn the golden bible, & git into the fashuns of them heethins with their prorffits, & their sealings, & their polliggimmy was enuff two try the pashunz of Gob.

What was the use in his being brawt up into a krischun kuntry & tawt his katukize, & the lord's prare, & awl about Moses, & Abram, & Solloman, & David, & awl them other pattriocks, ef he was going orf two larn polliggimy, which awl them grate men of the anshunt times tawt that a man & his wife was 1 flesh & shood forsake his farther & mother & stick two the feemail.

I sot down & rit the followering letter two arteemass:

"Deer Husband:—I hev heered of your doings & the kangaroo is well & the twins, & the perpetchoal motion are finisht, & I tell you two come home two the wife of your boozim rite orf, & when you git hear you'll git sich a blesson from me thet'll make your ears tingle for 1 spell, I can tell you.

"Mark my words, you'd better come away from them heethens up in Salt Lake to your comforttable home into Baldinsville, & when I see you safet under my hands agin you won't get away in a hurry, & I'll

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make you wish thet you had never desarted the wife of your boozim & left the place where you've allus been treated well & made happy. I'll give you something thet you'll remember, & my sister Sooky air hear two, & she sez you aught to be hung in chains, & thet she'll giv you a peace of hur mind when you come back. So you'd better come back two repose into the boozim of your family, as Cooper the poet says:

"'Domestic happiness, the only bliss that hev survived the fall.'

"I'll take keer to rede you sich a lesson when you come back that you'll see the evil of your ways, & the twins hev had the meezles, & Sarah Ann hev melted orf G Washington's nose by holding the candle two closet two it whilst she was redeing a love letter from hur bo, which she went into the tent two rede it for fear I shood see it. I scent hur two bed without supper & kept hur on bred & water five days, & I shall sarve you wuss than that. So you'd better hurry back rite orf two your happy home, which you never had iny excuse for leaving it. This from the wife of your boozim.

"Your ill-used wife,

"BETSEY JANE WARD."

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CONSPIRACY DETECTED.

It appears to me thet, of lately, everything thet can torture a varchus & amyable feemail hev kornspird agin me. It air sed thet a ongrateful child is sharper than a sarpent's teeth. We've got 1 of um in the sho, which his teeth is sharp as my dawter Sarah Ann, hoo hev shode the truth of thet saying in more ways than 1.

I hev took more panes with hur than with iny dawter I hev got, too bring her up into the way she shood go. I've boxt her ears mourn iny of the rest, & flogged hur more, & scent hur two bed without supper mourn iny of my other children, & arftur awl the panes I've took to punish her morrils & bring hur as the twigs inclined, she hev acted the part of a deseever two hur tender parient, which air onakkountable, for I've tolld hur, over and over agin, how bad awl sich conduct air, & scolded hur till my tung was reddy two drop orf whenever I ketched hur in inything of the kind. I've used up a hole birch tree onto that gurl two make her good, & now the ongrateful creatur wants two leeve the parental boozim & git marrid!

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I've allus held that the evil 1 was in young ones from the our of their birth, & thet it aught to be whipt out of um; but this cretur air so bad thet I bleeve ef I had skinned her alive, she'd heve continued to sho temper & two want to leeve her comfortable home.

No dowt, they take their evil purpensities from arteemass, as I hev tolld um a 100 times, Orgustus & awl.

Now, the way of it was, that a young felure cawld Samuel Hill, belonging two Smootsville took a suddent liking two Orgustus, & maid him a prezzent of a silver tooth-pick & a pair of pistles. Then he admired Orgustus's stile of playing onto the flute, & begged Orgustus two larn him how two play.

As Orgustus was fond of going to Hill's house, which air a very plezzent place, he agreed to larn the felure two play onto the flute; but arfture he had been there 2 or 3 times, Hill tolld him it was 2 bad to put him two the trubble of coming 2 see him, & so he would cawl 2 take his lessons at our house into Baldinsville.

So, Sam Hill come down about twict a week two get his lesson orf Orgustus. But Sarah Ann took a mity fancy to heer the flute two, & so she took panes allus two go into the rheum whenever Orgustus was larning Hill to play.

I was very mutch surprised at Sarah Ann taking sitch

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a suddent liking two the flute, bekaws she had heered Orgustus play onto it mourn two yeer, & had never seamed two keer nothing about it be4. I began to kornklude that she was showing talons for moosick, & thet arfture awl, it must be thet the gurl had a musical ear.

The first time thet I suspicioned something was when I happent two tell the square that Orgustus was larning Sam Hill moosick.

"Why," sez he, "how is thet? Young Hill has allus been a fust-rate player onto the flute ever since I node him."

Then, it run into my hed, whet did he want two larr orf Orgustus for, ef he node moosick better than my son alreddy?

I was so puzzled two akkount for it, that I arsked Sarah Ann which of um was the best player.

"Why, mother," sez she; "how can you arsk thet question when you know thet Orgustus is larning Samuel two play?"

"Samuel!" sez I; "why is it Samuel instead of Mr. Hill? It's very unpropper for a young gurl two cawl a young man by his krischen name without they air a koarting."

When I sed thet, she turned as red as a beat, for she seen that she had ketched hurself by cawling him

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Samuel. She had spoke as she was into the habit of cawling him, be4 she thawt what she was about.

As soon as I seed hur kullur up, I understude the hole trick. Hill come two the house to tawk his fiddle faddle noncents two Sarah Ann, & purtended to come there two larn moosic of Orgustus. Sarah Ann & Hill had, no dowt been akqwainted with each other a grate while, & this was the plan to bring um together.

I was just a going to fly out & give my dawtar a holesome flogging, when it struck me thet, as I'd got the cards into my hands, I'd better ketch her in a sittyvashun which she coodont deny her ongrateful conduct.

So the nixt day, the desateful felure come two the house two get his lesson onto the flute.

I got out of site for about an our, & then I lit a candle, and went two the rheum where they were. I dident heer nobody playing onto the flute. I opened the door awl of a suddent, & I busted into the rheum.

Orgustus was setting with his head leaning back agin the wall fast asleep, whilst Hill sot at the other eend of the rheum with Sarah Ann onto his nee, & her arm around his neck.

Ef the fur didn't fly for a little wile, then my name isn't Betsey Jane Ward. I sprung at Sarah Ann & ketched hur by 1 arm & slung her haff acrost the rheum; then I jumpt at Hill, & he jumpt for his hat.

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I clawed his hat off his head; Orgustus waked up & thawt the house was o' fire.

I pursood Sarah Ann out of the rheum with Hill's hat into my hand. She got away & run down into the garden, & I coodn't find her in the dark.

Then I came back 2 the house, & lookt out the front winder. I seed Hill there waiting for his hat. I hollured out:

"You pesky, good for-nothing sarpint, see that you never darken my doors agin!"

Then I flung him his hat, & he went orf.

I watched for Sarah Ann, & when she come in, I jumpt at hur from behind the door, where I was hid, & ketched her & gove hur sitch a pare of boxt ears thet they lookt red awl the next day.

As soon as she was up into the morning, I watched for hur at the foot of the stares. I took hur by the arm & pulled hur into the back rheum & there I tawkt two hur.

"Air it not enuff," sez I; "thet your farther air a ongrateful, disrespectable wretch, without your going into the way of Bale 2. Ef I wasn't the most indulgent of mothers, I shouldn't leave a bit of hole skin onto your body:"

"I dident doo nothing bad, mother," sez she.

That aggrivated me, & I shook hur till hur comb floo out of her head & struck up agin the sealing.

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"To think you shood purtend you've done nothing rong," sez I; "insted of gitting down onto your marrar-bones & arsking pardon.— Kneel down, & prommiss me, onto your sollum word & onor, thet you'll never see thet orful wretch agin as long as you live."

"But, if he comes here two larn the flute," sez she; "how can I help seeing him?"

"I'll flute you," sez I; "into the fire goes that flute as soon as I've sot my 2 eyes onto it, &, as for you, imperdenz, go rite up stairs to your rheum, & don't make your apperience down stares till I send for you, which won't be into a hurry."

So, I locked her into hur room, & kept hur without eting a morsel for 2 days. Arfture thet, I carrid hur up some bred & water, & tawkt 2 hur like a dutiful mother & tolled her I was a good mind 2 flog hur within an inch of hur life.

Then I shook hur & boxt hur ears, & went out, & locked hur up agin.

I bleeve there never was a woman afflicted like me; but it's the way with awl good people thet doo their dooty. There was Job hoo was kivvurd with sore biles.

Arfture keeping Sarah Ann in hur room, onto bred & water 3 weeks, I felt the knead of hur help down stares, & in the sho. So, I let her out.

Thet ongrateful creechure hadent been free mourn 12

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days be4 I ketched hur redeing a letter. She tride two hide it from me, but I got it away & red it.

The letter was from that pesky, blasphemious Hill, & it was as followers:

"My dear, persecuted angel:—With heart-rending emotion, I read your dear, blessed note, and kissed it a thousand times, and I am not ashamed to say that when I put it next my heart, it was wet with my tears.

"Dear sufferer, what demon in human shape is it into whose vengeful talons you have fallen? Again do I urge you, I implore you to unite our destinies in a legal manner, that I may have an incontestable right to shield you from that she-dragon who dares to lay her sacrilegious hand on innocence and angelic beauty like yours.

"Oh! my love, my charmer, my bright bird of heaven, I cannot any longer endure the thought that you are subjected to misery while I have a happy home, and ample means to provide for you an asylum beyond the reach of oppression, and which will need only *your* presence to become a perfect Paradise.

"Put an end to those tortures, my adored love, and no longer suffer a false idea of duty to one whom you aught to detest to render us both the most miserable of beings.

"Why make yourself a martyr for one whose only

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motive for chaining you to her side is that, like the vulture tearing the intestines of Prometheus, she may have somebody upon whom she can vent her malignity with impunity ?

"Do reply quickly, through the usual channel, and speak the words which will bring me under your chamber window with horse and chaise, and in ten minutes afterward we will be man and wife.

"My sweet, my love, my angel,

"Your devoted S."

Yes, I read this letter awl throo, from beginning to eend, & I thawt I shood bust. Me a demon in human shape! Me a she-draggon! Me a vultur! Oh! the blasphemious wretch!

I coodent believe my 7 census thet inybody shood dare two right 2 my gurl into that manner. This was a very serus bizness, & arfture I had locked up my dawter into hur room, I rit a note & scent it up to the square for him 2 come down 2 me immeduntly.

He hurrid rite down two our house, & I tuk him into the best rheum. Arfture I had locked the door, I pulled out the horrid letter & shode 2 him.

He red it & lookt very serus.

"Into the fust place, square," sez I; "we must soo the wretch that rit it."

He scratched his ear as ef he was puzzled & sed he

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dident exackly no about that, as no law had been broke.

"Whet!" sez I; "isn't it agin the law 2 cawl me a she-draggon?"

"Yes, ma'am, the *Jure divino*," sez he.

"Then," sez I; "we'll have the *jury vino* afoul of him rite orf ef it costs me fifty dollars."

"But I deal only in the *Jure humano*, or *Jus civile*," sez he.

"Oh! well, square, what duz it sinnify?" sez I; "*civility*, or *Gus*, or *may know*, it air awl 1 ef the vilyun air soundly trounced. As for my dawter, I'll tickle hur rizibles for hur."

"I don't see iny chance in this case," sez he; "you can punish your dawter, it is troo, ef you think it rite 2 doo so, but the young man has not cawld you a criminal. Had he charged you with theft, or burglary——"

"*Me*—theft—*me* a burglary, square!"

"Ef he had so far forgotten himself as to charge you with the commission of any crime, we might do something with him; but as it is, he is safe from the law."

"Mercy on me, square!" sez I; "what's the law good for, ef 1 may be a draggon & a vultur, & git no sattisfackshun? Oh! it's time that the feemail seck had a hand in voting & making the laws! We'd soon show um hoo was a vultur & a she-draggon!"

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"Very likely," sed the square, & he turned away his face & lookt at something out of the windur.

So, I seen I coodn't doo nothin with him, & pritty soon, he left.

"Then I went up to Sarah Ann, into hur room, &, I giss, be4 I left hur, she found out hoo was a vultur & a she-draggon.

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AN ASTOUNDING EVENT.

Er the world isn't destroyed be4 the eend of the year, it wont be for want thet they desarves two be conflagrated, as the inlitninged reeder will see by my akkownt of the dooings into Baldinsville.

I'm done now. It's no kind of use two kalqulate upon inything, for the wickedness of young people air like the charriots of faro, which they never overthrone into the red C, when the waters run back from the Isrulites, which the square sez bekaws they was sitch a ugly-looking set thet the waters was frightend at um & got out of the way till they had parsed over.

But this terrible akkount which happent into my own family air the town tawk &, in coarse, everybody thinks thet I've been dredfully injured by thet good-for-nothing Sarah Ann hoo air sharper than a sarpint's tooth.

I shet hur up in hur room, & licked hur as long as I could stand over hur, with an old parrysol which I broke it awl two peaces onto hur pesky hide, & then I went out & locked the door.

I sot up till 11 o'clock at nite watching 2 see ef that

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felure wood come with his hoss & shay as he tawkt of doing on, into his letter.

Seeing he didn't come, I set Ann Loines two watch & went two bed.

In the morning, I found thet Ann had cleered out, & korndluded she was two lazy two wach iny longer.

There4, I maid brekfast, & korncluded not 2 giv Sarah Ann inything 2 ete till 12 okklock.

Accorduntly, I went up stares as soon as the klok struck 12, & onlokt the door.

I went in & seen that the room was as MT as a glove when you pull it orf. Be4 I had time to think a word, Ann Loines hollurd for me down stares. I run down as kwik as my laigs wood carry me, & there was Ann with something into hur hand done up in guilt-ejd paper & she reeched it to me & sez:

"Mrs. Hill, sends her compliments & a piece of bride-cake 2 Mrs. Ward."

"And who's Mrs. Hill?" sez I, & I gove Ann a purcing glance when I arskt the question.

"The late Sarah Ann Ward," sez she.

"My dawtur!"

"Yes, ma'am."

I sot rite down I was so mad. For a minnit, I was nonplusht as much as ef G. Washington had walked rite out of the tent & arskt for a glarse of logger beer.

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Then I jumpt up & sez I; "Hoo marrid that feemail?"

"The square, two be shure," sez she; "the young felure brawt a ladder & put it up two hur windur & karrid hur orf larst nite. I run arfter um two bring Sarah Ann back, but they cotch me & karrid me orf, & made me akt as bridesmade at the square's. As soon as they was marrid, they went orf into a butiful charriot with 2 grate white hosses &——"

"Why dident you come & call me," sez I; "insted of making a fule of yourself by running arfture them?"

"I did akkording 2 the best of my nolidge," sez she; "besides, I am not your dawter, & you can't tyrannize over me as you did over poor Sarah."

Then I node she had plade me false, & had kinknivd at their running orf, & I jumpt at hur & grabbed hur by the hare, but she slipt orf & left hur comb into my hand.

Away she run, & away I run arfture hur. She streeked it threw the apple orchud, over the stone wall & into the woods, & ef I hadent got tangled up in a briar bush I'd hev pulled every hare out of hur head. Finully, she got clear orf out of site.

Then I put on my black silk, & went up two the square's two see what he ment by robbing a tender & induljint mother of hur dawter.

I opened the front door & went in without knocking;

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but coodn't find nobody into the house; the pot was onto the fire a biling as ef it was onto a wayjir, but the kook was no-whares two be scene, the square's wife & dawtur, was out, but there was righting onto his table that want dry yet; so I node he was round there somewhares. I went out intoo the yard, & cotch site of the lawyer's cote-tale as he whiskt around the kornur of the barn.

I run around the barn, & cotch site of the hole fam mily cutting threw the puttatur patch, & the hired help following arfture as fast as she cood, with hur slip-shod shuze & hur stockins about hur ankuls.

Away they went as ef I had been a mad bull broke luce from the slawtor-house.

I was awl out of breth & went home, tho I was detarmint 2 giv that pesky lawyer a good setting down the fust chance I got.

The next day, as I stood into the door of my tent, hoo shood I see go by, into a charriot, but them 2 lovyers, & Sarah Ann flaunting into hur silks & satans, & her husband's arm around her neck, & she waved hur hankurchur two me, the imperdenz. I'd hev gove awl - I was wurth jist two ring hur neck thet minnit, 2 think the wretch shood be riding about in stile. I'd hev felt better about it ef I'd scene hur in rags, beggin hur bred from door two door, or dying into the arms-house; but 2 see the creetur riding into hur silks & showing hur-

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self in triumph 2 hur tender & induljint mother made me so mad thet I cood hev skinned hur alive, & stuft hur skin & put it into the sho two exibit hur for Jerseybell, the wiked kween.

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CONJUGAL ANXIETY.

From awl akkounts thet comes across the Planes, the cuttings-up of my arteemass into the Mormon settlement air parfeckly ridikkillious.

What upon urth he wants two spend his time amongst them onery creturs, that it take a duzzin or 20 of um two make 1 wife, air mourn I can eggstamperize which he has 1 hole wife at home under 1 bunnit & into 1 frock.

The prezzident of our sosiety hev an idee thet them feemail's must be a undersized set, no bigger than Tom Thumb's wife, sense it takes so miny of the creetur 2 make 1 hole wife; so they have to take their wife into installments, instead of having hur awl into 1 peace.

I kornclude that arteemass got his idee of heving a big assortment of the artikkle from having sich a good speciment of wife at home; but he'll find no more sitch like hur that he took to his heart into the bloom of hur youth, which she had been improooving onto his hand more than 30 yeer.

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I've had some idee of setting out with the sho, in a gurny across the Planes to Utah. Ef I cood get there awl safet & sound, I'd hev a cap-pulling with some of those Mormondom thet would make um think the world was coming to an eend.

I hev colld our sosiety together to parse rezolutions agin Brigum Young & his wives which ef they hear of it into Utah will make a fluttering amongst the dry bones. Our prezzident tawkt of appointing a komitty of laydiz two go two Utah & puddown polligomy, but when they was appinted they eggsquzed themselves from going onto the ground thet they was afeard they wood get seald two some Mormon saint ef they went there; & as the komitty was awl old mades, they were pesky afeard of that air sealing-bizness.

So, I was left a poor diskonsolate widder, like a crusht flour.

But let me ever ketch site of arteemass agin, it's awl I want jist two take my satisfaction out of his coppurashun.

I'll teech him two dessart his better haff for the sake of them pesky Mormon trollops.

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ULYSSEAN ARTIFICE.

I BELEEVE that men air the wurst creeturs thet bares the hooman form. But I'll tell the story of the way I was sarved, & how I was cheeted out of my revenge.

I was sitting into the door of the tent with 5 customers inside, when there come along a man dressed up like some sort of outlandish felure from furrin parts, with a turbin onto his head, & a simmetur at his side.

He sed he was a Arab, & he stopt a little way from the tent, & made a lo bow & sez: "*Labez-Alikom! Labez, Labez-Salem!*"

"Hoo air you?" sez I; "& what upon urth doo you want hear, with awl them jimfleckshunz?" for I thawt he was a nigger, at fust.

Then he sez: "*Sheick Hesh-bah, el ajjh!*"

I wawkt tords him to eggzamin him closter & see what he was maid of.

Then he began to thro dust over himself, & sez:

"*Allah Houakibar! Hi el Allah, Sheda Mohammed Rahsool!*"

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At larst, I got him two speek a sort of haff English & haff furrin tung, & he tolld me how his name was *Kesh-bah*, an Arab chief & a pilgrim, which it was what he had tolled me be4, into his own langwidge.

I seen he was something of a kuriosity, & was thinking whether it was best two ingage him for the sho, when he propposed it hisself, & sed he would exhibit for his vittles, the fust weak, & ef it was found thet he drawed well, he wood charge something for the use of his yaller karcus.

So he went into the sho & was there a weak, & he drawed very well, & he lurned to speak English so fast that I was astonisht, & thawt him the smartest man that ever I seed.

He noo how to manidge the sho too, & I found his help so useful that I woodnet hev parted with him on no akkount whatsomever.

Then he began two tell me thet he noo awl about how my husband had sarved me, & he sed that arteemass wood never come back as he had had 45 wives sealed 2 him & was a elder of the Mormon church.

When I heered thet I cood hev tore arteemass's eyes out ef he had stood be4 me that minnit. He sed thet he had hurd it from peple that kame from Utah, & that it was the town tawk, only noboddy wood tell me, for fear of braking my hart.

He went on into thet way for a long time, till he got

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me into the beleef thet I was a widder troo enuff, & then he begun too la seeje two my tender hart till he won my effeckshuns. Then I eggspekted 2 marry him, but he tolled me thet was unpossible, as my husband was alive. So he got me into such a mystiffikashun that I bleeved it was awl rite 2 live with him without marrage, sense arteemass was gone entirely & the laws woodent let us marry. The prezzidunt of our society sed it was rite 2, & was the free love principul.

So I gove my kornscent at larst, & as soon as he got my kornscent, he went into another room & washt orf the yaller stain from his hands & face, & put on his own close, & cum back, & I like 2 hev jumpt out of my skin when I seed it was arteemass hisself.

I was jist a going 2 give him a blowing up for his kornduct in Utah when I remembured that I had agreed 2 liv with a furrin Arab without being marrid 2 him, & so arteemass had got the game into his own hands, & I coodent say a word.

Then he sez: "You've heerd stranje stories about my cuttings up into Utah; but you was going 2 doo jist as bad, & now we air square—so you may as well jist shet up."

I seen he had me there, & I did shet up.

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UNCLE OBED.

We had a visit from Uncle Obed not long ago. I thawt he had come two the house two see arteemas, arfture he had been abcent so long; but it seams thet he come onto more importinate biznis.

He air my uncle on the mother's side, not my own uncle, but a sort of distunt uncle. I never node mutch about him, and never scene him be4 he called & tolled us hoo he was.

It was jist arfture brekfast that a tall man in a snuffkullud cote & bloo spektikkles, with a long nose very sharp at the pint, about 50 yeer old, rapt at the door. The hired help run & opent the door, & the man arskt ef the propprieater of the show-imperoarium was into the house, the selubrayted arteemass Ward.

She tolled him yes, & arsked him 2 wawk in. So in he wawkt. I was setting at the table, but arteemass was shaving orf his face at the looking-glass which it hangs betwixt the 2 windurs.

He turned round & lookt at the jentleman & sez, "15 scents, haff price for children." He bowed down

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his long back, & seeing there was a lady into the house, he tuk orf his hat. Accorduntly, I got up & gove him a cheer which he kept standing till he sed:

"I spose you don't no me; I'm Ebenezer Rattleton of Skunk's misery."

Arteemass lookt at me & I lookt at arteemass. At larst, arteemass sed: "You hev the advantidge of me, sir—never exibited into that villidge; where did I ever see you be4?"

"I don't wonder you arsk," sez he; "I am an uncle two your wife—that is, a sort of uncle, being cuzzin two her grate uncle hoo lived in Peekskill, & karrid on the tannin & currin."

"Yes," sez I; "there was sitch a man, some years aggo. I've often heerd of my grate uncle hoo lived in Peekskill, which he dide of the flamutory rhematiz."

"Very likely," sez Mr. Rattleton; "it's highly probable it was some flamutory distemper, as he took to brandy & Ky Ann pepper in the latter part of his life, & went orf ruther suddently."

"Well, seddown, Uncle Ebenezer," sez I; "It's probble you're awl rite, so set up & take a bite of cold tung & kawfee."

"Nyther, neese," sez he; "I don't use iny of the slops, & as 2 animile food, it's kontrayry 2 my prinsipples. I'm onto the high jeen at pressent, amongst other importunate reforms; but, ef you hev a little

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stale bread & mullassis, I will partake of something for the riffrishment of the house I live into."

"Own a house in your villidge?" sez arteemass.

"I spake of the temple of my body," sez he.

Arteemass purceived he'd got into deep water, & maid hisself skurce, jist as he allus did when I was visited by 1 of our sosiety.

As for me, I brawt out some rye bread & the jug of mullassis, & sez I:

"I'm glad 2 find thet you air 1 of us, uncle Ebenezer."

He lookt up, but he coodent say nothing at thet minnit, as he had jist put a chunk of bread into his head, & the mullassis was running down from both korners of his mouth.

"Take your time, uncle," sez I; for ef he chokt, I dident no as he had munny enuff about him two pay his fewkneereal expenses, & the charge wood come upon me & arteemass. So, I sez: "I can wate, uncle. My time air at my own disposal."

"*Tempus fugit!*" sez he.

As soon as he had cleered his throte, he korntinued:

"Neese," sez he; "I infer from what you hint, thet you air 1 of the chosen foo which they air scent intoo the world that they may leeve it better than they find it. They air the solt of the urth; but I go a little beyand that; there air some hoo may be compared to the

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4runners of the millenyum, which it may be sed they air the solt Peter of the urth, which it air more stronger than ornery solt, you no."

"I'm shure I'm glad 2 find that you air 1 of them air," sez I.

"Don't miscomprehend me," sez he; "for there cometh 1 arfture me the latches of hooze shuze I am not worthy 2 stoop down & onluce."

I dident kwite take the meening of that, & I gove him a purcing gaze.

"I've come as a sort of a 4 runner," sez he; "two bid you prepair for the solt Peter of the urth hoo I regard as the gratest of woman born."

"I'm shure we shall try 2 be aggreeable," sez I.

"You hev beds, & provender for hosses, & awl that air required for the messanger?" sez he.

"Well, we'll try," sez I; though I never had the leest conniption of what he was tawking about.

So he went on eting the bread & mullassis, & then, arfture he'd took in a lofe & a haff of rye bread & a kwaut of mullassis, he arskt for sigh deer & drunk about 2 pints of thet.

Then he lifted his fingur 2 me, & sez: "Neece, grate times air cumming, you may depend upon that."

Then he shook his head, & lookt rite into the fire for about haff an our.

At larst, he got up & put his hands under his kote

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behind, & wawkt backwards & forwards into the rheum for a hole our, tawking 2 himself; &, onct into a wile, he wood shake his head, & giv me a purcing gaze, & then he sez, wile he lookt up at the sealing: "I'm only an instrument—I'm only an iustrument!"

I wondurd ef he was tawking about the purpetchooal motion masheen.

Arftur dinner, which he finisht awl the rye bread & mullassis we had into the house, he went 2 see the sho into the tent. He pinted his finger at G. Washington & sed: "Bee hold, a grater than he air cumming, I am the 4 runner of 1, the latches of hooz shuze I am not worthy two stoop down & onluce."

"You ain't into the shoo trade, mebby?" sez arteemass.

He shook his head, which he seamed 2 try 2 shake awl the hares out of it.

He lookt at the young lyon into his cage, & sez: "What air he compared with the lyon of the grate kaws?"

"He's not so big as some," sez arteemass; "but I take it the 1 you tell of air not a smarter beest than him."

Then uncle Ebenezer rolled up his eyes, & cut out, & went a wawking into the fields till supper time, when he come in & took some more rye bread & mullassis, which I had got a kag from the store thet arfturenoon.

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So it went on for 3 days, & he et nothing but bread & mullassis, & tawkt about shoo latches & sitch.

Onto the 3rd day, into the middle of the nite, arteeemass woke me up and sez: "Betsey Jane, air their theeves into the house?" & I chucked the bed close over my head, and whispurd: "Oh! Lordy! wot makes you think so, arteemass?"

"There's a tremenjus rackit, & holluring out, & I'm afeared they've kilt uncle," sez he.

"Oh, grashus! & all his grate reforms will dye with him!" sez I; & then I heerd a noyse 2; but I perceeved that Uuncle Ebenezer was not dead, as he coodent hev yelled so loud ef he was.

"This day air salvation come two this house!" sez he, into a loud voyce; "rise up, ye slumbering soles, & meet the bridegroom into the way of his cumming; for this air he of hoom I spoke, the 1 that cummith arfture me, the latches of hoos shuze I am not worthy 2 stoop down & onluce!"

I seed there was no theeves, only thet uncle was into 1 of his problematticks, & I jist slipt on my short gound, & opent the door, & lookt out, & arskt him ef he wanted inything; but be4 I could finish the words, I cotch site of a grate roaring fire onto the harth, & the big pot was on, & a big piece of beef was roasting be4 the fire, and the tikkittle was steaming like a young steamboat onto the Massysippy.

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Sez I: "Uncle, what air you doing on? I thawt you dident ete animile food."

"Come out & meet the bridegroom!" sez he.

"I don't see none sich," sez I.

"Becaws he's putting up his hoss, & giving him a feed of oats in the barn," sez he; "but he'll be in direckly. As for me, I'm only the 4 runner, & I ete no danties; but he that cummith arfture me, come eteing & drinking, & they say, 'Behold a glutinous man & a wine-bibber!"

I went out into the rheum, but I was awl of a trimble, espeshully as I heerd arteemass a snoring; for as soon as he perceeved it was uncle, he dropt rite asleep agin, & left me to manidge into his absence.

So I took a cheer & sot down be4 the fire, & lookt at the grate roasting peace of meet that was sputtering & hissing, & the blood & gravy running awl over the floor; & awl of a suddent, uncle jumpt up as ef he'd been shot, & sung out: "Here he comes! make way for the Lyon of Reform!"

Then I lookt round, & seen a tremenjus grate fat man, enermost as big as our Dannel Lambut into the sho, come woddling into the door, with his eyes bulging out of his head, & his cheeks hanging down on each side, like a walrus.

"Piece be2 this house!" sez he.

I got up & kurched.

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Then he sot down & I sot down, but uncle stood up awl the time into his prezzenz.

"Providing for the boddy?" sez he.

"Yes, my lord," sez uncle Ebenezer.

Then uncle sez 2 me: "This is the grate lord of reform, which he was 2 come, & I am his 4 runner. He is my kuzzing, & your uncle as well as myself. It is your uncle Obed Price, akkording two the flesh, but he air your sooperior in another sense."

Then Uncle Obed sez: "Let the woman prepare the feast & spread the tables; I adopt hur from this moment as my handmaid, sense she's been obedyunt 2 the heavenly vision. Let hur bring forth the best wine & korndumenta, sense I'll abide at thy house this day."

Then uncle come & whispurd into my ear, & sez: "This personidge that you see be4 you is the Coming Man."

I sot the table & put on the solt and bread & sighdeer, & Uncle Ebenezer he fotched out the big platter & put on the beef. Then he took up the vejitibbles & gravy, & I poured out the tea.

The Coming Man then droo up his cheer 2 the table, & it frightened me 2 see how he went into the wittles. Uncle Eben & me did nothing but wait onto him, but he cleared the platter, ete up the vejittibles; drunk up all the tea & sigh-deer, & then he lookt around and

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arskt me ef I hadent a cold pullet, or a meet pye, or something of that sort, for a dessart two his meel.

"It's necessary 2 doo something, occasional for the boddy," sez he; "tho the outward man air only an incumberanz thet air altogether beneath our notiss; but it's a dooty we owe 2 keep the bobby alive whilst we air heer upon erth. Handmaid, can you rost a pig for my brekfust in the morning, & ef you can proqure a foo fowls, with bread & korfee accordantly, you will obleege me very much. I can't attend much 2 these matters which relate 2 the flesh, & must therefore, kornsign the task to you.

Nixt morning, uncle Ebenezer introduced uncle Obed 2 arteemass, which arteemass lookt at him very closet, & eggzamind him up & down, & kept his eye onto him awl the time.

Then uncle Obed sed he was going 2 bild a grate sitty into the wilderness, 2 be called "The sitty of Truth," & there was 2 be laws into the sitty thet noboddy shood ever doo inything rong, & a man was 2 be appinted 2 watch eech famuly & report ef iny of um broke the Sabaoth, or committed iny sin whatsomever, so that every 1 into that sitty shood be blameless."

Arteemass arskt him ef he was going 2 hev the work done by korntract or giv it out 2 workmen hisself.

"That'll awl be settled in time," sez the Coming Man.

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"He goes intirely by inspiration," sez uncle Ebenezer.

Arteemass sez: "You must be a man of grate propperty to build a city awl yourself."

"That air 2 come," sez the coming man; "I'm going 4th 2 raze the funs now, may I set you down for a thousand dollars?"

Arteemass kinder sinnifide that he wanted sequrity ef he put in that sum.

Then the Coming Man sed "Oh! ye of little faith! Sell awl thou hast, put it into the trazury, & come & follow me."

Arteemass sed nothing, but went into the tent. The Coming Man went up into the villidge & sent Uncle Ebenezer awl around the kuntry 2 raze the munny for building the sitty of Truth, but he coodent git a scent.

Then the Coming Man korncluded he had better doo something for his own living, as he was getting short of cash, & he aggreed two exhibit in the sho for a dollar a day as *The Fat Man.*

So Uncle Obed has been in the sho ever sense, & that is the way thet we come by our Fat Man.

As for Uncle Ebenezer, he hired out onto a farm for his vittles & eight dollars a month, & he sez he can make more at that than he did in the compacity of 4 runner to the Coming Man.

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HIRING A HOUSE.

One spell, soon arfture me & arteemass was jined into the sakred bands of weedlock, the idee run into our heads that we would go to the grate imperoarium sitty of Noo York, & higher a house for 1 yeer.

Accorduntly, we arrove into Noo York onto the 13 day of April, & arskt the peeple whare we put up how we shood find a house.

"Without the leastest difficulty," was the ansur, "the landlords hear air the most ekkomudating folks in the world. Ef they node you wanted a house, they would put their bildings on wheels & bring um down hear 2 your boding-house, thet you mite inspeckt um at your layzhur. You hev only 2 take a wawk around the sitty, & when you see a bit of righting plasturd onto the front neer the door, go in & arskt what's to let, & they'll sho you awl about the house, & tell you the price with the gratest plezzhur."

So I put on my bunnit & sholl, & arteemass he put on his hat & buttunt up his coat, & we cut out two find a house. We'd been marrid about 8 munce at that time, & I found it ruther teedyus a wawking fur, but I wanted two see the house & judge of it with my own eyes, & so I went with arteemass, which I aught two hev stayed at home & nust myself.

We parst by kwite a lot of houses with a bit of

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righting onto um, till we come two 1 that sed upper part was two let, & it was jist about as much rheum as we wanted. So, arteemass nokt onto the door, but noboddy come two open it. Then he nokt agin, & I nokt, but it was awl the same.

At larst the hired help come up the steps with a barsket into hur hand, & she tolled us we aught two hev took holt of a little handle thet was onto 1 side of the door & gove it a jurk, which it wood hev maid a bell wring inside.

So, we arskt hur ef the peple was into the bilding. She tolled us 2 stand in the hall & she'd cawl the lady.

Into a minnit, a fat woman come out into the hall & arskt us whet we wanted.

Arteemass tuk orf his hat & maid a bough, & ansud & sed: "We want two hire rheums, which it air onto the paper thet the upper part air two let."

"Yes," sez she; & she lookt at us as ef she were going two buy us, & then she sez: "I've got rheums."

"I take it you hev," sez arteemass; "else it's very onlikely you'd hev put thet air bit of righting up."

"I'm the owner of this house," sez she; "& I'm partickular hoo I take in. I've got 2 large rheums up stares, with 3 bed-rheums onto the second floor, & 2 in the attucks."

"Jist the rheum we want; how much doo you arsk for it," sez I.

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"Thirty dollars a month, payble in advance," sez she.

"It's orful hi," sez arteemass; "but I spose we must take the rheums."

"I hope you've got good referencis," sez she; "else you can't come in."

"Yes, very good," sez arteemass.

So, she took us up 2 look at the rheums.

Arfture we had done looking at um, arteemass sed he wood bring the references, nixt day.

"I hope you haint got no children," sez the landlady; "as I can't endure children: they make a noyse & hurt the house."

"No, ma'am—no children," sez arteemass.

"I hope you don't use tobakker—you don't smoke nor chaw. I can't endure tobakker smoke into the house, & chawing air a onclean pracktus."

"Don't use tobakker," sez arteemass.

"Well, now," sez she; "that's awl very well so fur; but I hope yu don't ever be out late o' nites. You'll allus be home by 9 okklok, I spose."

Arteemass kind o' scratched his head, but I ansurd & sed: "Yes, I'll engage he won't be out late o' nites."

"Well, you won't go up & down stares, I suppose mourn twice a day, when you go two your biznis & when you come home at nite, as these stares creeks sometimes, & I can't bare iny disturbance; & you'll be expected 2 go 2 church twice every Sabaoth day."

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"No dowt," sez arteemass.

"Which place of wuship doo you attend?"

"Well—the—the Methodists."

"I go two the Dutch Conformed, myself," sez she; "I shood prefer 2 hev you go two the Dutch Conformed.

"You will be keerful not 2 make iny noyse over my head, & two step softly when you walk acrost the floor."

"Oh! as two that," sez I; "we'll come & cleen up the house, & lock up the rheums, & go away, & wont enter the house at awl, till we come to pay your rent."

The landlady thawt a minnit & then sed; "Well, that will be aggreeable, ef you'll send somebody hear every Saturday two scrub orf the stoop."

"Very well," sez arteemass & me; but when we got 2 the front door, she colled us back & sed: "I don't no about letting you the house, arfture awl. You say you've got no children, but—but you hevn't the dropsy, young woman, hev you?"

"No, ma'am," sez I.

"Then," sez she; "I no what it is. No, no, you can't hev the rheums on no account whatsomever."

THE END.

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